

# SIFTED WHEAT

BY  
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



FOR  
SUNDAY SCHOOLS  
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

FOR  
DEVOTIONAL AND  
REVIVAL MEETINGS

LORENZ & Co., PUBLISHERS  
DAYTON, OHIO.

Evangelical Church,  
MILLERSVILLE, PA.



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## A Collection of Songs

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Devotional and Revival Meetings

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### PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

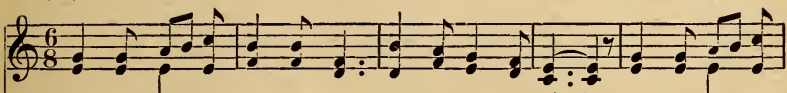
*The work of Mr. Gabriel as a composer of popular Sunday-school music is too highly appreciated by the general public to need any praise from us. We are sure that this volume of songs will add to his reputation and open a wider field of usefulness to his prolific and successful pen. We join with him in hoping that it will bring good cheer and sunshine as well as spiritual inspiration and profit wherever it is introduced*

# SIFTED WHEAT.

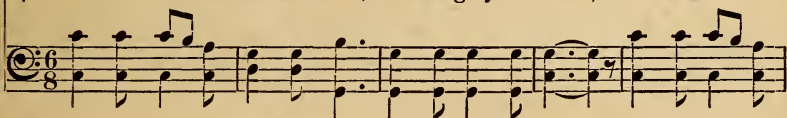
## No. 1. WATCHING BY THE CROSS.

E. E. HEWITT.

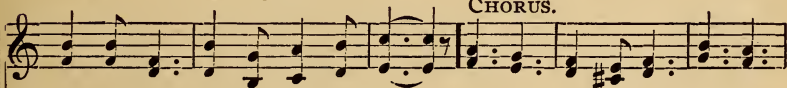
E. S. LORENZ.



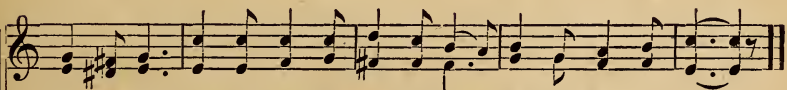
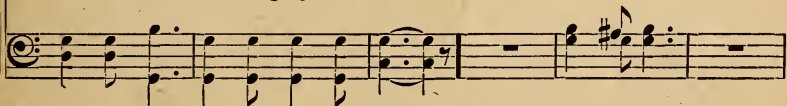
1. Oh, what boundless love we see, Watching by the cross; Love that bled for
2. Look on Calv'ry's crimson tide, Watching by the cross; Sin-ners, look to
3. Here we'll wash our sins a-way, Watching by the cross; Giv-ing Him our
4. See the cruel thorns He wore, Watching by the cross; Let us love Him



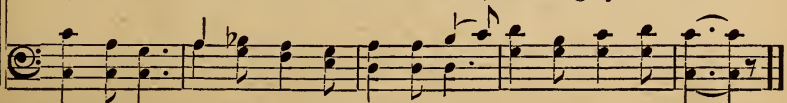
### CHORUS.



you and me, Watching by the cross.  
Him who died, Watching by the cross. } Watching by the cross, Watching  
hearts to-day, Watching by the cross. } more and more, Watching by the cross.



by the cross! Oh, what boundless love we see, Watching by the cross.

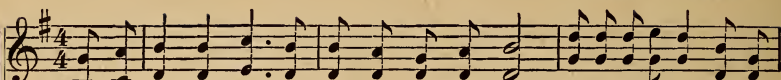


## No. 2.

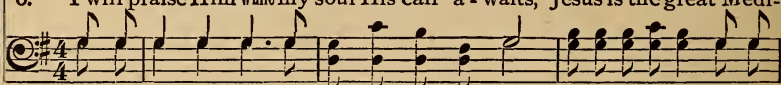
## THE GREAT MEDIATOR.

C. H. G.

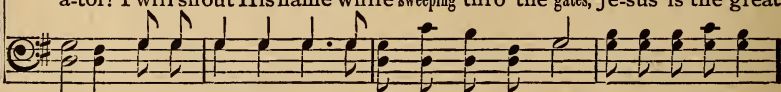
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



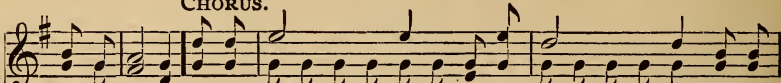
1. There's a joy-ful mes-sage written in His word—Jesus is the great Medi-
2. On the cross He shed His pre-cious blood for me, Jesus is the great Medi-
3. When before me all my years of sin a - rise, Jesus is the great Medi-
4. In His great compassion and His love di - vine, Jesus is the great Medi-
5. Earthly creeds may fail and kingdoms pass a - way, Jesus is the great Medi-
6. I will praise Him while my soul His call a - waits, Jesus is the great Medi-



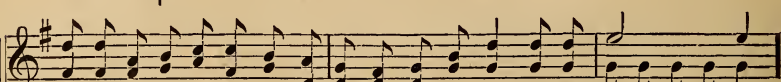
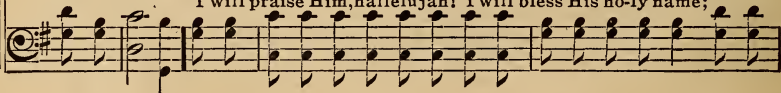
a-tor! To the soul the sweetest mus-ic ev - er heard, Je-sus is the great  
 a-tor! From the grave arose with saving vic-tor - y, Je-sus is the great  
 a-tor! Un-to Him in faith my trembling spir-it flies, Je-sus is the great  
 a-tor! He be-held this fainting, dy-ing soul of mine, Je-sus is the great  
 a-tor! Countless worlds forever shall His word o-bey, Je-sus is the great  
 a-tor! I will shout His name while sweep-ing thro' the gates, Je-sus is the great



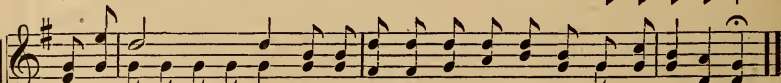
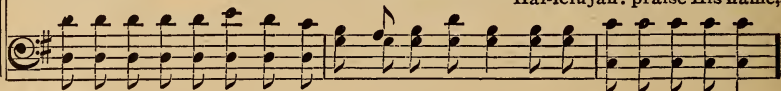
## CHORUS.



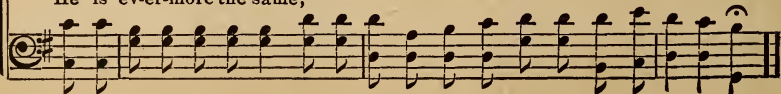
Me-di-a-tor! I will praise Him, I will praise Him! He can  
 I will praise Him, hallelujah! I will bless His ho-ly name;



bind the broken-hearted, Jesus' love can make us whole; Halle-lu - - - jah!  
 Hal-le-lujah! praise His name,



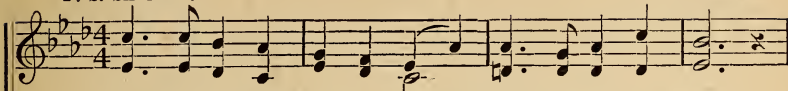
hal-le-lu - - - jah! He's the Lil-y of the Val-ley to my dy-ing soul.  
 He is ev-er-more the same;



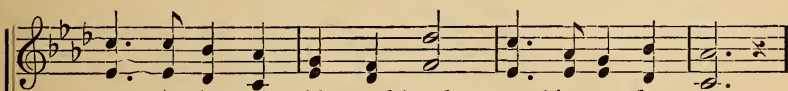
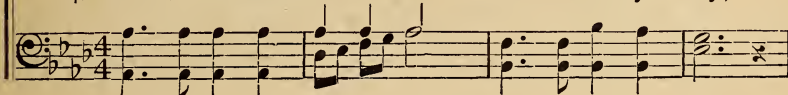
# No. 3. KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

F. S. SHEPARD.

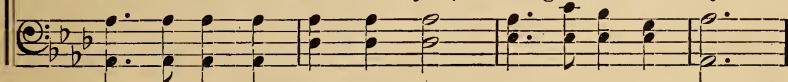
J. S. FEARIS.



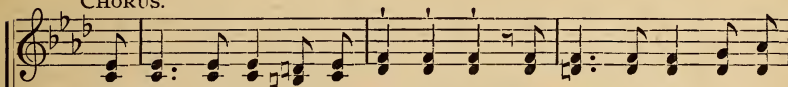
1. Lo! the blessed Sav-ior stands Knocking at thy heart;
2. Hark! he speaketh soft-ly now— Wondrous love—how great!
3. Lov - ing-ly He seeks to be An in - vit - ed guest,
4. Haste! the fastened door un-do— Now is mer-cy's day;



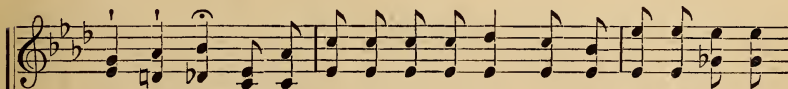
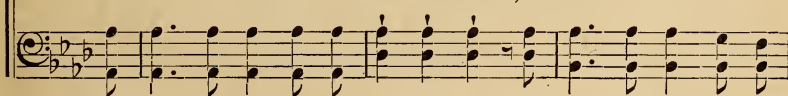
See his pierc-ed side and hands— Let him not de - part.  
 See his bleeding thorn-crown'd brow—Will he lon-ger wait?  
 And a-bid - ing, give to thee Joy and peace and rest.  
 Lest it be too late for you, Lon-ger not de - lay.



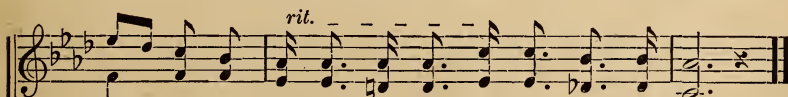
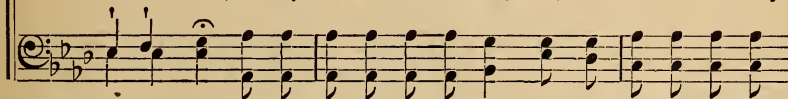
CHORUS.



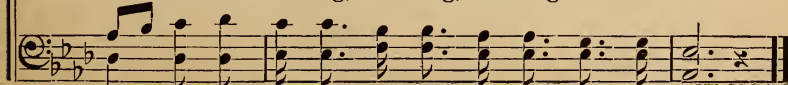
"Be - hold I stand at the door and knock, Be - hold I stand at the



door and knock," Quickly then the call attend, Oh, ad - mit the heav'nly



Friend Who is knocking, knocking, knocking at the door.



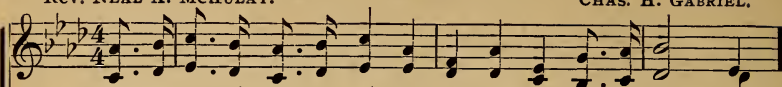


**No. 4.**

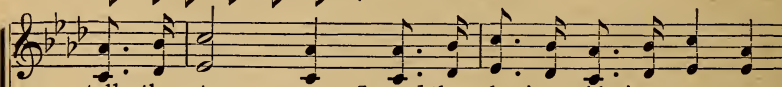
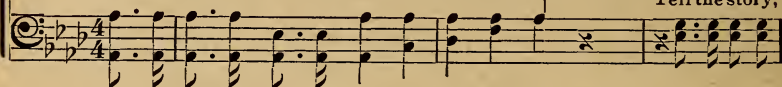
## TELL THE STORY.

REV. NEAL A. MCAULAY.

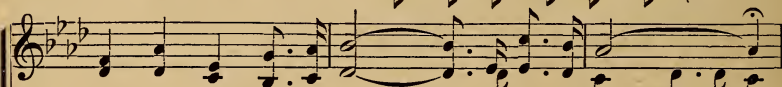
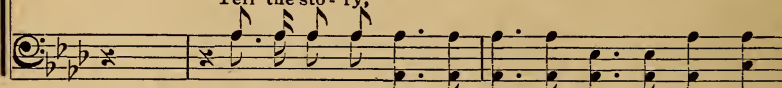
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



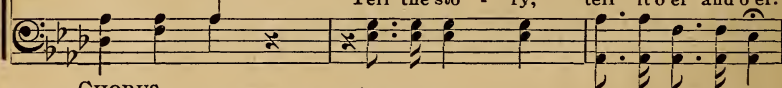
1. To the Christian legions comes the sweet command Tell the sto - ry,  
2. There are countless millions in the gloom of night, Tell the sto - ry,  
3. To the heathen nations o'er the wide, wide world, Tell the sto - ry,  
4. Let us nev - er fal - ter in the work of love, Tell the sto - ry,  
Tell the story.



tell	the	sto	-	ry,	Spread	the	glo-ri-ous	tid	-	ings	o	-	ver
tell	the	sto	-	ry,	Shall	the	Chri-stian	na-tions	give	them			
tell	the	sto	-	ry,	Let	the	gos-pel	ban-ner	be	at			
tell	the	sto	-	ry,	'Till	the	Mas-ter	calls	us	to	our		
Tell the sto-ry,													



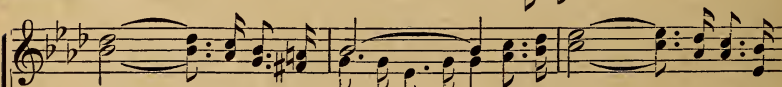
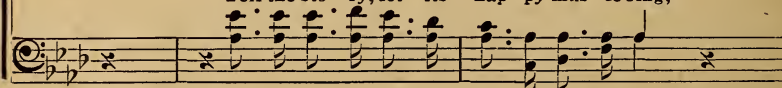
sea and land,	Tell the sto	- - -	ry'o'er and o'er.....
sav - ing light?	Tell the sto	- - -	ry'o'er and o'er.....
once un-furled,	Tell the sto	- - -	ry'o'er and o'er.....
rest a - bove,	Tell the sto	- - -	ry'o'er and o'er.....
	Tell the sto	- ry,	tell it o'er and o'er.



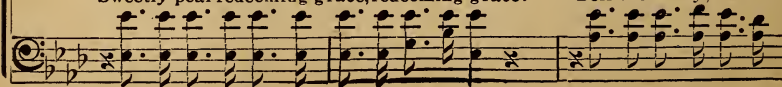
CHORUS.



Tell the sto - - - ry, let its mus - ic ring, Sweet-ly  
Tell the sto - ry, let its hap - py mus - ic ring,



peal .... redeeming grace! ..... Tell the sto - - ry, let the  
Sweetly peal redeeming grace, redeeming grace! Tell the sto-ry, let the



# Tell the Story.

ran - somed sing, 'Till the world.... the truth em-brace.....  
ransomed ev-ersing, Tell the sto-ry 'till the world the truth embrace.

## No. 5. I'M SO GLAD THAT I LOVE JESUS.

J. E. H.

Arr. by J. E. HAZEN.

1. I'm soglad that I love Je - sus, For He is so dear to me;  
2. I'm soglad that I love Je - sus, For I'm sure of onetru Friend;  
3. I'm soglad that I love Je - sus, For when comes the time to die,

I have found His love is sweet-er Than all things of earth can be.  
Thro' the shadows and the sunshine, He will love me to the end.  
He will bear me in His bos-om Safe-ly to His home on high.

### CHORUS.

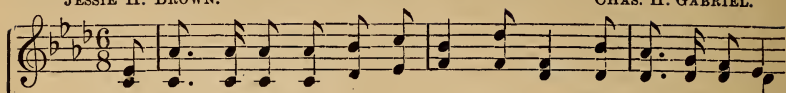
I am soglad that Jesus I know; I am soglad, I do love Him so;

*Rit.*  
I am so glad that Je-sus I know; I am so glad, I do love Him so.

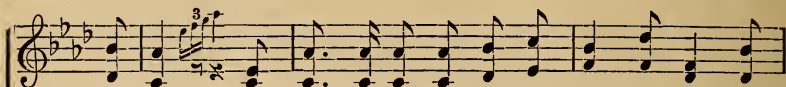
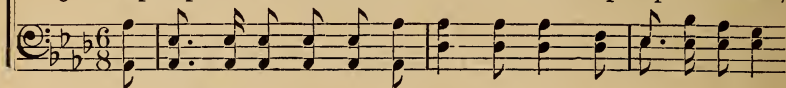
# No. 6. KEEP STEP IN THE MARCH.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

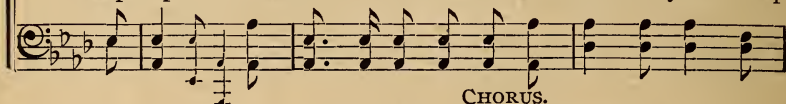
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Keep step in the march for the truth and right—Keep step in the march,
2. Keep step at the front of the mov-ing line—Keep step in the march,
3. Keep step with a tread that is firm and true—Keep step in the march,



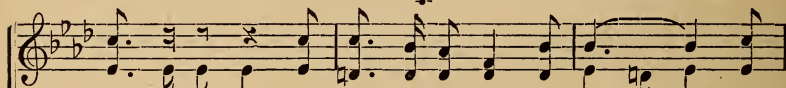
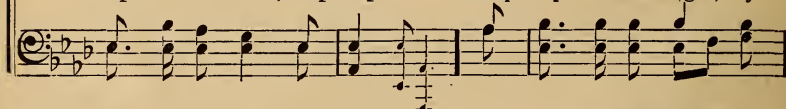
keep step! Be strong in the strength of the Lord, our might—Keep  
keep step! Keep step where the cross is the blaz-ing sign— Keep  
keep step! There's need in the ranks of the Lord for you— Keep



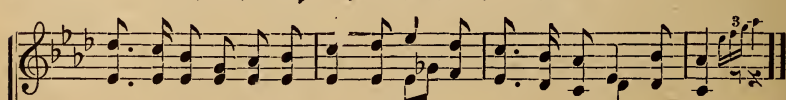
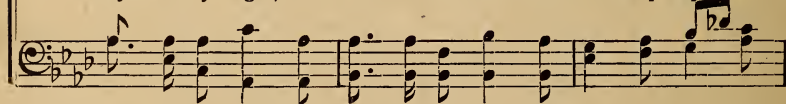
CHORUS.



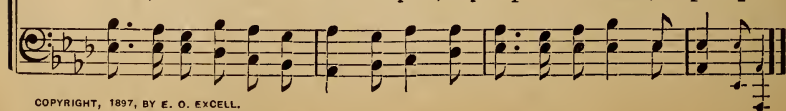
step in the march, keep step. Keep step, keep  
step in the march, keep step.  
step in the march, keep step. Keep step for the right, by



step, Keep step in the march, keep step; . . . Turn  
day and by night, keep step;



nev-er aside but with zeal and pride, Keep step in the march, keep step.



# No. 7. THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;  
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un-to God! to God!  
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;"  
He is of great . . . . . com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;  
"Look un-to me, . . . . . ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,  
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

*p ritard.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!  
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

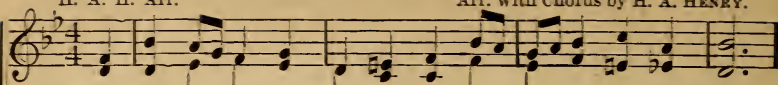


## No. 8.

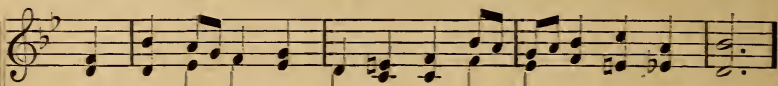
## PRAISE THE LORD.

H. A. H. Arr.

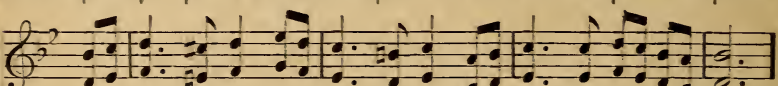
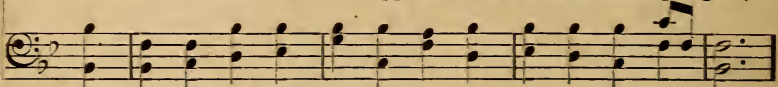
Arr. with Chorus by H. A. HENRY.



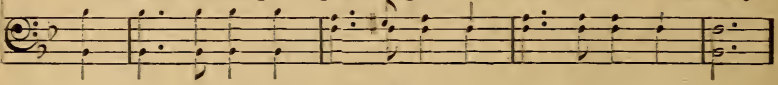
1. Now let us sing the An-gels' song, That rang so sweet and clear,
2. He came to tell the Fa-ther's love, His goodness, truth and grace;
3. He came that great and small might hear His call, and in Him live,—



When heav'nly light and mu - sic fell On earth-ly eye and ear;  
 To show the brightness of His smile, The glo-ry of His face;  
 That to the burd'ned and oppressed Sal - va-tion He might give;



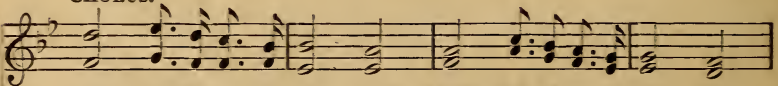
To Him we sing, our Sav-ior King, Who left His throne and crown,  
 He came to bring the wea - ry ones True peace and per-fect rest;  
 He came to bring a glorious gift, "Good will to men"—and why?



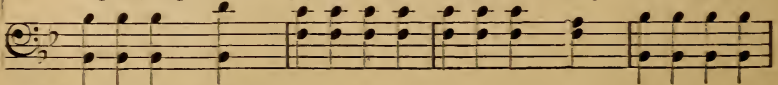
And with re-deem-ing grace and pow'r, In love to earth came down.  
 To take a - way the guilt and sin That darkened and dis-tressed.  
 Be-cause He loved us, Je - sus came, For us to live and die.



## CHORUS.



Sing, sing the joy-ful cho - rus! Hark, hear the echo o'er us,  
 Sing, oh, sing the joy-ful cho-rus! Harken, hear the ech-o o'er us,





# Praise the Lord.

From millions gone be-fore us, Praise, oh, praise the Lord!  
From the mil - lions gone be - fore us,

## No. 9.

## DARE TO DO RIGHT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Dare to think, tho' others frown; Dare in words your tho'ts express;  
2. Dare from cus - tom to de - part; Dare the priceless pearl pos-sess;  
3. Dare forsake what you deem wrong; Dare to walk in wis-dom's way;

Dare to rise tho' oft cast down; Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.  
Dare to wear it next your heart; Dare, when others curse, to bless.  
Dare to give where gifts be-long; Dare God's pre-cepts to o - bey.

### CHORUS.

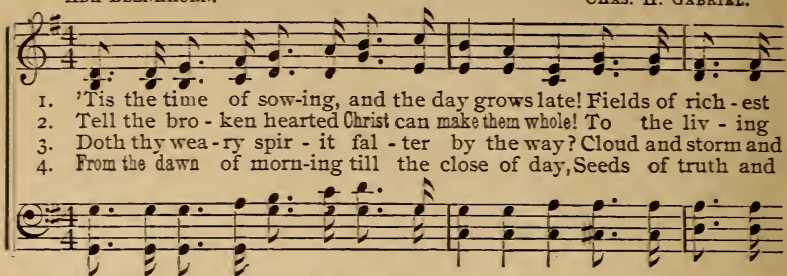
Do what conscience says is right, Do what rea - son says is best,  
Do what con-science says is right, Do what reason says is best,

Do with all your mind and heart, Do your du - ty and be blest.  
Do with all your mind and heart, Do your du - ty and be blest.

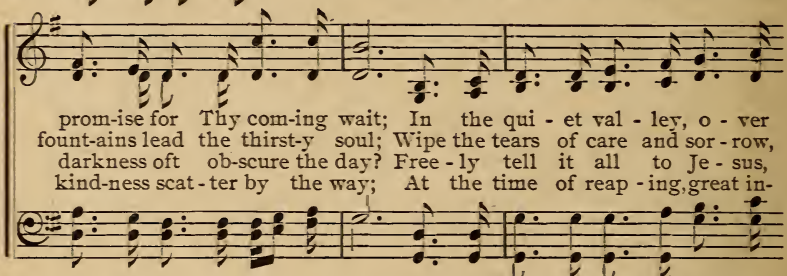
# No. 10. SCATTER GOLDEN GRAIN.

ADA BLENKHORN.

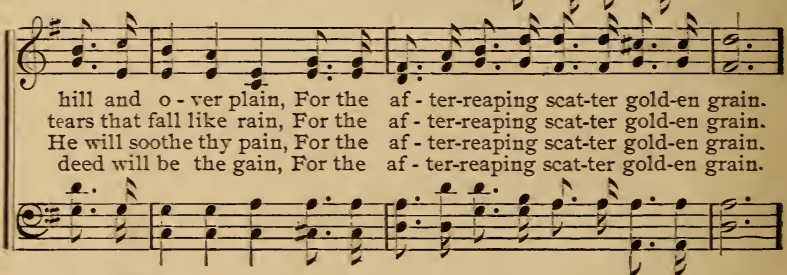
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. 'Tis the time of sowing, and the day grows late! Fields of rich - est  
 2. Tell the bro - ken hearted Christ can make them whole! To the liv - ing  
 3. Doth thy wea - ry spir - it fal - ter by the way? Cloud and storm and  
 4. From the dawn of morn - ing till the close of day, Seeds of truth and



prom - ise for Thy com - ing wait; In the qui - et val - ley, o - ver  
 fount - ains lead the thirst - y soul; Wipe the tears of care and sor - row,  
 darkness oft ob - scure the day? Free - ly tell it all to Je - sus,  
 kind - ness scat - ter by the way; At the time of reap - ing, great in -



hill and o - ver plain, For the af - ter - reaping scat - ter gold - en grain.  
 tears that fall like rain, For the af - ter - reaping scat - ter gold - en grain.  
 He will soothe thy pain, For the af - ter - reaping scat - ter gold - en grain.  
 deed will be the gain, For the af - ter - reaping scat - ter gold - en grain.

## CHORUS.



Scat - ter the grain, . . scat - ter the gold - en grain, When the  
 Scat - ter the gold - en grain, yes, scat - ter the gold - en grain,  
 sun is shining, when descends the rain, . . . Scatter the gold - en grain,  
 descends the rain Scatter the golden grain,

# Scatter Golden Grain.

Scat-ter the gold - en grain, Rich will be the harvest, great will be the gain.  
scatter the golden grain,

## No. 11. CHIME ON, SWEET BELLS.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

*With spirit.*

1. Chime on, sweet bells, your music tells The bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry,  
2. Chime on, sweet bells, the cho-rus swells Of hap-py voic-es blend-ing;  
3. Chime on, sweet bells, your joy fore-tells The nev-er-end-ing mor-row;

The throne and crown for us laid down, When Je-sus veiled His glo-ry.  
On wings of love songs rise a-bove, From grateful hearts as-cend-ing.  
The gold-en dawn of this bright morn Breaks thro' the night of sor-row.

### CHORUS.

Chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, Your mer-ry, merry peals re-sounding;

Re-joyce to-day, the an-gels say, In grace and peace a-bound-ing.



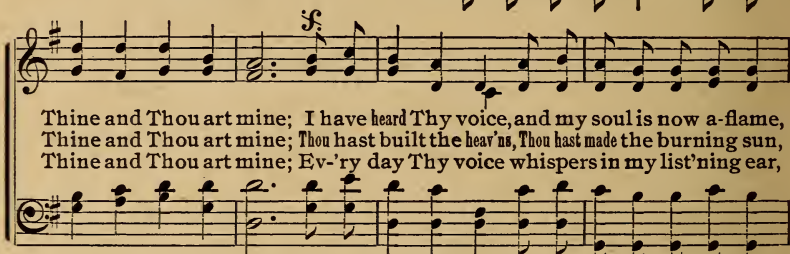
# No. 12. I AM THINE AND THOU ART MINE.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I am Thine, O Lord, Thou hast called me by my name, I am  
 2. Thou a-lone art God, and there is no oth-er one! I am  
 3. I will hope in Thee, I will trust and nev-er fear, I am



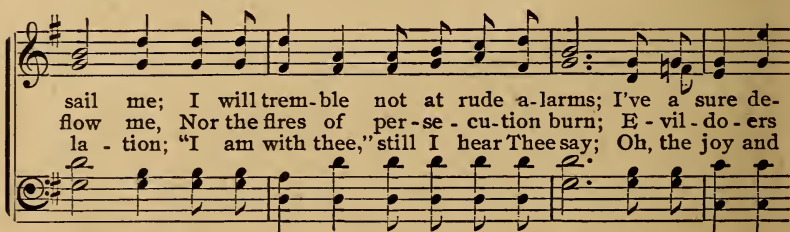
Thine and Thou art mine; I have heard Thy voice, and my soul is now a-flame,  
 Thine and Thou art mine; Thou hast built the heav'ns, Thou hast made the burning sun,  
 Thine and Thou art mine; Ev-'ry day Thy voice whispers in my list'ning ear,

*D. S.—For I've heard Thy voice, and my soul is now a-flame,*

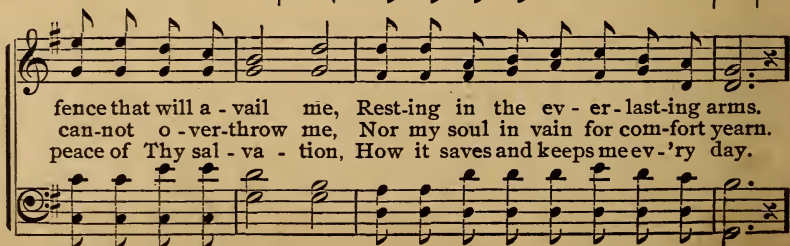


**FINE.**  
 I am Thine and Thou art mine. I will fear no foe that may as-  
 I am Thine and Thou art mine. Sorrow's wa-ters shall not o-ver-  
 "Thou art mine and I am thine." Thou hast loved me—blessed con-so-

*I am Thine and Thou art mine.*



sail me; I will trem-ble not at rude a-larms; I've a sure de-  
 flow me, Nor the fires of per-se-cu-tion burn; E-vil-do-ers  
 la-tion; "I am with thee," still I hear Thee say; Oh, the joy and



fence that will a-vail me, Rest-ing in the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
 can-not o-ver-throw me, Nor my soul in vain for com-fort yearn.  
 peace of Thy sal-va-tion, How it saves and keeps me ev-'ry day.

# I am Thine and Thou art mine.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Bless - ing, hon - or Be un - to Thy ho - ly name.  
 Bless-ing, hon-or, pow'r and glo - ry

No. 13.

## IN THE SUNSHINE.

C. E. N.

C. E. NEAL.

1. In the sun-shine of His love, We are hap - py ev' - ry day;  
 2. In the sun-light of His word, We are liv - ing day by day;  
 3. To that sun-bright land on high, Where no night is, on - ly day,

For He's show'ring from a - bove, Joys and blessings on our way.  
 And He says our pray'rs are heard, When to Him in faith we pray.  
 He will take us, by and by, There with Him for - e'er to stay.

CHORUS.

In the sun - shine, in the sun - shine, In the sun-shine from a - bove,

*Repeat p.*  
 We are hap - py, we are hap - py, We are hap - py in His love.

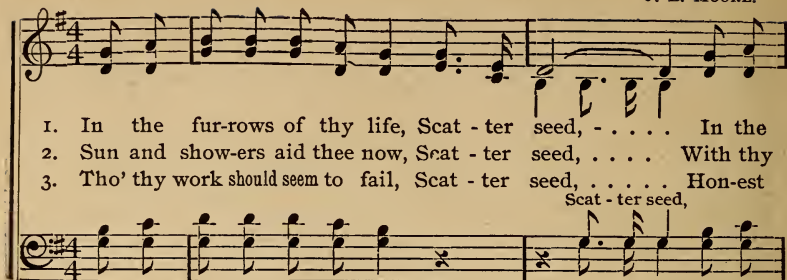


## No. 14.

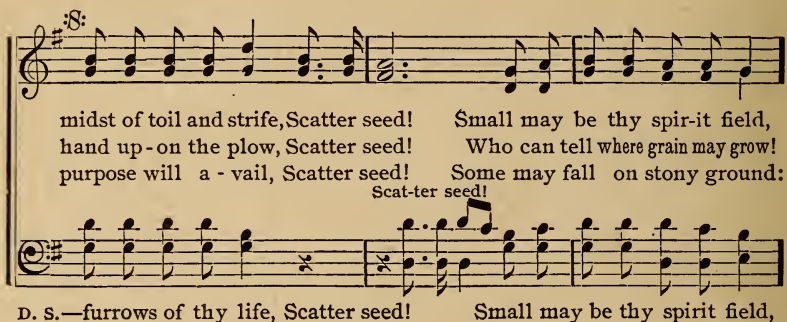
## SCATTER SEED.

X. X. X.

J. L. MOORE.

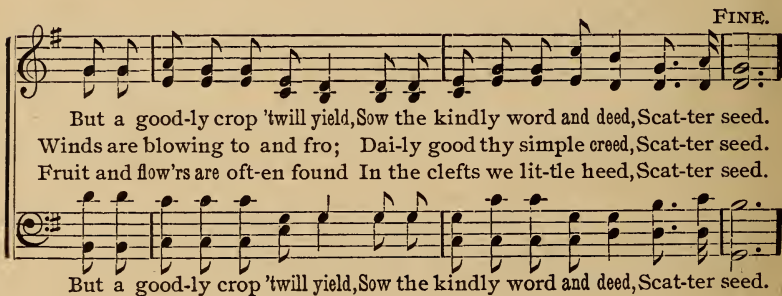


1. In the fur-rows of thy life, Scat - ter seed, . . . . In the  
2. Sun and show-ers aid thee now, Scat - ter seed, . . . . With thy  
3. Tho' thy work should seem to fail, Scat - ter seed, . . . . Hon-est



midst of toil and strife, Scatter seed! Small may be thy spir-it field,  
hand up-on the plow, Scatter seed! Who can tell where grain may grow!  
purpose will a - vail, Scatter seed! Some may fall on stony ground:  
Scat-ter seed!

D. S.—furrows of thy life, Scatter seed! Small may be thy spirit field,

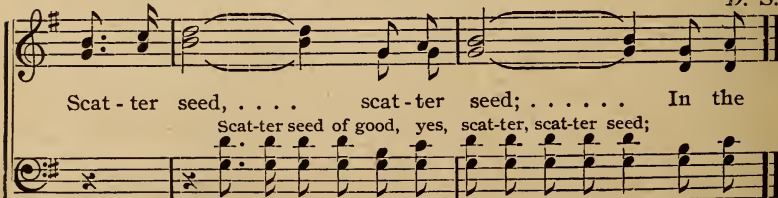


But a good-ly crop 'twill yield, Sow the kindly word and deed, Scat-ter seed.  
Winds are blowing to and fro; Dai-ly good thy simple creed, Scat-ter seed.  
Fruit and flow'rs are oft-en found In the clefts we lit-tle heed, Scat-ter seed.

But a good-ly crop 'twill yield, Sow the kindly word and deed, Scat-ter seed.

## CHORUS.

D. S.



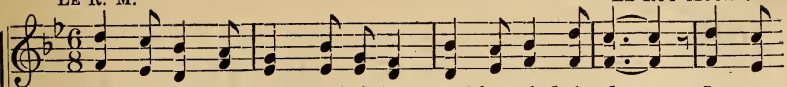
Scat - ter seed, . . . . scat - ter seed; . . . . In the  
Scat-ter seed of good, yes, scat-ter, scat-ter seed;

## No. 15.

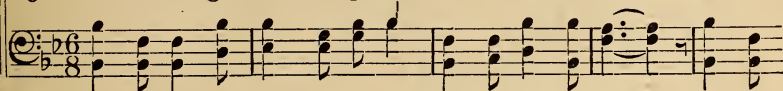
## BLESSED SUNLIGHT.

LE R. M.

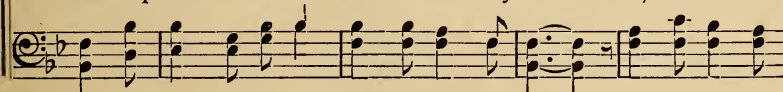
LE ROY MOORE.



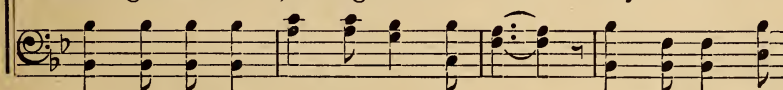
1. See the morning sunlight brighten, Making glad the day; Je - sus
2. At the noon-tide, while we la-bor In this world of care, Let us
3. As the twi-light shad-ows gather, And we seek our rest, May we



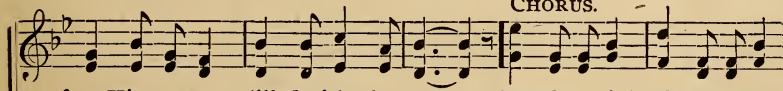
shines from out the darkness, Lighting up the way. Let us gath - er  
 feel Thy ho - ly presence, With us ev - 'ry where; Teaching us the  
 find sweet peace and comfort. Pillow'd on Thy breast. Oh, that all the



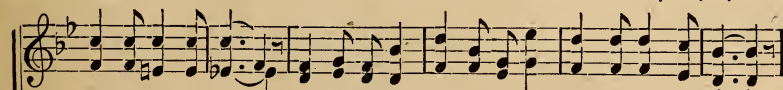
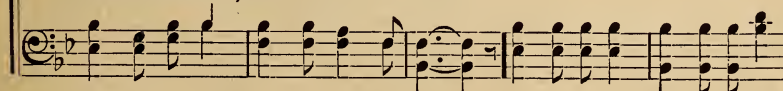
in the sunbeams—Life and beau - ty fair; Let us stand be-  
 pre-cious les-sons, As we jour-ney on; Fill - ing us with  
 world might know Thee, Lov-ing Sav - ior mine! May we feel the



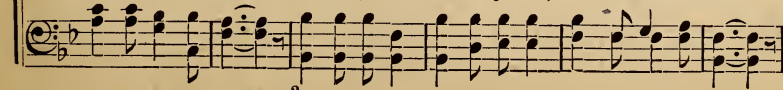
## CHORUS.



fore His presence, Filled with glory there. Blessed sunlight, blessed sunlight!  
 peace and gladness, Till the day is done.  
 sweet as-sur-ance, All in all is Thine.



In a world so fair; Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, We will meet Thee there.

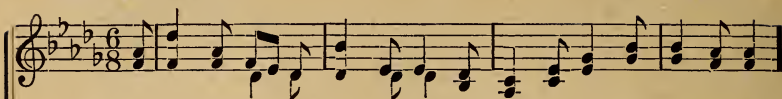


# No. 16.

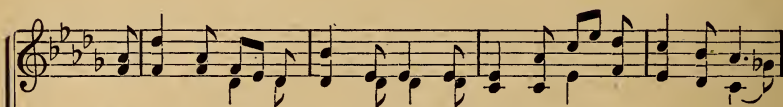
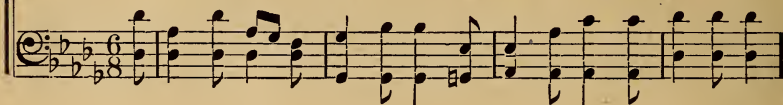
# BLESSED PEACE.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

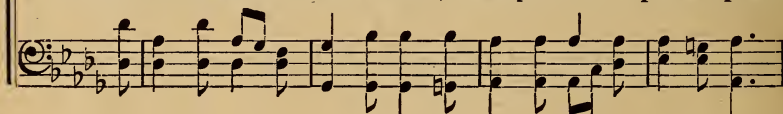
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



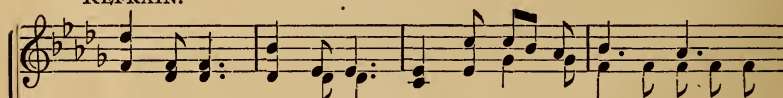
1. O bless the Lord for perfect peace, That gives from care such sweet release;
2. Praise Jesus that since peace is giv'n To hearts with pain and sorrow riv'n;
3. Praise God that none need be afraid, If but their minds on Him is stayed;
4. Oh, blessed peace! sweet gift divine! I bless the Lord this peace is mine;



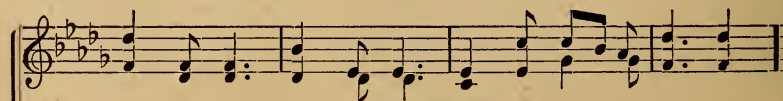
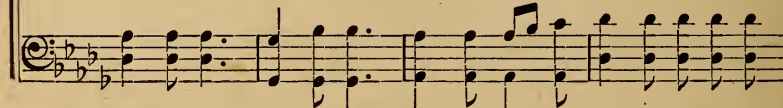
The sov'reign balm for earthly woes, The peace that like a riv - er flows.  
That we on Him all care may roll, And find sweet peace within the soul.  
To such He gives without al - loy, His perfect peace and ho - ly joy.  
Praise God! whose mercies nev - er cease, He keepeth me in per - fect peace.



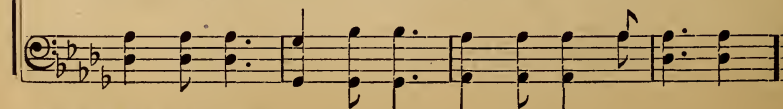
## REFRAIN.



Bless - ed peace, per - fect peace, Flow - ing like a riv - er,  
flow - ing like a riv - er, O



Bless - ed peace, per - fect peace, Flowing on for - ev - er.

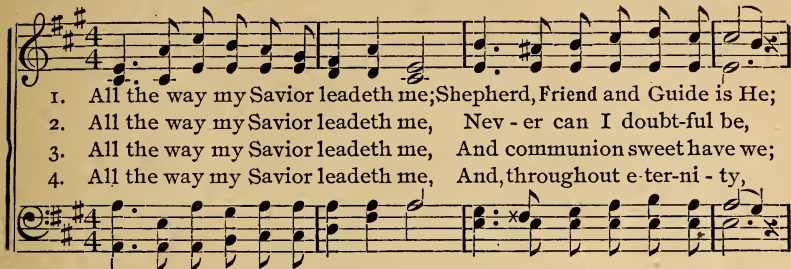


## No. 17.

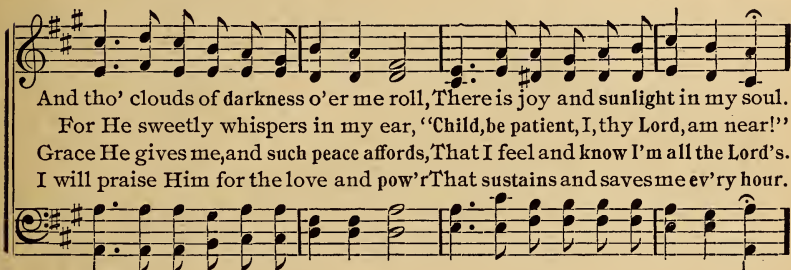
## ALL THE WAY.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

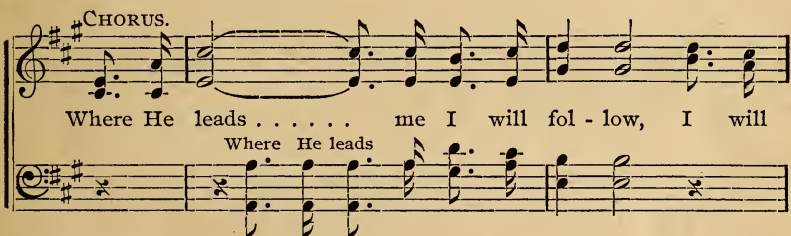
Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



1. All the way my Savior leadeth me; Shepherd, Friend and Guide is He;  
 2. All the way my Savior leadeth me, Nev - er can I doubt-ful be,  
 3. All the way my Savior leadeth me, And communion sweet have we;  
 4. All the way my Savior leadeth me, And, throughout e - ter - ni - ty,



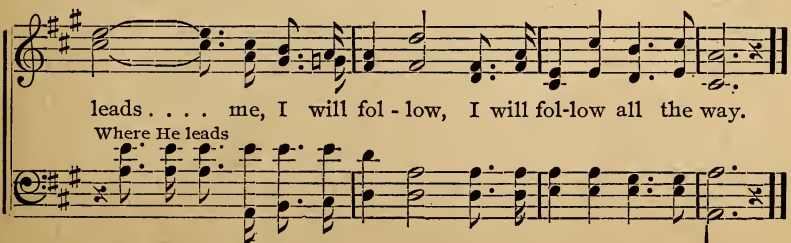
And tho' clouds of darkness o'er me roll, There is joy and sunlight in my soul.  
 For He sweetly whispers in my ear, "Child, be patient, I, thy Lord, am near!"  
 Grace He gives me, and such peace affords, That I feel and know I'm all the Lord's.  
 I will praise Him for the love and pow'r That sustains and saves me ev'ry hour.



CHORUS.  
 Where He leads . . . . . me I will fol - low, I will  
 Where He leads



fol - - low all the way . . . . . Where He  
 I will fol - low, I will fol - low all the way;



leads . . . . me, I will fol - low, I will fol-low all the way.  
 Where He leads



## No. 18.

## LET US ARISE.

HARRIET E. JONES.

DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Let us a - rise to do and dare, The foe sur - prise, (The foe sur-prise)  
 2. Let us a - rise in Je-sus' might, Condemn the wrong.....  
 3. Let us a - rise with one ac-cord, In ar-mor clad.....

the dan-ger share (the danger share.) That justice may reign o'er land and main,  
 up-hold the right, ..... For how can we sleep while mothers weep,  
 with shield and sword, ..... With purpose be strong, the fight pro-long,

And slaves be men, (and slaves be men) a - gain (a - gain).  
 And wives sad vig - - - ils keep, (they keep).  
 Till right shall con - - - quer wrong, (all wrong).

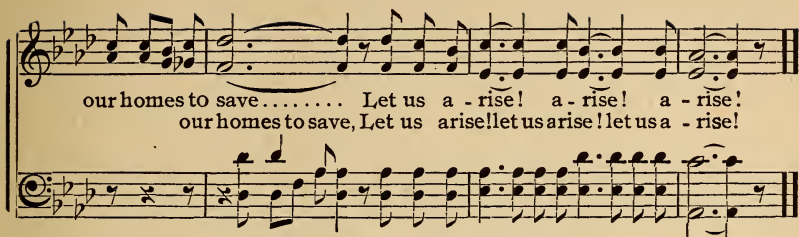
## CHORUS.

Let us a rise..... Like sol-diers true..... Let us a -  
 Let us a-rise Like soldiers true,

rise..... the foe sub-due..... To free the slave.....  
 Let us a-rise, the foe subdue. To free the slave,



## Let us Arise.



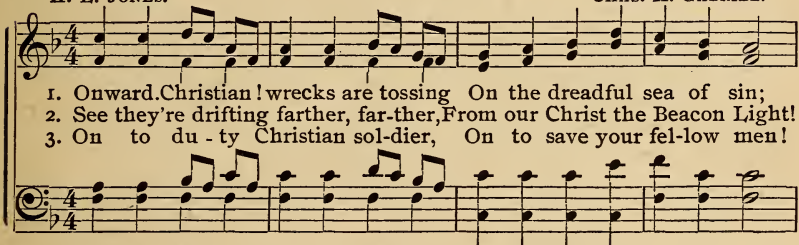
our homes to save..... Let us a - rise! a - rise! a - rise!  
 our homes to save, Let us arise! let us arise! let us a - rise!

## No. 19.

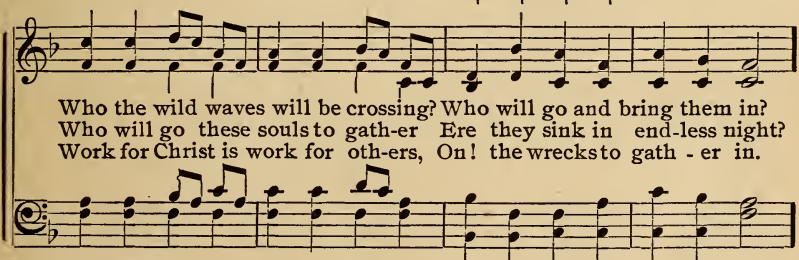
## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN.

H. E. JONES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

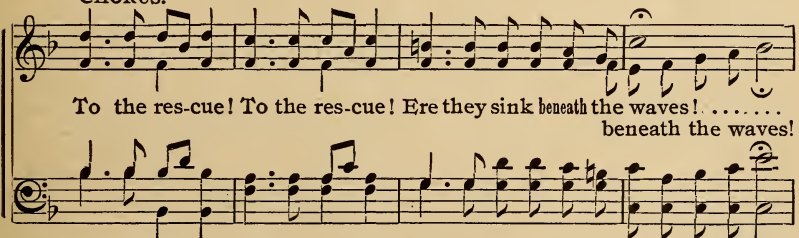


1. Onward. Christian! wrecks are tossing On the dreadful sea of sin;  
 2. See they're drifting farther, far-ther, From our Christ the Beacon Light!  
 3. On to du - ty Christian sol-dier, On to save your fel-low men!

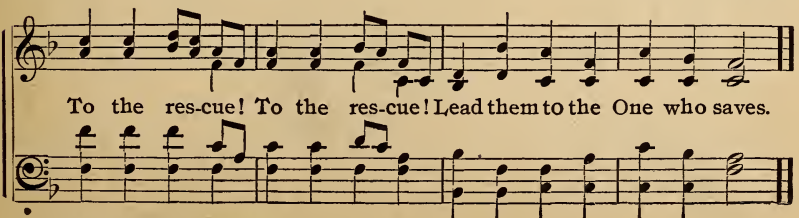


Who the wild waves will be crossing? Who will go and bring them in?  
 Who will go these souls to gath-er Ere they sink in end-less night?  
 Work for Christ is work for oth-ers, On! the wrecksto gath - er in.

### CHORUS.



To the res-cue! To the res-cue! Ere they sink beneath the waves! .....  
 beneath the waves!

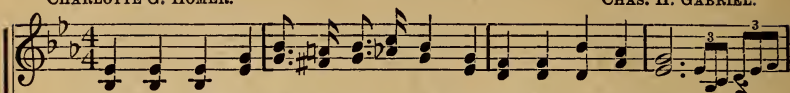


To the res-cue! To the res-cue! Lead them to the One who saves.

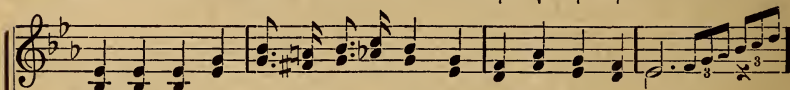
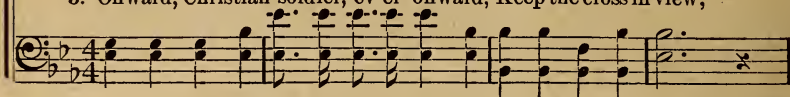
# No. 20. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

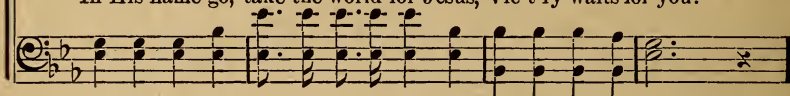
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



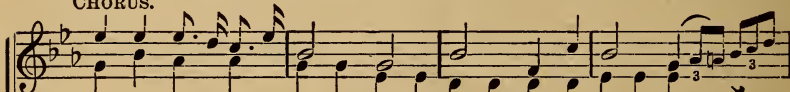
1. Onward, Christian soldier, ev-er onward, At the King's command;
2. Onward, Christian soldier, ev-er onward, Think not of re-treat;
3. Onward, Christian soldier, ev-er onward, Keep the cross in view;



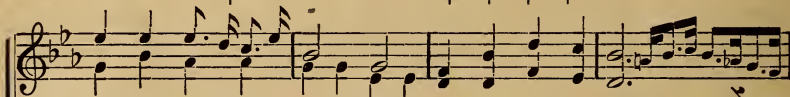
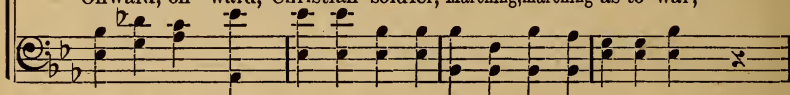
With the blood-stained banner floating o'er you, Go, possess the Land!  
Brave-ly stand, and will-ing be to suf-fer Death, but not de-feat.  
In His name go, take the world for Jesus, Vic-t'ry waits for you!



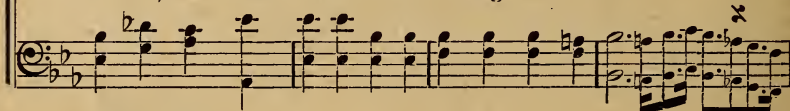
## CHORUS.



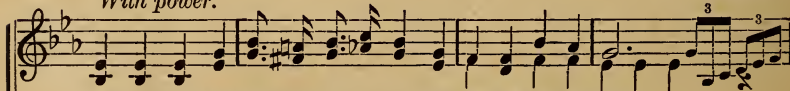
"Onward, onward, Christian sol - dier, On - ward, press on - ward;  
"Onward, on - ward, Christian soldier, Marching, marching as to war;



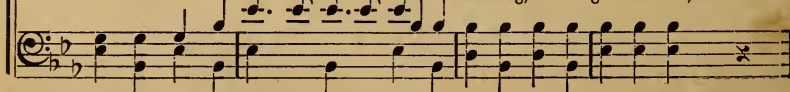
Onward, with the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore."  
Onward, with the cross of Jesus Go - ing on be-fore."



*With power.*

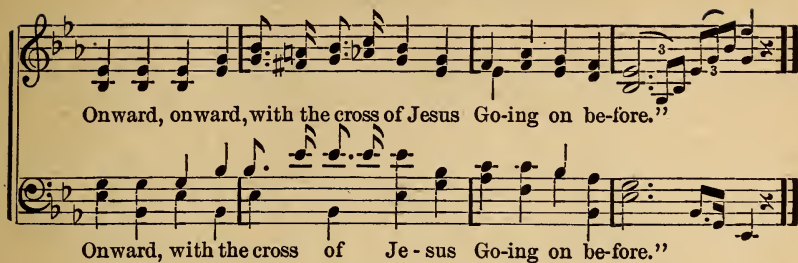


"Onward, Christian soldier, ev-er onward, Marching as to war;  
Marching, marching as to war;



"Onward, onward, Chris - tian soldier,

# Onward, Christian Soldier.



Onward, onward, with the cross of Jesus Go-ing on be-fore."

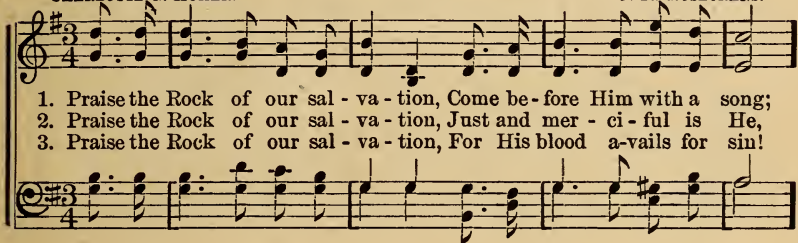
Onward, with the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore."

## No. 21.

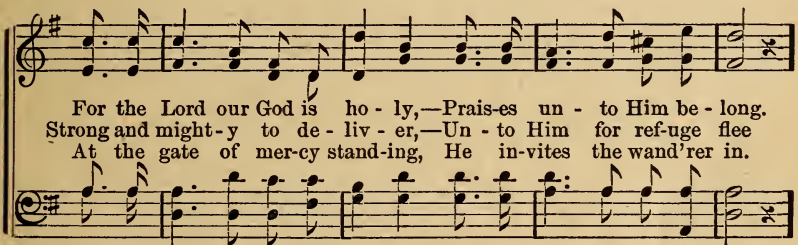
## PRAISE HIM.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

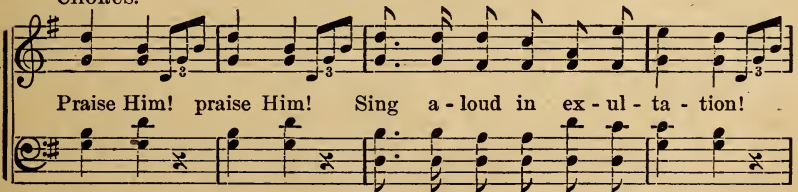


1. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Come be-fore Him with a song;  
 2. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Just and mer - ci - ful is He,  
 3. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, For His blood a-vails for sin!

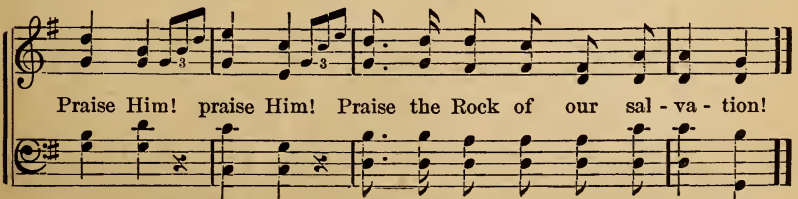


For the Lord our God is ho - ly,—Prais-es un - to Him be - long.  
 Strong and might-y to de - liv - er,—Un - to Him for ref-uge flee  
 At the gate of mer-cy stand-ing, He in-vites the wand'rer in.

### CHORUS.



Praise Him! praise Him! Sing a - loud in ex - ul - ta - tion!

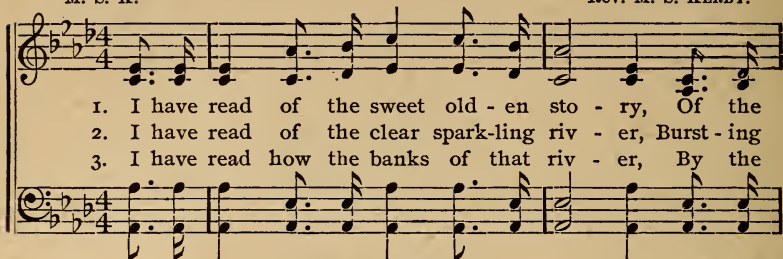


Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion!

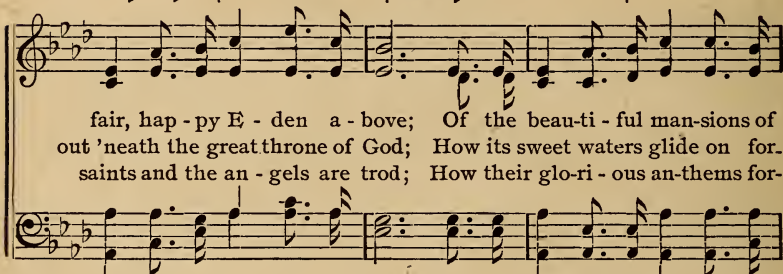
# No. 22. THE SWEET OLDEN STORY.

M. S. K.

Rev. M. S. KERBY.

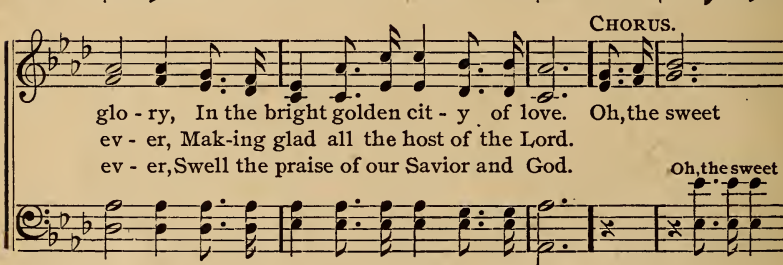


1. I have read of the sweet old - en sto - ry, Of the  
 2. I have read of the clear spark - ling riv - er, Burst - ing  
 3. I have read how the banks of that riv - er, By the

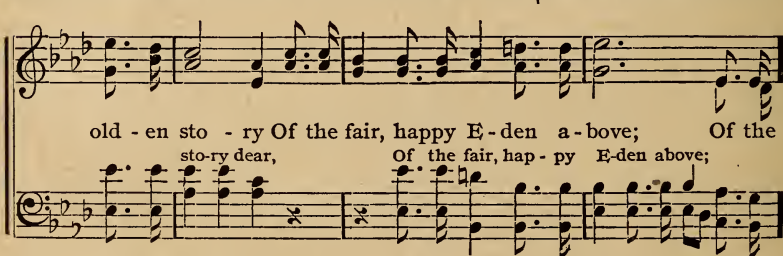


fair, hap - py E - den a - bove; Of the beau - ti - ful man - sions of  
 out 'neath the great throne of God; How its sweet waters glide on for  
 saints and the an - gels are trod; How their glo - ri - ous an - thems for -

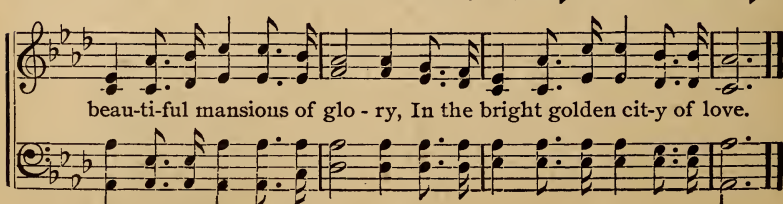
CHORUS.



glo - ry, In the bright golden cit - y of love. Oh, the sweet  
 ev - er, Mak - ing glad all the host of the Lord.  
 ev - er, Swell the praise of our Savior and God. Oh, the sweet



old - en sto - ry Of the fair, happy E - den a - bove; Of the  
 sto - ry dear, Of the fair, hap - py E - den above;



beau - ti - ful man - sions of glo - ry, In the bright golden cit - y of love.



# No. 23. LET JESUS HOLD YOUR HAND.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. As, in weakness, you are pressing on to-ward the bet - ter land,  
 2. As you an-swer, while He's calling you from yonder gold - en strand,  
 3. Would you see your friends in heaven, would you join the happy band?  
 4. Watch and pray a lit - tle lon - ger, give to Christ en-tire com-mand;  
 5. Don't you see the lights are gleaming from that blessed glo - ry land;

If you want a gra-cious bless-ing,—let Je - sus hold your hand.  
 If you want to keep from fall-ing,—let Je - sus hold your hand.  
 Take the bless-ed prom-ise giv - en— let Je - sus hold your hand.  
 Day by day you will grow stronger— let Je - sus hold your hand.  
 Would you be where they are beaming?—let Je - sus hold your hand.

## REFRAIN.

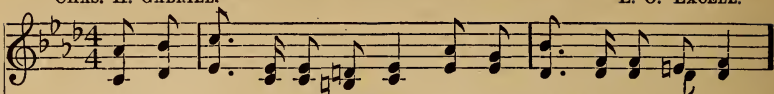
Let Je - sus hold your hand, let Je - sus hold your hand!

If you want a gra-cious bless-ing, let Je - sus hold your hand.  
 If you want to keep from fall-ing, let Je - sus hold your hand.  
 Take the bless-ed prom-ise giv - en— let Je - sus hold your hand.  
 Day by day you will grow stronger—let Je - sus hold your hand.  
 Would you be where they are beaming? let Je - sus hold your hand.

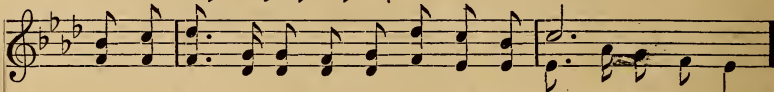
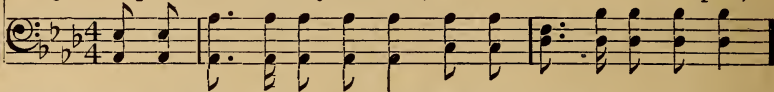
# No. 24. THE GLAD GOOD NEWS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

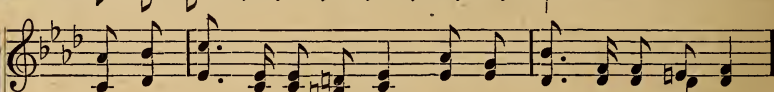
E. O. EXCELL.



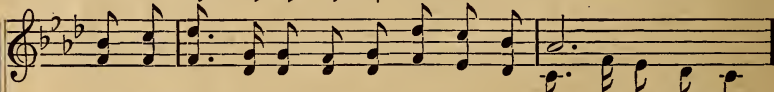
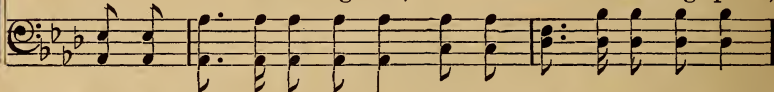
1. "With an ev - er-last-ing love," came the message from a-bove,—
2. Tho' un-mind - ful we have been, and have wandered on in sin,
3. O - pen now to Him your heart, lest for - ev - er He de-part,



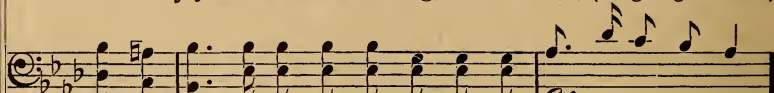
"I have loved thee." God hath spoken, tell the news; (the glad good news;)  
Still His voice is ev - er speak-ing, tell the news; (the glad good news;)  
And ac-cept the gracious blessing, tell the news; (the glad good news;)



Heark-en, soul, un-to His voice, and for - ev - er-more re-joyce  
He, re-ject - ed o'er and o'er, still is wait - ing at the door,  
"With an ev - er-last-ing love," let us each the mes-sage prove,



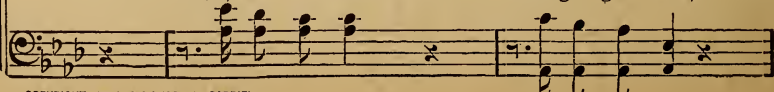
That His word can-not be bro-ken, tell the news, (the glad good news.)  
And thy soul in mer-cy seek-ing, tell the news, (the glad good news.)  
And with joy His name con-fess-ing, tell the news, (the glad good news.)



CHORUS.



Tell the news, . . . . . the glad good news, Tell the  
Oh, tell the news, the glad good news,



## The Glad Good News.

news..... from shore to shore!.... At the door He waits for thee,  
Oh, tell the news from shore to shore!

Love di-vine His on-ly plea, Tell the news,..... the glad good news.  
Oh, tell the news,

## No. 25. JESUS LOVES US ALL.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

H. A. HENRY.

1. We are Jesus' little ones! Tho' we're small, very small, Yet we may love and
2. We will listen while we're young, To His call, loving call; We in His steps will
3. Je-sus bears us in His arms, Lest we fall, lest we fall; He dear-ly loves the

### REFRAIN.

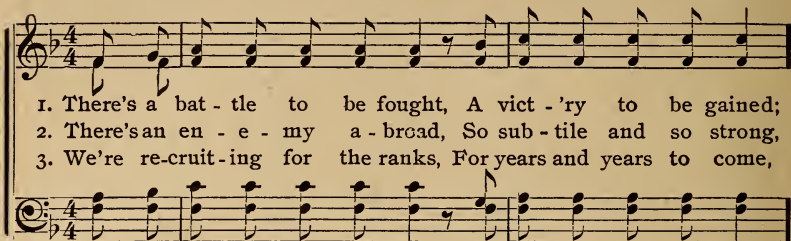
serve Him too, For Jesus loves us all.  
fol - low on, For Jesus loves us all. } Je-sus loves the children, One and all,  
lit - tle ones. Yes, Jesus loves us all.

great and small; And He has room for us in heav'n, For Jesus loves us all.

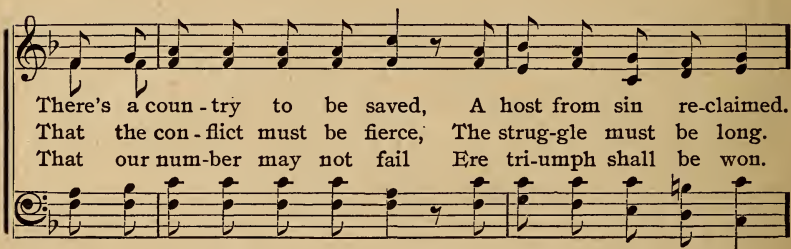
# No. 26. SOMETHING TO BE DONE.

M. D. CHELLIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

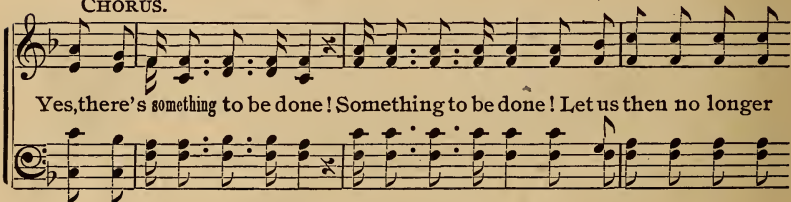


1. There's a bat - tle to be fought, A vict - 'ry to be gained;  
 2. There's an en - e - my a - broad, So sub - tile and so strong,  
 3. We're re - cruit - ing for the ranks, For years and years to come,

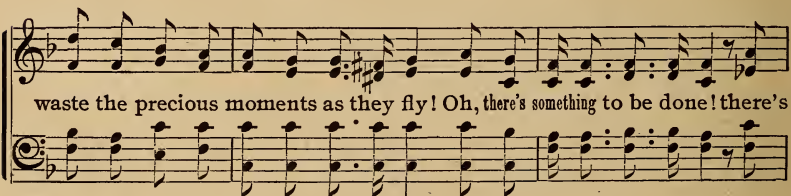


There's a coun - try to be saved, A host from sin re - claimed.  
 That the con - flict must be fierce, The strug - gle must be long.  
 That our num - ber may not fail Ere tri - umph shall be won.

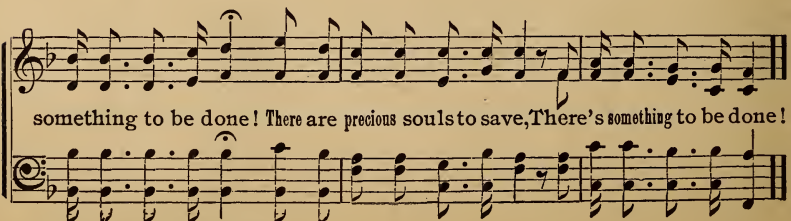
## CHORUS.



Yes, there's something to be done! Something to be done! Let us then no longer



waste the precious moments as they fly! Oh, there's something to be done! there's



something to be done! There are precious souls to save, There's something to be done!



## No 27.

## GATHER IN THE GRAIN.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Go, gath - er in the gold - en grain, for, lo, 'tis har - vest time; The  
 2. Go, gath - er in the gold - en grain, - a faith - ful reap - er be; Take  
 3. Go, gath - er in the gold - en grain, - your du - ty is as - signed; Be

call comes ring - ing o'er the world from ev - 'ry land and clime. The fields are  
 down the rust - y sick - le, for the Lord hath need of thee. Go out in -  
 faith - ful in the cause of right, - the good of hu - man kind. Go, speak a

white to har - vest, but the reap - ers, - where are they? Up, for the Lord of  
 to the high - ways and the hed - ges ev - 'ry - where, And gath - er in the  
 word of com - fort sweet to some one in dis - tress, And He who raised the

## CHORUS.

har - vest calls to work, to work to - day!  
 pre - cious sheaves that lie neg - lect - ed there. } Go, gath - er in the grain from  
 wid - ow's son, a - bund - ant - ly will bless. }

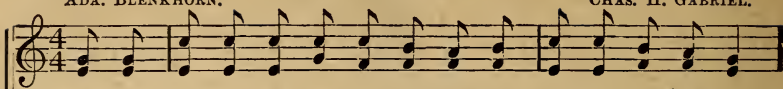
valley, hill and plain; Make no delay, the call obey - Go, gather in the grain.

## No. 28.

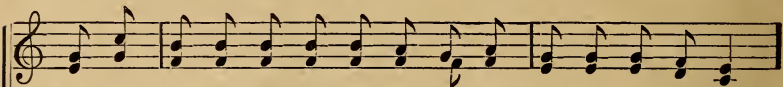
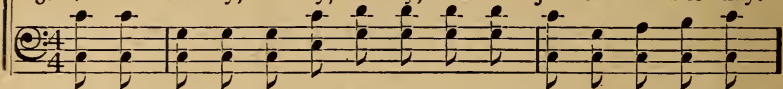
## RALLYING SONG.

ADA. BLENKHORN.

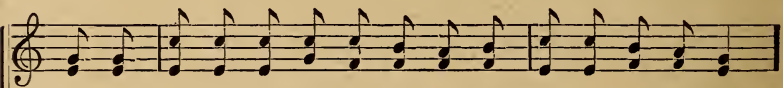
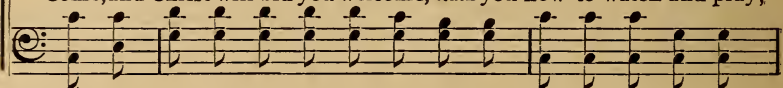
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



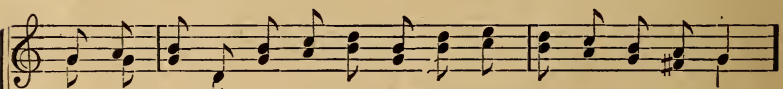
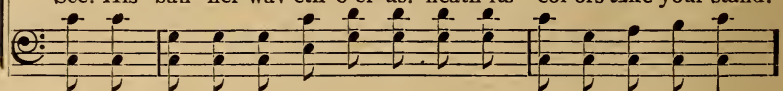
1. Let us ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly 'round the standard of the Lord!
2. Let us ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, 'tis our lov-ing Lord's command!
3. Let us ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, come and join our ranks to - day!



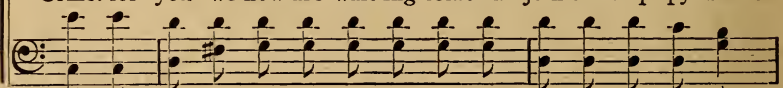
Ar-mor strong and bright He'll give us, we can find it in His word;  
 He is al-ways close be-side us, with a strong and lov-ing hand;  
 Come, and Christ will bid you welcome, teach you how to watch and pray;



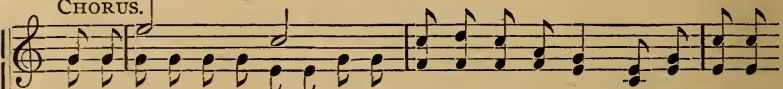
Sword, and shield, and shin-ing helmet, to pro - tect a-against the foe,  
 Fear not when the foe op-press-es! we shall con-quer in the fight,  
 See! His ban - ner wav-eth o'er us! 'neath its col-ors take your stand!



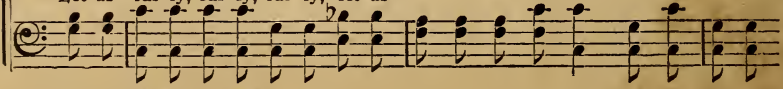
Whom we'll meet in dai - ly con - flict as thro' life we on-ward go.  
 For Je - ho - vah is our Cap-tain, we shall tri-umph by His might.  
 Come! for you we now are wait-ing come and join our hap - py band.



## CHORUS.



Let us ral - - ly, rally 'round the cross, And with colors  
 Let us ral-ly, ral-ly, ral-ly, let us



## Rallying Song.

flying, march, a hap-py band . . . Oh, let us ral - - ly,  
 hap - py band;      Ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, let us  
 ral - ly 'round the cross, And with vic-t'ry march to Canaan's land.

## No. 29.      THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in  
 2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you  
 3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a  
 glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy  
 doubting stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be; When from  
 Father's hand, Love can - not die; Oh, then, to glo-ry run, Be a  
 is our Sav-ior, King, Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.  
 sin and sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.  
 crown and kingdom won, And bright above the sun We reign for aye.

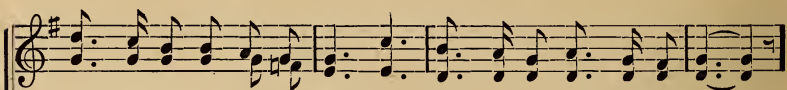
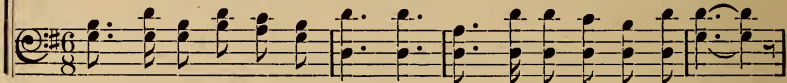
# No. 30. SING THE GOOD TIDINGS OF MERCY.

E. E. HEWITT.

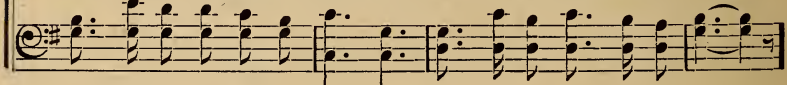
THEO. E. PERKINS.



1. Sing the good tidings of mer - cy, Mer - cy abounding and free,
2. If for His love you are long - ing, If His sal - va - tion you crave,
3. Tho' you are far in the des - ert, Out in the darkness and cold,
4. Then when you know his sal - va - tion, Find - ing de - light in His ways,



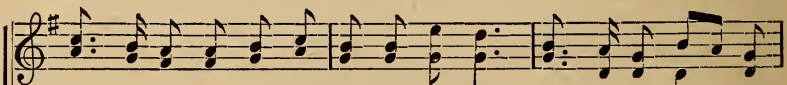
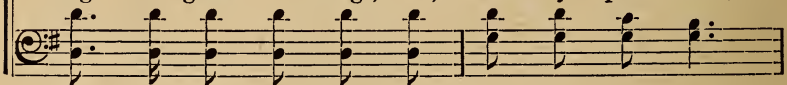
Love that has purchased sal - va - tion, Sav - ing a sin - ner like me.  
 Come to this glo - ri - ous Sav - ior, A - ble and will - ing to save.  
 Call and the Sav - ior will hear you, Car - ry you home to the fold.  
 Tak - ing the mes - sage to oth - ers, Join in the cho - rus of praise.



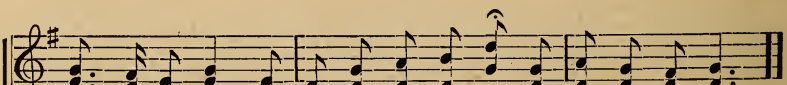
## CHORUS.



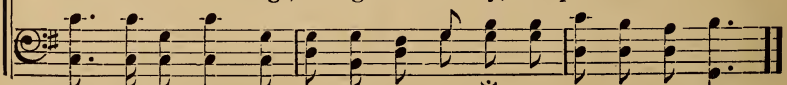
Sing the good ti - dings, Oh, loud - ly pro - claim,



Je - sus is seek - ing the lost to re - claim! Sing the good ti - dings,



won - der - ful ti - dings, Tidings of mer - cy, All praise to His name!





REV. G. W. CROFTS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We will lift on high our ban-ner, That the Lord to us has given,  
 2. Millions march beneath our banner—Ev'-ry one a sol-dier true,  
 3. Clad in ar-mor ev-'ry sol-dier, Faith in-vin-ci-ble our shield;  
 4. Singing songs of glorious triumph, Marching to the trum-pet call,

For His hon-or and His glo-ry, Waving in the light of heav'n,  
 Loy-al to the great Commander, Who will help them dare and do.  
 With the sword of God's own spirit We will never, never yield.  
 Lo! before our blessed banner, See the hosts of darkness fall!

## CHORUS.

Banner beautiful and bright, The standard strong of truth and right,  
 Banner, beautiful, beautiful and bright The standard strong of truth, of truth and right

Banner beau-ti-ful and bright, The standard strong of truth and right,

Ever brave-ly will we bear it Where our Leader gives command!

Onward, on-ward, ev-er on-ward, Till we reach the prom-ised land.

## No. 32.

## SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

ASA HULL.

1. O sol-dier brave, in strength a - rise, E - quip with sword and shield;  
 2. A - bove the noise and din of strife, Thy Lead-er's voice rings out;  
 3. Go for-ward! not in hu - man strength, But in Je - ho-vah's might;

The tramp-et-blast rings thro' the skies, And calls thee to the field!  
 While ans-w'ring mill-ions of the foe, In their de - ris-ion shout,—  
 For who thus goes shall put, at length, A thou-sand foes to flight!

The hosts of sin and wrong, In phal-anx deep and strong,  
 To arms with - out de - lay! In strength di - vine, a - way!  
 Guard well each se - cret place; With cau - tion run the race;

Con-tend to sway the world to - day, That should to Christ be - long!  
 Up! meet the foe, give blow for blow, And you shall win the day.  
 In Je - sus find your strength of mind, And full sus-tain-ing grace.

D.S. A - rise, a - way! the call o - bey! The Lord hath need of thee.

CHORUS.

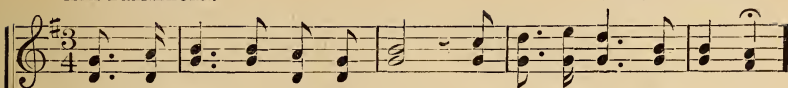
D. S.

Strong in the Lord.... of hosts,..... Press on to vic - to - ry;  
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,

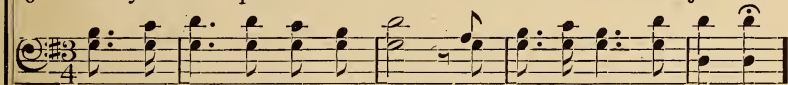
# No. 33. GET FACE TO FACE WITH JESUS!

ADA BLANKHORN.

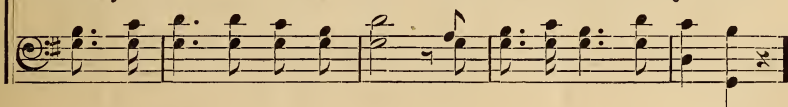
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



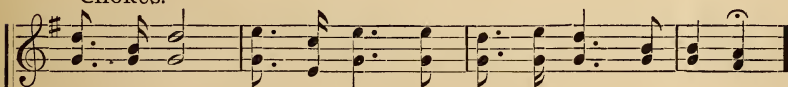
1. Would you mount temptation's wave? Get face to face with Je - sus!
2. Would you know your sins for - giv'n? Get face to face with Je - sus!
3. Would you know how great His love? Get face to face with Je - sus!
4. Would you know Him as a Friend? Get face to face with Je - sus!
5. Would you con - quer in the strife? Get face to face with Je - sus!



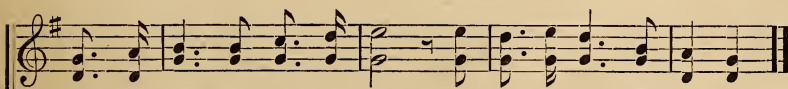
Would you know His pow'r to save? Get face to face with Je - sus!  
Have a fore-taste here of heav'n? Get face to face with Je - sus!  
All its heights and depths to prove? Get face to face with Je - sus!  
On His care would you de - pend? Get face to face with Je - sus!  
Would you win e - ter - nal life? Get face to face with Je - sus!



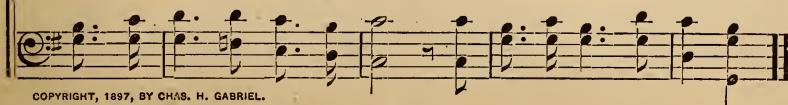
## CHORUS.



Face to face, face to face, Get face to face with Je - sus!



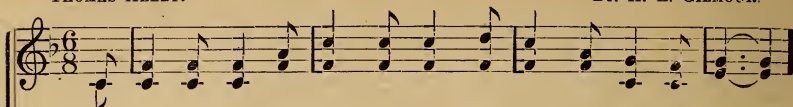
This to know,—He loves you so, Get face to face with Je - sus!



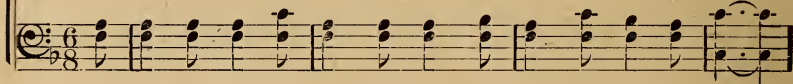
# No. 34. KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.

THOMAS KELLY.

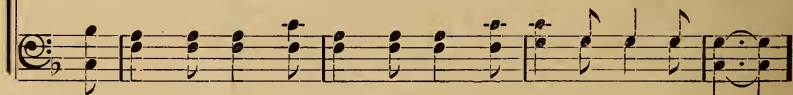
Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.



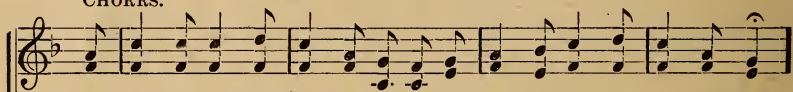
1. The head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glory now;
2. The high - est place that heav'n af-fords Is to one Je - sus giv'n;
3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,
4. To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace is giv'n;
5. They suf - fer with their Lord be - low, They reign with Him a - bove;



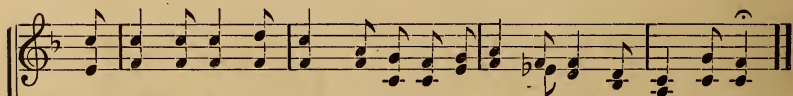
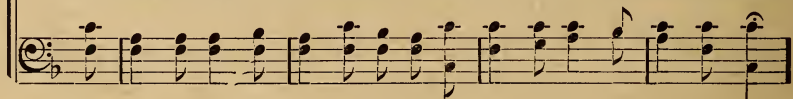
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dons The might y Vic - tor's brow!  
The King of kings and Lord of lords—He reigns o'er earth and heav'n!  
To whom He man - i - fests His love And grants His name to know.  
Their name, an ev - ev - last - ing name, Their joy, the joy of heav'n.  
Their ev - er - last - ing joy to know The myst' - ry of His love.



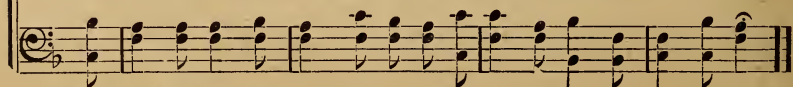
CHORRS.



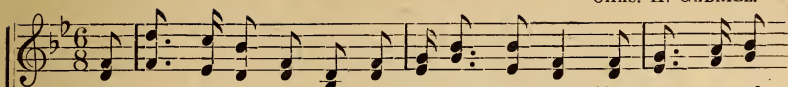
He's King of kings, Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! He's Lord of lords, Oh, praise His name!



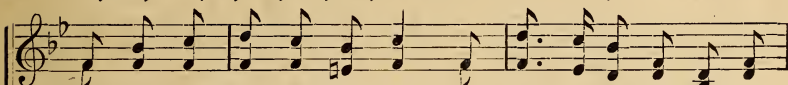
The Lamb of God, who brought salvation, Endured the cross with all its shame.



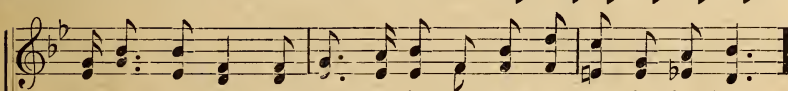
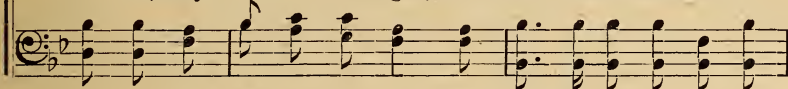




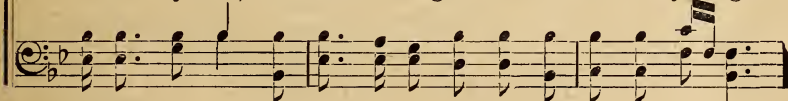
1. De-lay not, de - lay not, O sin-ner, draw near, The wa - ters of
2. De-lay not, de - lay not, why longer a - buse The love and com-
3. De-lay not, de - lay not, O sin-ner, to come, For Mer - cy still
4. De-lay not, de - lay not, the Spir-it of grace Long griev'd and re-



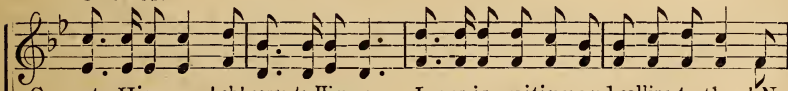
life are now flow - ing for thee; No price is de-mand-ed, the  
pas-sion of Je - sus, thy God? A fount - ain is o - pen, how  
lin - gers and calls thee to - day: Her voice is not heard in the  
sist - ed, may take His sad flight, And leave thee in dark-ness to



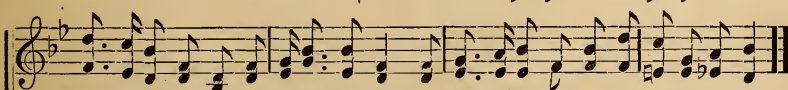
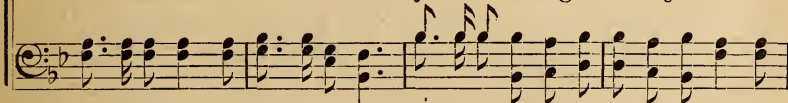
Sav-ior is here, Re-demp-tion is purchased, sal-va-tion is free.  
canst thou re-fuse To wash and be cleans'd in his par-don-ing blood?  
vale of the tomb; Her message, un-heed - ed, will soon pass a - way.  
fin-ish thy race, To sink in the gloom of e - ter - ni - ty's night.



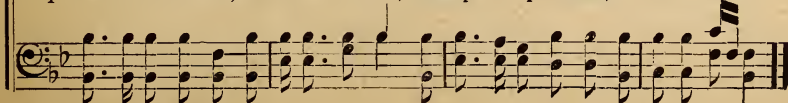
## CHORUS.



Come to Him now! oh! come to Him now. Jesus is waiting and calling to thee! No



price is demanded, the Savior is here, Redemption is purchased, Sal-va-tion is free.



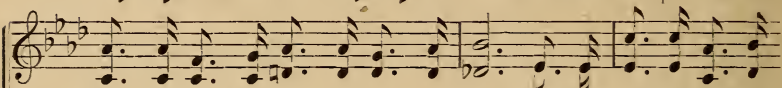
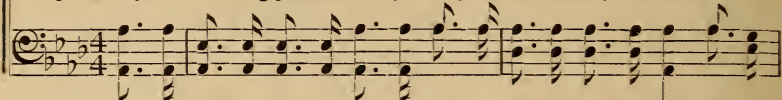
# No. 36. THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

IDA M. BUDD.

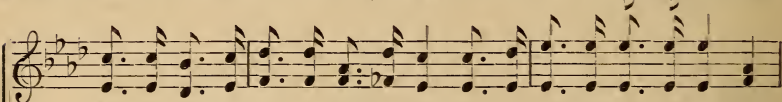
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



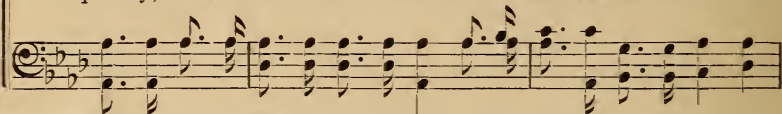
1. All the pal-ace gates are o-pen, all its courts resound with song; There is
2. Have you heard the gracious mandate? You are bidden to the feast! 'Mid His
3. Are your wedding garments ready? are you robed to meet your Lord When He



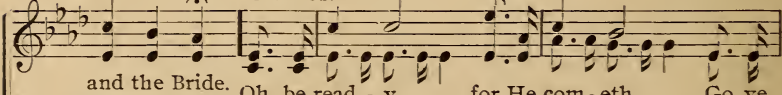
light, and life, and joy on ev - 'ry side, For the marriage feast is  
host there is a place prepared for you; You may sit in heav'nly  
com-eth, by and by, His saints to greet? For, be-hold, He com-eth



read-y and a-dor-ing angels throng To the welcome of the Bridgroom  
plac-es as your Savior's honored guest, If you serve Him with a will-ing  
quickly, and with Him is His reward For the souls that shall be found in

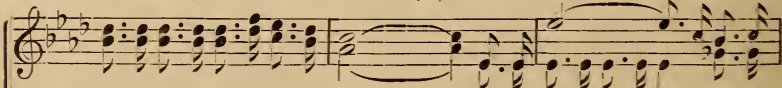
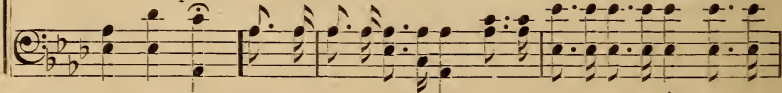


## CHORUS.



and the Bride. Oh, be read-y for He com-eth, Go ye  
heart and true.

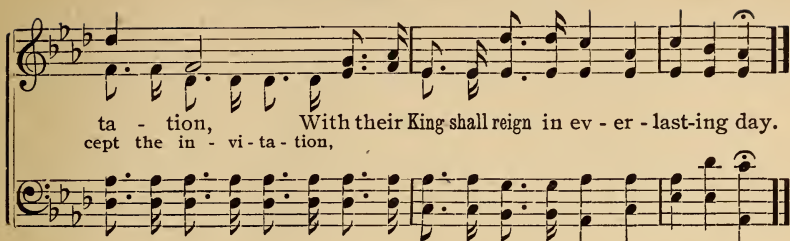
Him complete. Oh, be read-y for He comes, Oh, be ready for He comes, Go ye



out to meet the Bridgroom on His way; . . . They who heed . . . the in-vi-  
out to meet Him, to meet Him on His way; They who heed the call, and ac-



## The Bridegroom Cometh.

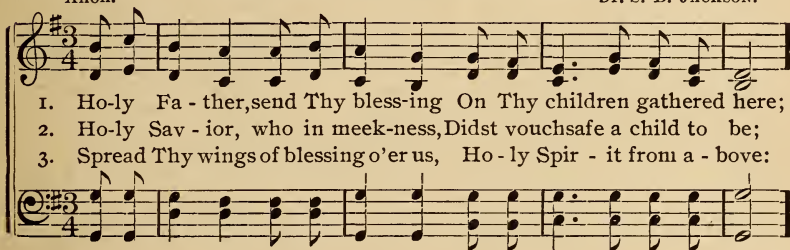


ta - tion, With their King shall reign in ev - er - last-ing day.  
cept the in - vi - ta - tion,

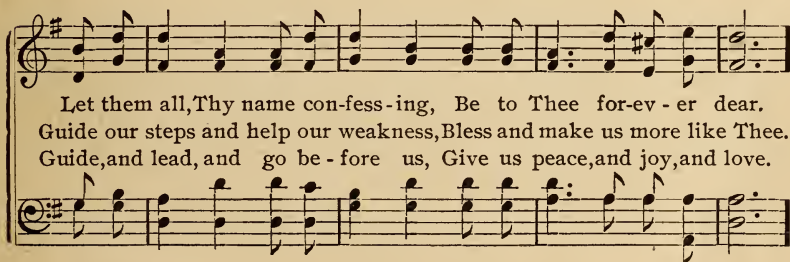
## No. 37. WE WILL FOLLOW THEE.

Anon.

Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

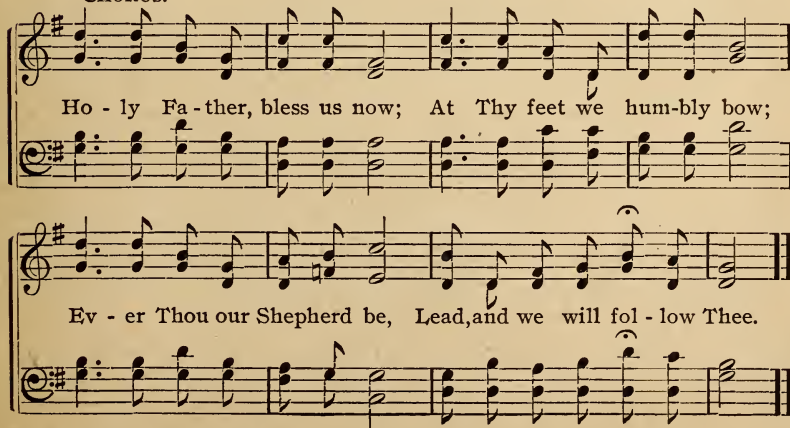


1. Ho-ly Fa - ther, send Thy bless-ing On Thy children gathered here;  
2. Ho-ly Sav - ior, who in meek-ness, Didst vouchsafe a child to be;  
3. Spread Thy wings of blessing o'er us, Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove:



Let them all, Thy name con-fess-ing, Be to Thee for-ev - er dear.  
Guide our steps and help our weakness, Bless and make us more like Thee.  
Guide, and lead, and go be - fore us, Give us peace, and joy, and love.

CHORUS.



Ho - ly Fa - ther, bless us now; At Thy feet we hum-bly bow;  
Ev - er Thou our Shepherd be, Lead, and we will fol - low Thee.



## No. 38.

## I WANT TO KNOW MORE.

LE R. M.

LE RAY MOORE.

1. I want to know more of the Lamb that was slain To save a poor  
 2. I want to know more how He lived upon earth— The les-sons of  
 3. I want to know more of the gos-pel of peace, He left His great

sin-ner like me; I read in His word how humbly He came The  
 love that He gave; The promise of God full salva - tion to bring, That  
 throne to pro-claim; How those who believe in His promise, shall live, And

child-ren of God to set free. A-way on the monntains I  
 all who be-lieve might be saved. A-way on the mountains of  
 with Him e - ter - nal - ly reign. A-way on the mountains I'll

heard a faint cry— 'Tis finished— my la-bor of love! This day shalt thou  
 sin and despair, I wandered a-far from the fold; That voice reached my  
 wander no more, A-way from the Savior I love; I'm wash-ed in

be in that sweet par-a-dise, With me and the an-gels a - bove.  
 ear and it bro't me to God, Where I have found blessings un-told.  
 His blood, all glo-ry to God; My home shall be with Him a-bove.

D. S.

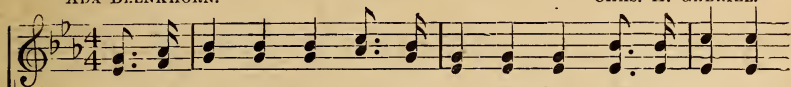
When used as a solo, a Quartet or Chorus should sing the D. S. Other-  
 wise it should be omitted.



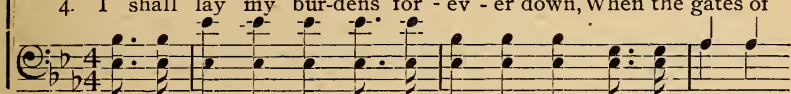
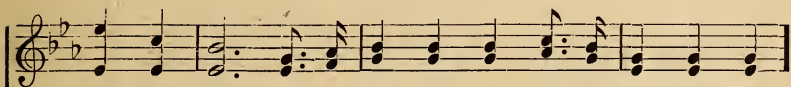
# No. 39. WHEN THE GATES OF HEAV'N UNFOLD.

ADA BLENKHORN.

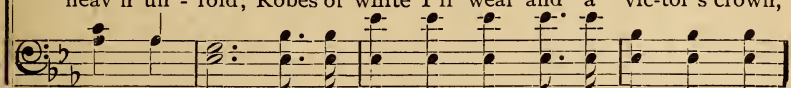
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



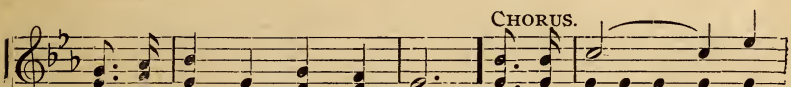
1. I shall hear the song that the an - gels sing, When the gates of  
 2. With the saints I'll sing the triumphant strain, When the gates of  
 3. I shall walk with Christ on the gold-en street, When the gates of  
 4. I shall lay my bur-dens for - ev - er down, When the gates of

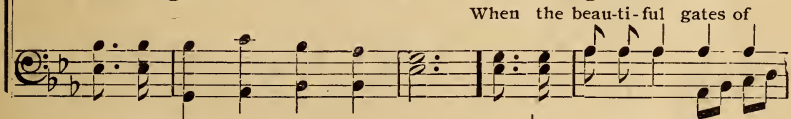
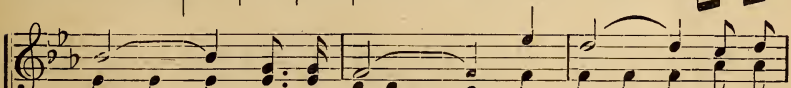
heav'n un - fold; I shall see the face of my Lord and King,  
 heav'n un - fold; "Worthy is the Lamb once for sin - ners slain!"  
 heav'n un - fold; With the lov'd ones there I a - gain shall meet,  
 heav'n un - fold; Robes of white I'll wear and a vic-tor's crown,



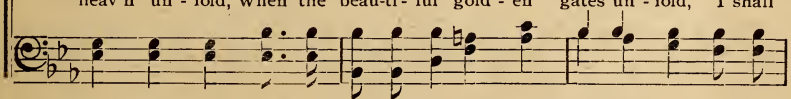

CHORUS.



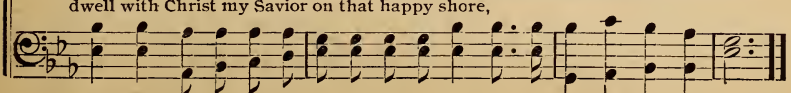
When the gates of heav'n un - fold. When the gates . . . un -  
 When the beau-ti-ful gates of

fold, . . . . When the gates . . . . un - fold, . . . I shall  
 heav'n un - fold, When the beau-ti-ful gold - en gates un - fold, I shall

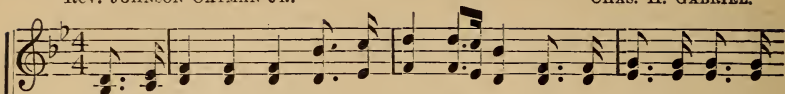
dwell with Christ my Sav - - ior When the gates of heav'n un - fold.  
 dwell with Christ my Savior on that happy shore,



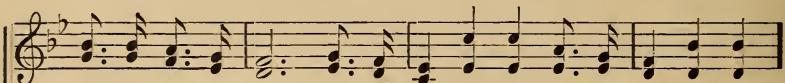
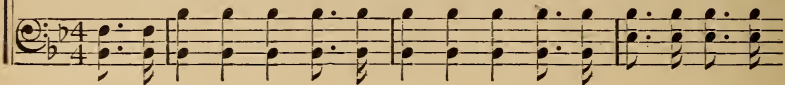
# No. 40. A PLACE AND WORK FOR ME.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN JR.

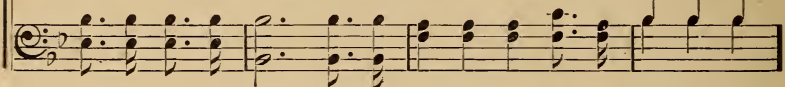
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



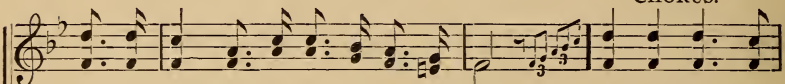
1. Where the harvest waves in the fields of sin, There is work for all who
2. In the church of God there is work for all, There are dy-ing souls to
3. To the home of God far be-yond the sky He will call the faith-ful



will but en - ter in; There's a place for you:—lift your eyes and see,  
res-cue—hear the call! Tho' I may not preach, nor a great light be,  
serv-ants by and by; Where the palm trees wave by the crys-tal sea,



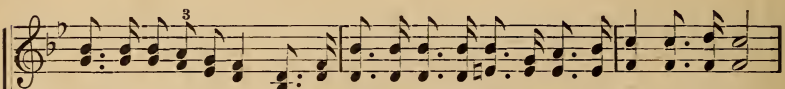
## CHORUS.



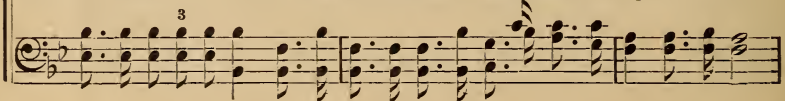
And I know that there is a place for me! Yes, oh, yes there's

Yet I know that there is a work for me.

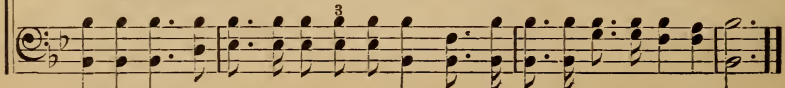
I am sure that there is a place for me.



work that ought to be done; Harvest days are swiftly passing, there's no time for de-lay;



Who'll go forth with joy to gather the grain, Who will bear the pre-cious sheaves away?



## No. 41.

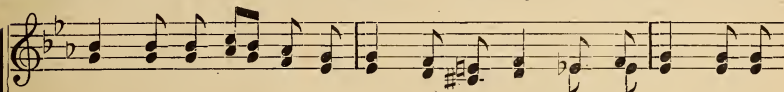
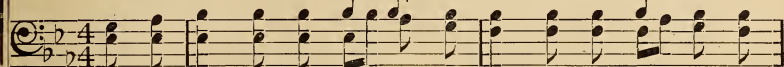
## ON THE HEAVENLY WAY.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

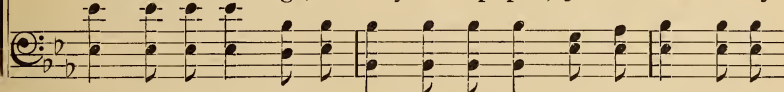
H. A. HENRY.



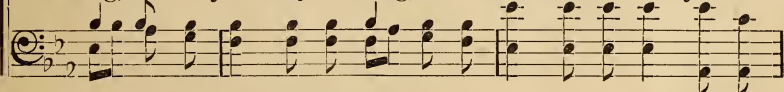
1. I am walk - ing to - day In the straight, narrow way, Ev - 'ry
2. Not a tri - al I meet, Not a snare at my feet Can pre -
3. What tho' storms may a-rise, O - ver-spread-ing the skies, They shall



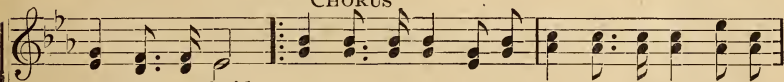
bur-den and care at the cross I have laid; How it makes me re -  
vail to af-fright me, or turn me a-way; For He sweet - ly says  
neith-er dis-cour-age, dis-may or ap-pall; Je - sus' love is my



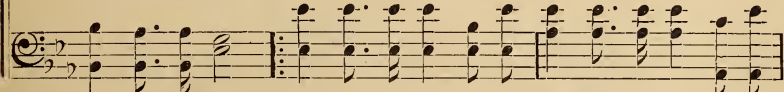
joy When I hear His sweet voice Saying, "Child I am with thee, oh,  
"Come, I am guid - ing thee home, I will keep thee, and thou shalt be  
song, As I jour - ney a - long, And I shout hal - le - lu - jah what -



## CHORUS



be not a-fraid." } Glo-ry I sing to my Lord and my King! How my  
mine day by day." } Yes, He is mine! what a rap-ture di vine, He's the  
ev - er be-fall.



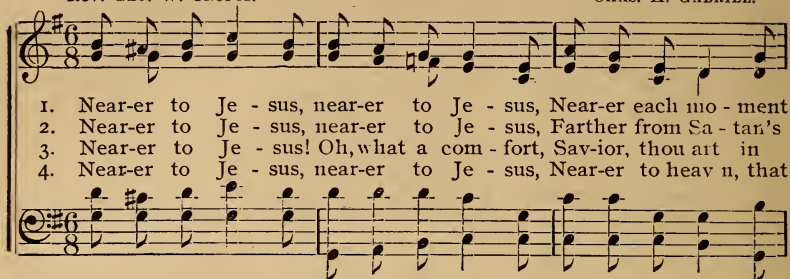
heart fills with laughter While marching along! }  
joy of my joys (*Omit.*) } And the theme of my song.



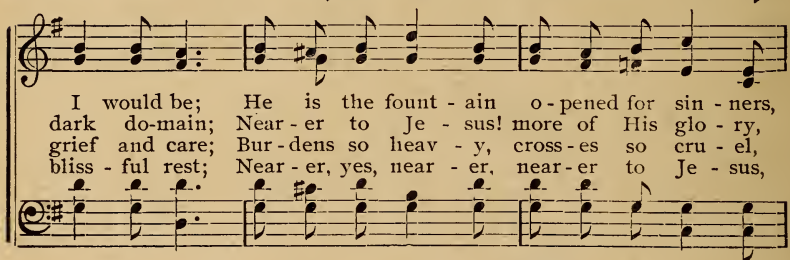
"TELL THEM TO LIVE NEARER TO JESUS." THE DYING WORDS OF BESSIE MAUDE POST, VERDON, ILL.

Rev. GEO. W. CROFTS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

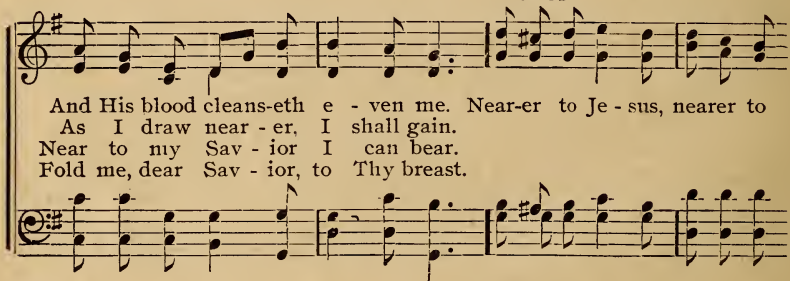


1. Near-er to Je - sus, near-er to Je - sus, Near-er each mo - ment  
 2. Near-er to Je - sus, near-er to Je - sus, Farther from Sa - tan's  
 3. Near-er to Je - sus! Oh, what a com - fort, Sav - ior, thou art in  
 4. Near-er to Je - sus, near-er to Je - sus, Near-er to heav'n, that

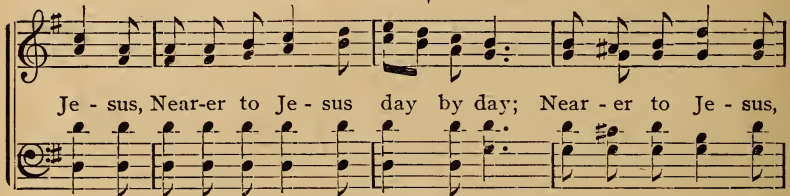


I would be; He is the fount - ain o - pened for sin - ners,  
 dark do-main; Near - er to Je - sus! more of His glo - ry,  
 grief and care; Bur - dens so heav - y, cross - es so cru - el,  
 bliss - ful rest; Near - er, yes, near - er, near - er to Je - sus,

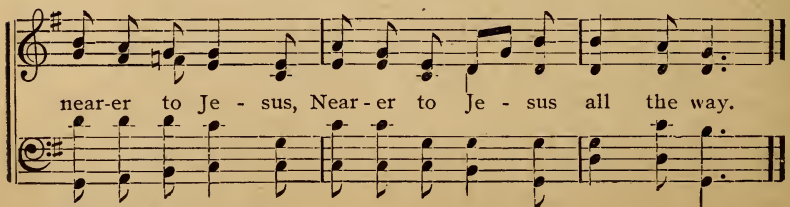
CHORUS



And His blood cleans-eth e - ven me. Near-er to Je - sus, nearer to  
 As I draw near - er, I shall gain.  
 Near to my Sav - ior I can bear.  
 Fold me, dear Sav - ior, to Thy breast.



Je - sus, Near-er to Je - sus day by day; Near - er to Je - sus,



near-er to Je - sus, Near-er to Je - sus all the way.



## No. 43.

## BEAUTIFUL LOVE.

LE R. M.

LE ROY MOORE.

1. My soul, lift up thy voice and sing All glo-ry to His name!  
 2. We feel Thy presence, oh, my God, In all its mag-ic pow'r;  
 3. We see Thy light, we hear Thy voice, We glo-ri-fy Thy name;

Let all the chil-dren of our God, His wondrous love proclaim.  
 Fill-ing our hearts with love divine In this glad <sup>{morn-ing}</sup> <sub>{eve-ning}</sub> hour.  
 May all the na-tions of the earth, Thy wondrous love proclaim.

## CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful love, . . . . . won-der-ful love, . . . . .  
 Beau-ti-ful love, won-der-ful love,

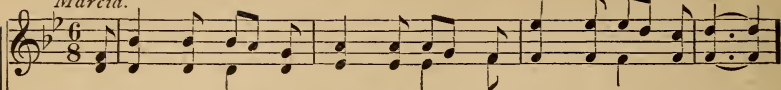
The love of Je-sus sing. Beau-ti-ful love, . . . . .  
 Beau-ti-ful love,

won-der-ful love, . . . . . All glo-ry to our King!  
 won-der-ful love,

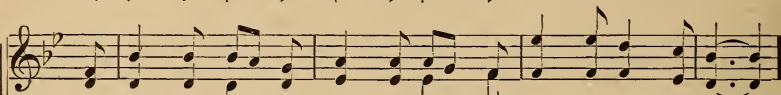
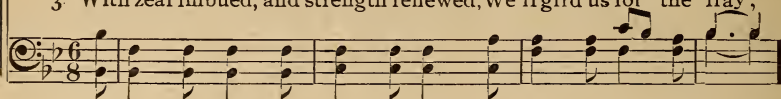
ADA BLENKHORN.

*Marcia.*

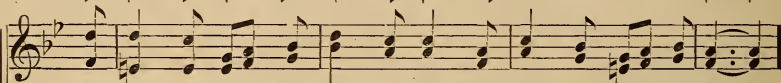
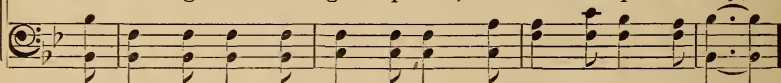
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



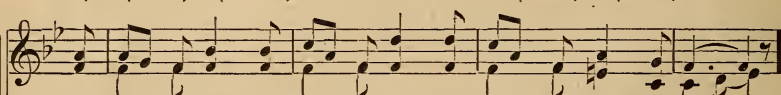
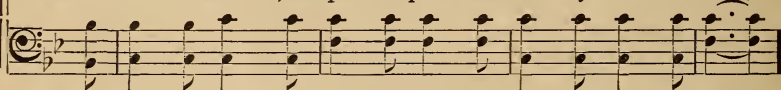
1. A hymn of praise to - day we raise To Christ, our liv - ing King,
2. Each foe we meet we will de - feat, With weapons sharp and strong,
3. With zeal imbued, and strength renewed, We'll gird us for the fray;



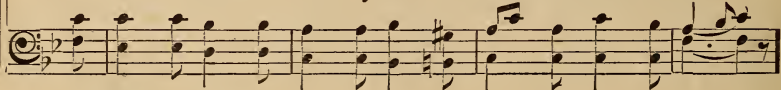
And in re - ply the bend - ing sky Shall with its ech - o ring;  
 Till all shall yield, and from the field Shall fly the vanquished throng;  
 With courage bold the right up - hold, Till dawns the per - fect day;



With heart and voice we will re - joice Our prais - es to pro - long,  
 Each gos - pel dart shall pierce a - part The ar - mor of the foe,  
 When strife shall cease, and per - fect peace On ev - 'ry heart shall fall;



Till ev - 'ry one be - neath the sun Shall learn our joy - ful song.  
 And ours shall be the vic - to - ry, Wher - ev - er we may go.  
 Till all u - nite in ho - ly rite To crown Him Lord of all.




## CHORUS.



On - ward, for - ward, With hap - py hearts and free;...  
 On - ward, for - ward bold - ly march, With hap - py, hap - py hearts and free, Then

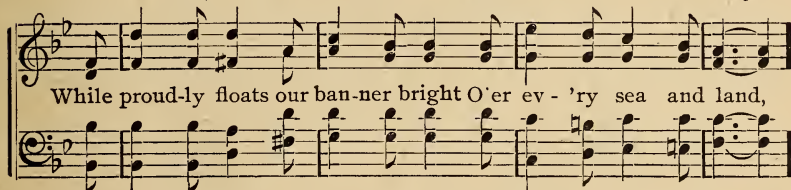


# On to Victory.



On - ward, for - ward To glo - rious vic - to - ry! . . .  
 On - ward, for - ward, bold - ly march To glo - rious, glo - rious vic - to - ry!

On - ward, for - ward, march to vic - to - ry!



While proud - ly floats our ban - ner bright O'er ev - 'ry sea and land,

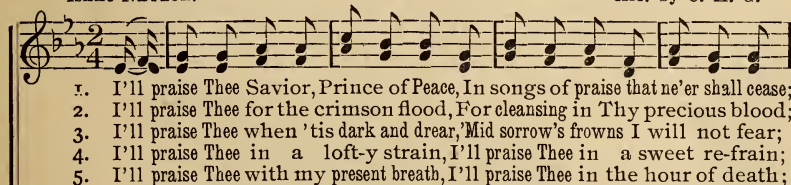


To win the world for Je - sus Christ, U - nit - ed we will stand!

## No. 45. THIS NOTE SHALL SWELL.

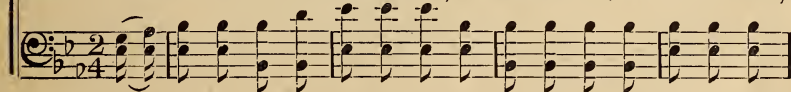
ISAAC NAYLOR.

Arr. by C. H. G.

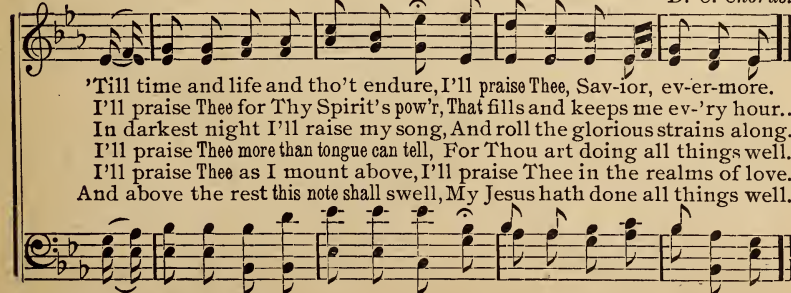


1. I'll praise Thee Savior, Prince of Peace, In songs of praise that ne'er shall cease;
2. I'll praise Thee for the crimson flood, For cleansing in Thy precious blood;
3. I'll praise Thee when 'tis dark and drear, Mid sorrow's frowns I will not fear;
4. I'll praise Thee in a loft-y strain, I'll praise Thee in a sweet re-frain;
5. I'll praise Thee with my present breath, I'll praise Thee in the hour of death;

CHO.—And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,



*D. C. Chorus.*



'Till time and life and tho't endure, I'll praise Thee, Sav-ior, ev-er-more.  
 I'll praise Thee for Thy Spirit's pow'r, That fills and keeps me ev-'ry hour..  
 In darkest night I'll raise my song, And roll the glorious strains along.  
 I'll praise Thee more than tongue can tell, For Thou art doing all things well.  
 I'll praise Thee as I mount above, I'll praise Thee in the realms of love.  
 And above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

GEO. E. MYERS.

1. "From the ris - ing of the sun un - til the go - ing down thereof,"  
 2. From the ris - ing of the sun un - til the gath'ring shades of night,  
 3. From the ris . ing of the sun un - til its rays are seen no more,

Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, For the  
 Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, For the  
 Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, When our

ran - som of His Son, O wondrous, wondrous gift of love, Praise the  
 grace that helps you triumph o - ver wrong and for the right, Praise the  
 tri - als all are end - ed and we meet on yonder shore, Praise the

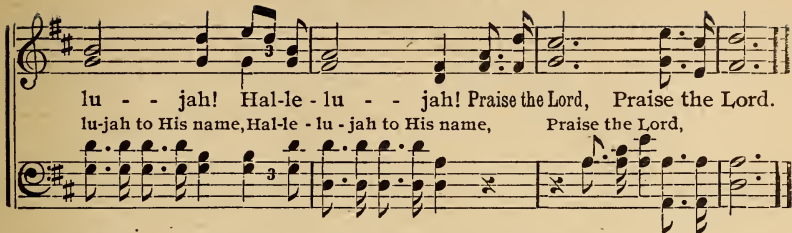
## CHORUS.

Lord, Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, with the  
 Lord, Praise the Lord.  
 Lord, Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord,  
 Praise the Lord,

fullness of your soul, Praise the Lord, For the grace that's made you whole, Hal-le-  
 Prais the Lord,



# Praise the Lord.

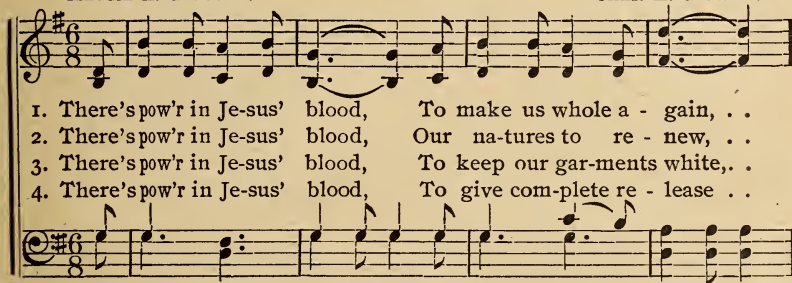


lu - - jah! Hal-le - lu - - jah! Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.  
lu-jah to His name, Hal-le - lu - jah to His name, Praise the Lord,

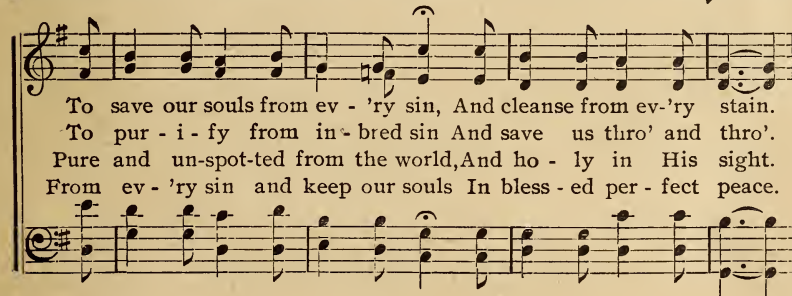
## No. 47. POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

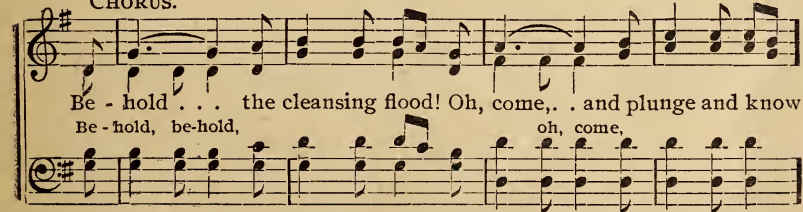


1. There's pow'r in Je-sus' blood, To make us whole a - gain, . .  
2. There's pow'r in Je-sus' blood, Our na-tures to re - new, . .  
3. There's pow'r in Je-sus' blood, To keep our gar-ments white, . .  
4. There's pow'r in Je-sus' blood, To give com-plete re - lease . .

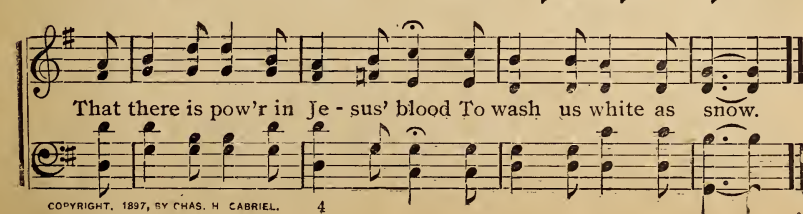


To save our souls from ev - 'ry sin, And cleanse from ev-'ry stain.  
To pur - i - fy from in - bred sin And save us thro' and thro'.  
Pure and un-spot-ted from the world, And ho - ly in His sight.  
From ev - 'ry sin and keep our souls In bless - ed per - fect peace.

### CHORUS.



Be - hold . . . the cleansing flood! Oh, come, . . and plunge and know  
Be - hold, be-hold, oh, come,



That there is pow'r in Je - sus' blood To wash us white as snow.

## No. 48.

## HAPPY IN MY SAVIOR.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, theme of blest sal-va-tion! My raptured tongue shall sing, And  
 2. My soul with love re-joic-es From morn-ing un-til night; My  
 3. His grace is all a-bid-ing, His pit-y pass-ing sweet; My

sound the proc-la-ma-tion, Till dis-tant isles shall ring; My  
 tongue His glo-ry voic-es, And thrills with pure de-light. I  
 heart in Him is hid-ing,—A calm and sure re-treat. Blest

Sav-ior lives and loves me, Oh, precious, precious tho't! I'm happy in my  
 know that He is with me, Wher-ev-er I may be;— I'm hap-py in my  
 King of my salvation, I'll praise Him o'er and o'er! I'm happy in my

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, His blood my soul has bought. I'm hap-py, so ver-y  
 Sav-ior, He's all in all to me.  
 Sav-ior, Yes, hap-py ev-er more. I'm hap-py, oh, so

hap-py— I'm hap-py all a-long the way! I'm  
 ver-y hap-py, I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior all a-long the way, I'm

# Happy in My Savior.

hap-py, so ver - y hap-py in Je - sus all the day!  
 hap-py, oh, so ver-y hap-py in Je-sus, hap-py all the day!

## No. 49. TURN THEE, BROTHER.

J. F. CLARK.

ADOLPH JESREAL.

1. Broth-er hast thou wan-dered far From thy Father's hap-py home,  
 2. Is a might - y fam - ine now In thy heart and in thy soul?  
 3. He can heal thy bitt - 'rest wound, He thy gentlest prayer can hear;

With thy - self and God at war? Turn thee, brother; homeward come.  
 Dis - con - tent up - on thy brow? Turn thee; God will make thee whole.  
 Seek Him, for He may be found; Call up - on Him; He is near.

### CHORUS.

Turn thee, broth - - er; homeward come. . . . He is waiting to for -  
 Turn thee, brother, homeward come, homeward come, homeward come,

give, He is wait - ing; wait - - - ing to for - give.  
 He is waiting to forgive; wait-ing, He is wait-ing to for - give.



## No. 50.

## LOYAL AND TRUE.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. While there's a lit - tle seed for me to sow, While there's a  
 2. While there is good that e - ven I may preach, While there's a  
 3. While there's a lit - tle song that I can sing, While there's a


lit - tle field for me to mow, Let me a - wake and sow-ing be, Let  
 soul that e - ven I may teach, I can an ear-nest preacher be, A  
 lit - tle joy that I can bring, O let me ev - er sing - ing be, And

me a - broad and mow-ing be, For, Oh, these days that  
 true and loy - al teach-er be, And ev - 'ry - where sal -  
 joy and com - fort bring-ing be, And so ful - fill - ing



go so quick-ly by, Tell of the reap-ing of e - ter - ni - ty.  
 va-tion's joys de-clare, As I have freely gain'd to free - ly share.  
 well my Lord's behest, In Him shall ev'ry worthy deed be blest.



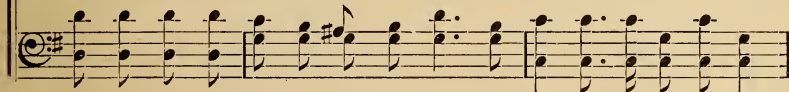

## Loyal and True.




1. Let me a sow - er be, Let me a mow - er be— And to our  
 2. Let me a preacher be, Let me a teacher be— And to our  
 3. Then let me ev - er sing, Joy to some heart to bring, And to our

great Com-mand-er loy - al be and true, Oh, let me a sow - er be,  
 great Com-mand-er loy - al be and true, Oh, let me a preacher be,  
 great Com-mand-er loy - al be and true, Oh, then let me ev - er sing,

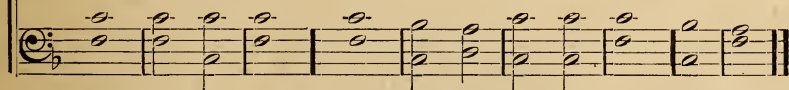



Let me a mow - er be, Read-y to do what-ev-er I may find to do.  
 Let me a teach - er be, Read-y to do what-ev-er I may find to do.  
 Joy to some heart to bring, Read-y to do what-ev-er I may find to do.



## No. 51.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER. No. 1.

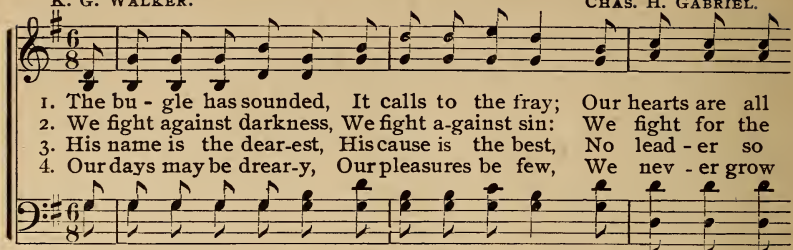



1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy name, || Thy kingdom  
 come, Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we  
 forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For Thine is  
 the kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. || A- | men.

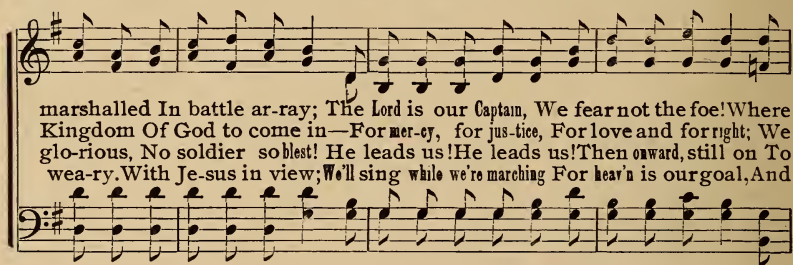
# No. 52. MARCHING WITH JESUS.

K. G. WALKER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

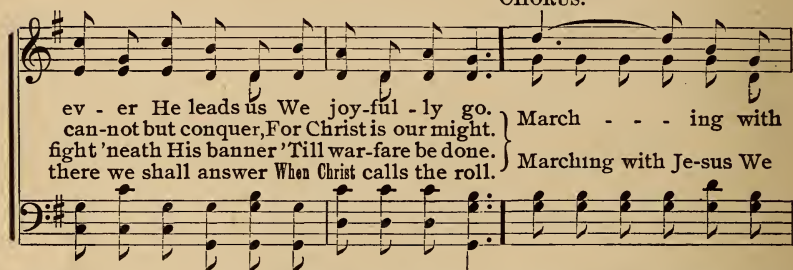


1. The bu - gle has sounded, It calls to the fray; Our hearts are all  
 2. We fight against darkness, We fight a-against sin: We fight for the  
 3. His name is the dear-est, His cause is the best, No lead - er so  
 4. Our days may be drear-y, Our pleasures be few, We nev - er grow

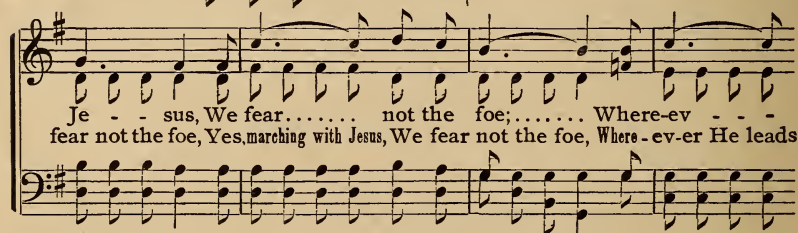


marshalled In battle ar-ray; The Lord is our Captain, We fear not the foe! Where  
 Kingdom Of God to come in—For mer-cy, for jus-tice, For love and for right; We  
 glo-rious, No soldier soblest! He leads us! He leads us! Then onward, still on To  
 wear-y. With Je-sus in view; We'll sing while we're marching For heav'n is our goal, And

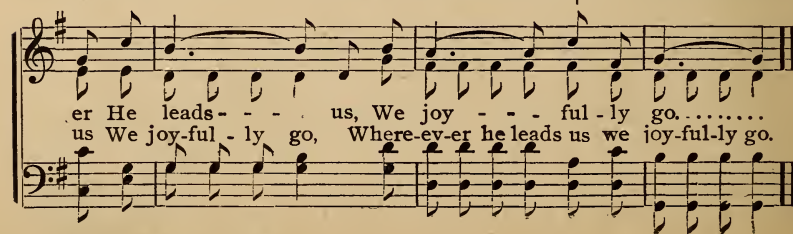
## CHORUS.



ev - er He leads us We joy-ful - ly go.  
 can-not but conquer, For Christ is our might. } March - - - ing with  
 fight 'neath His banner 'Till war-fare be done. } Marching with Je-sus We  
 there we shall answer When Christ calls the roll.



Je - - sus, We fear..... not the foe;..... Where-ev - - -  
 fear not the foe, Yes, marching with Jesus, We fear not the foe, Where-ev-er He leads

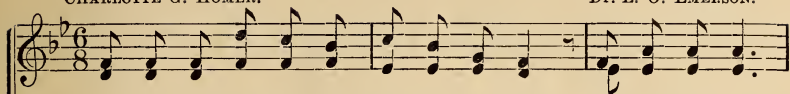


er He leads - - - us, We joy - - - ful - ly go.....  
 us We joy-ful - ly go, Where-ev-er he leads us we joy-ful-ly go.

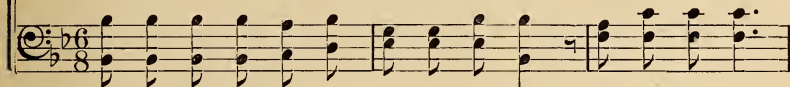
# No. 53. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

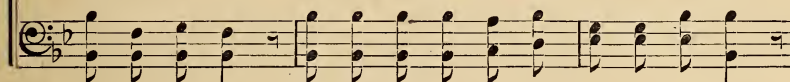
Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



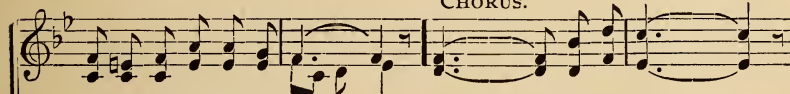
1. Je - sus is call-ing! O hear Him to - day, Call-ing for you,
2. Je - sus is call-ing! Your serv-ice He needs, Call-ing for you,
3. Je - sus is call-ing! He stands at the door, Call-ing for you,



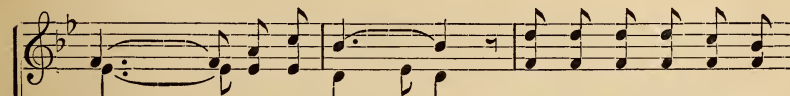
call-ing for you; Will you not quickly the summons o - bey?  
 call-ing for you; Ten-der - ly, pa - tient-ly with you He pleads,  
 call-ing for you; O - pen your heart, and His mer-cy im - plore,



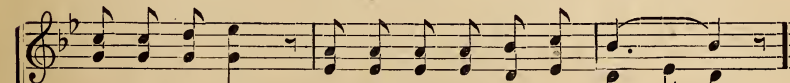
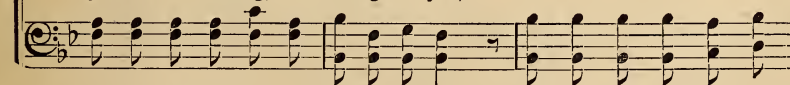
## CHORUS.



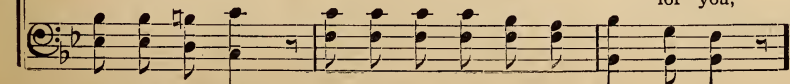
Je-sus is call-ing for you! . . . Call - - ing for you . . .  
 for you. Je - sus is call-ing, is call-ing for you,



call - - ing for you, Hear Him to-day—do not  
 Je - sus is call-ing, is call-ing for you,



turn Him a - way, Je - sus is call-ing for you. . . .  
 for you,

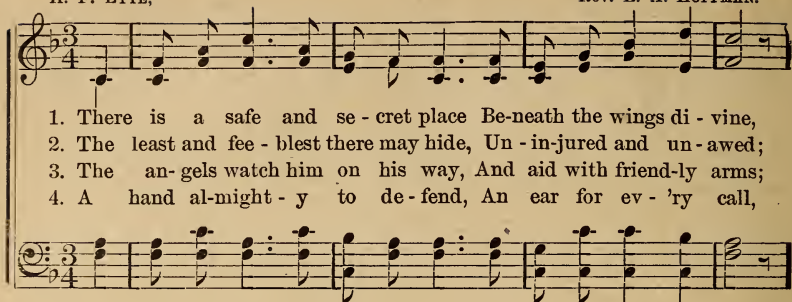


# No. 54.

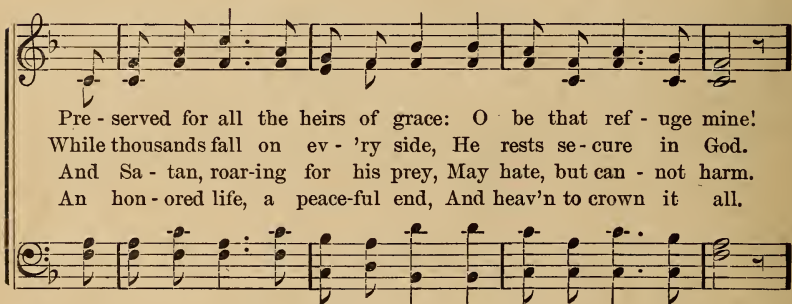
# THE SURE REFUGE.

H. F. LYTE,

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

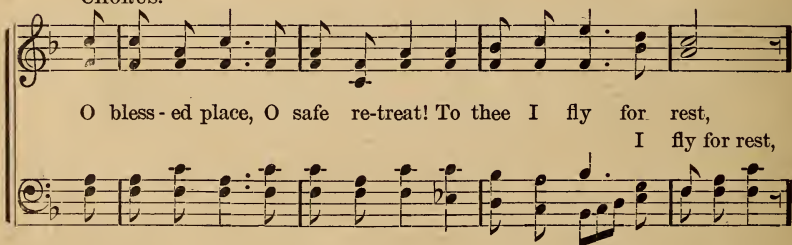


1. There is a safe and se-cret place Be-neath the wings di-vine,  
 2. The least and fee-blest there may hide, Un-in-jured and un-awed;  
 3. The an-gels watch him on his way, And aid with friend-ly arms;  
 4. A hand al-might-y to de-fend, An ear for ev-'ry call,

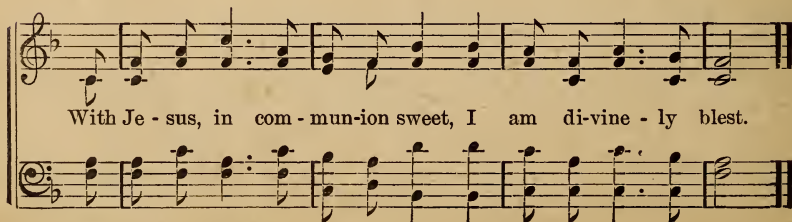


Pre-served for all the heirs of grace: O be that ref-uge mine!  
 While thousands fall on ev-'ry side, He rests se-cure in God.  
 And Sa-tan, roar-ing for his prey, May hate, but can-not harm.  
 An hon-ored life, a peace-ful end, And heav'n to crown it all.

## CHORUS.



O bless-ed place, O safe re-treat! To thee I fly for rest,  
 I fly for rest,



With Je-sus, in com-mun-ion sweet, I am di-vine-ly blest.

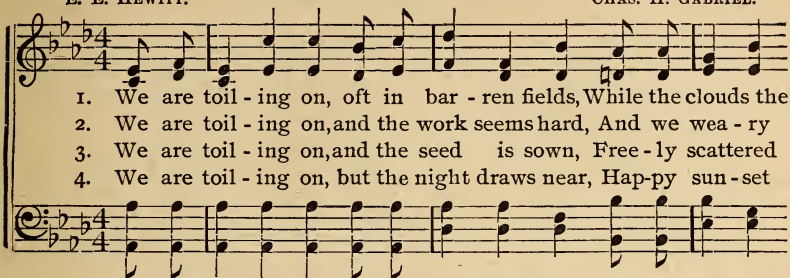


## No. 55.

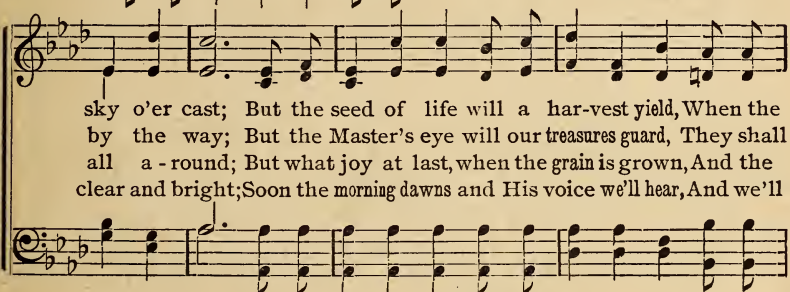
## SOWING AND REAPING.

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

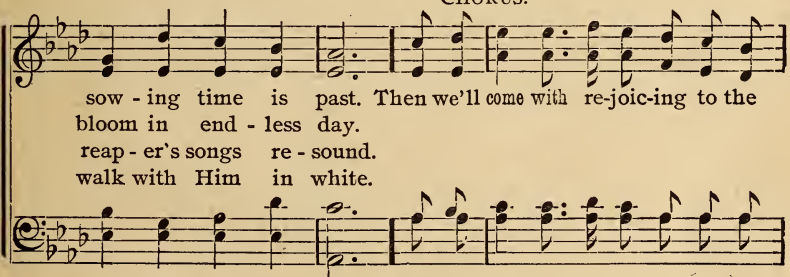


1. We are toil - ing on, oft in bar - ren fields, While the clouds the  
 2. We are toil - ing on, and the work seems hard, And we wea - ry  
 3. We are toil - ing on, and the seed is sown, Free - ly scattered  
 4. We are toil - ing on, but the night draws near, Hap - py sun - set

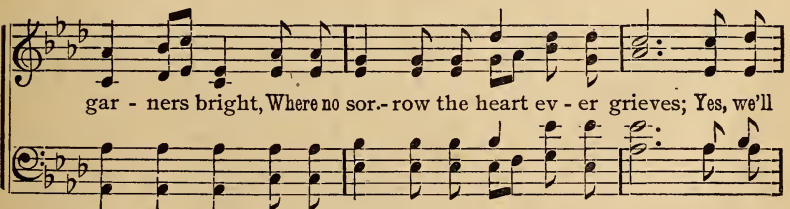


sky o'er cast; But the seed of life will a har - vest yield, When the  
 by the way; But the Master's eye will our treasures guard, They shall  
 all a - round; But what joy at last, when the grain is grown, And the  
 clear and bright; Soon the morning dawns and His voice we'll hear, And we'll

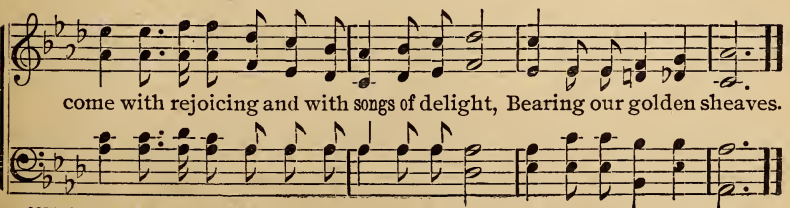
## CHORUS.



sow - ing time is past. Then we'll come with re - joic - ing to the  
 bloom in end - less day.  
 reap - er's songs re - sound.  
 walk with Him in white.



gar - ners bright, Where no sor - row the heart ev - er grieves; Yes, we'll



come with rejoicing and with songs of delight, Bearing our golden sheaves.

FRANCIS ROUS.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie  
 2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain; And me to walk doth make  
 3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale Yet will I fear no ill;  
 4. A ta-ble Thou hast fur-nished me In pre-sence of my foes;  
 5. Goodness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me;

In pas-tures green: He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.  
 With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.  
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff they com-fort me;  
 My head Thou didst with oil an-oint And my cup o-ver-flows.  
 And in God's home for-ev-er-more My dwell-ing place shall be.

## CHORUS.

He lead - - eth me, He lead - - eth me;....  
 He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me,

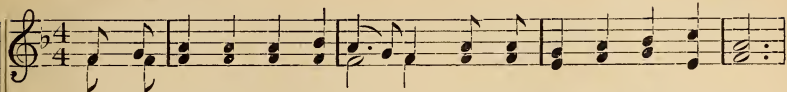
He lead - - eth me.....

In pas-tures green, thro' qui-et vales He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me.

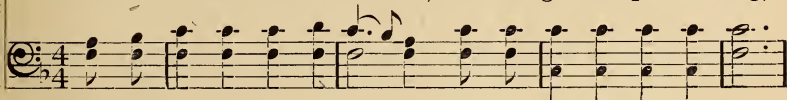
# No. 57. O THE NEW BRIGHT CLIME.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

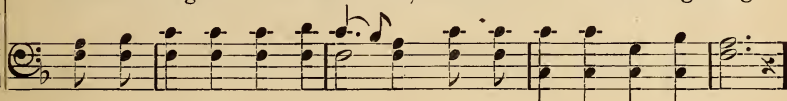
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O the new bright clime of heav - en, Land of promise, Home of rest!
2. Friends from whom 'twas death to sever, There again shall clasp the hand;
3. Christ who saved us by His dy - ing We shall see in tri-umph there;
4. With the ransom'd we'll a-dore Him, And His glo-rious prais-es sing;



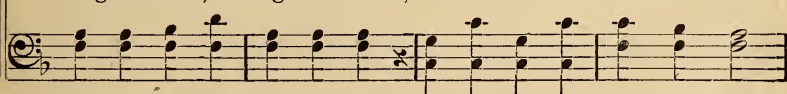
There for mourning, joy is giv - en, Sweet re-lease to souls op - press'd.  
There shall meet to dwell for-ev - er, In the ra-diant sum-mer land.  
And with saints and an-gels vy - ing, All His wondrous grace de-clare.  
With arch-an-gels bow be - fore Him, Christ the ev - er - last - ing King.



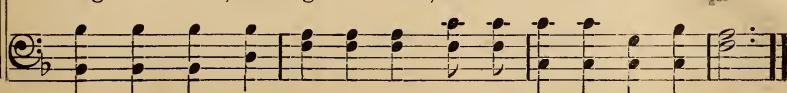
## CHORUS.



Sing, sing of heav'n, Land of promise, Home of rest.  
Sing of heav'n, O sing of heav'n,



Sing, sing of heav'n, Land of promise, Home of rest.  
Sing of heav'n, O sing of heav'n,

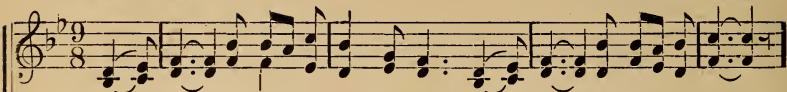


# No. 58.

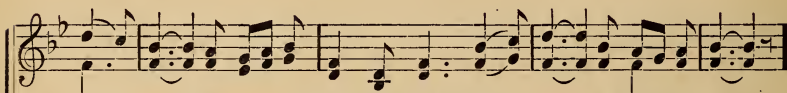
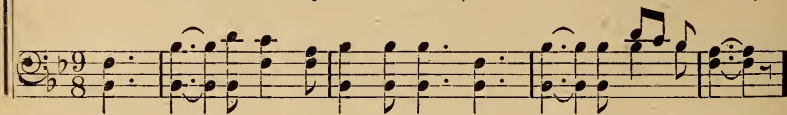
# A PERFECT HEART.

CHARLES WILEY.

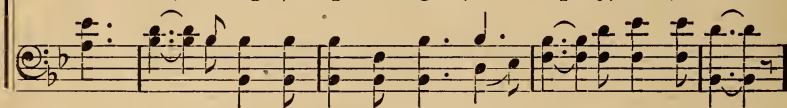
FREDERIC H. PEASE.



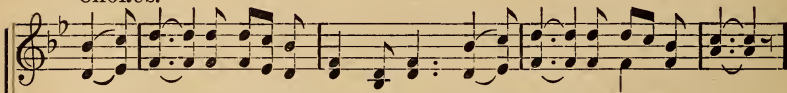
1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,
3. O for a low - ly, contrite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry tho't renewed, And full of love di - vine;



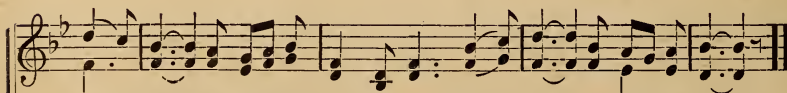
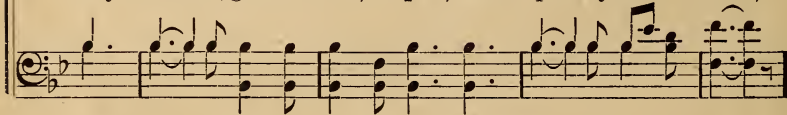
A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me.  
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a-lone.  
Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.  
Per - fect, and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.



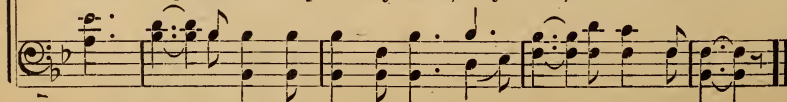
## CHORUS.



Thy na-ture, gracious Lord, im-part; Come quick-ly from a - bove;



Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.



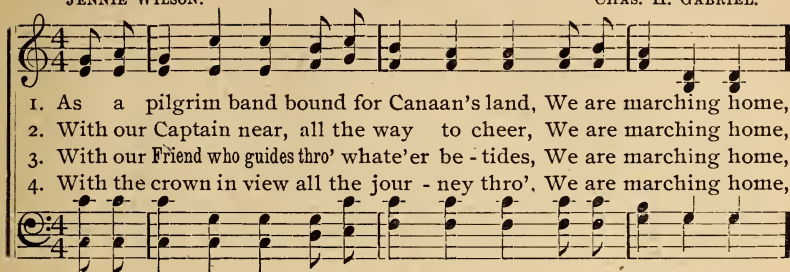


## No. 59.

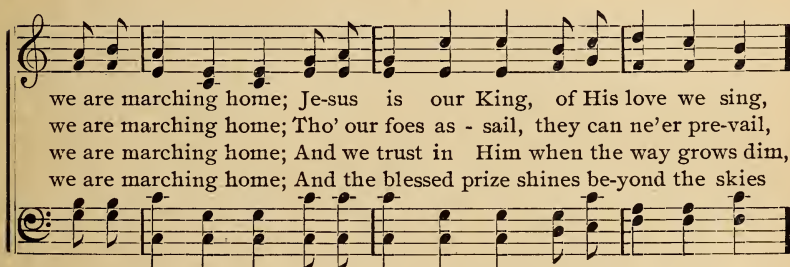
## MARCHING HOME.

JENNIE WILSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

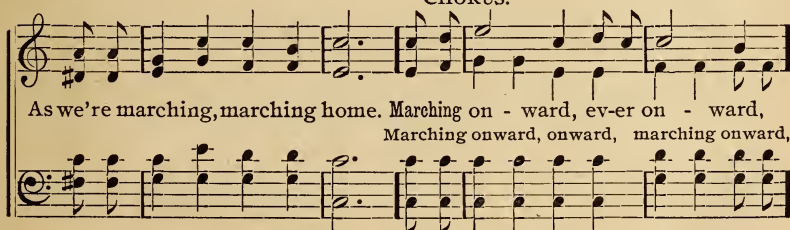


1. As a pilgrim band bound for Canaan's land, We are marching home,  
 2. With our Captain near, all the way to cheer, We are marching home,  
 3. With our Friend who guides thro' whate'er be-tides, We are marching home,  
 4. With the crown in view all the jour-ney thro', We are marching home,



we are marching home; Je-sus is our King, of His love we sing,  
 we are marching home; Tho' our foes as-sail, they can ne'er pre-vail,  
 we are marching home; And we trust in Him when the way grows dim,  
 we are marching home; And the blessed prize shines be-yond the skies

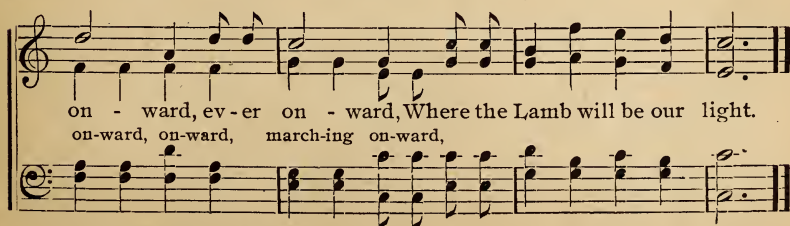
## CHORUS.



As we're marching, marching home. Marching on-ward, ev-er on-ward,  
 Marching onward, onward, marching onward,



To a coun-try fair and bright, . . . Marching  
 We are march-ing to a coun-try fair and bright, marching on, Marching



on-ward, ev-er on-ward, Where the Lamb will be our light.  
 on-ward, on-ward, march-ing on-ward,

FRED WOODROW.

C. C. CASE.

1. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, The Rock that shall en-dure, Un-shak-en by  
 2. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, We view the tranquil soul, Untroubled by  
 3. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, No need have we to fear, God ban-ish-es

the tem-pest, E - ter-nal, firm and sure; There is a safe re - treat, A  
 the tem-pest, Or surg-ing billows' roll; Be dangers what they may, And  
 our sor - row, God wipes a-way our tear; We're watching, we believe, We

refuge strong and free, A-mid the stormy billows Of life's tempestuous sea.  
 break the waves of care, A-mid the wild com-mo-tion, We stand in safe-ty there.  
 trust His promise sure, That crowns of joy are wait-ing For all His saints se-cure.

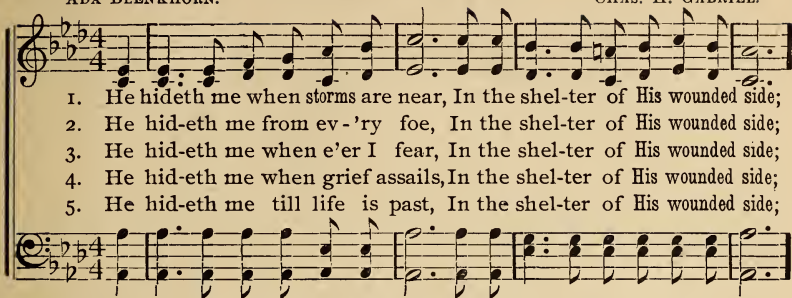
## CHORUS.

Stand - - ing, stand - - ing, Standing on the Rock of A - ges,  
 Standing on the Rock, I am standing on the Rock,

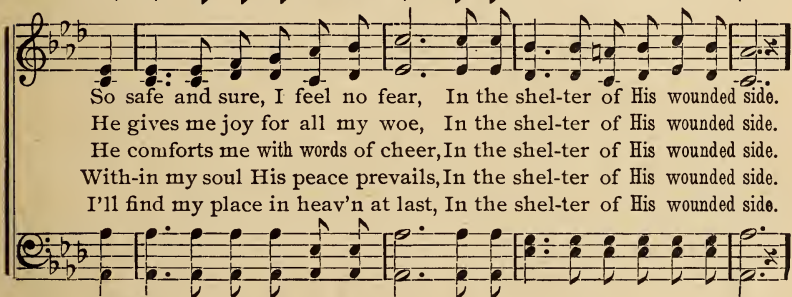
Stand - - ing, stand - - ing, No need have I to fear.  
 Standing on the Rock, I am standing on the Rock,

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

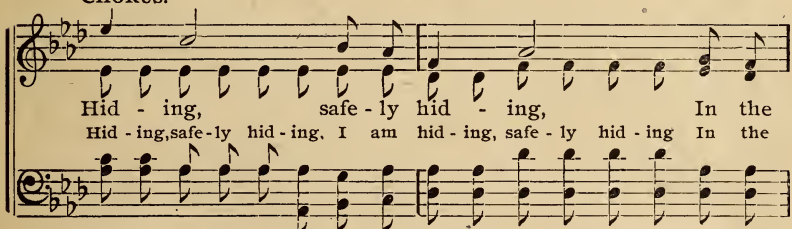


1. He hideth me when storms are near, In the shel-ter of His wounded side;  
 2. He hid-eth me from ev-'ry foe, In the shel-ter of His wounded side;  
 3. He hid-eth me when e'er I fear, In the shel-ter of His wounded side;  
 4. He hid-eth me when grief assails, In the shel-ter of His wounded side;  
 5. He hid-eth me till life is past, In the shel-ter of His wounded side;

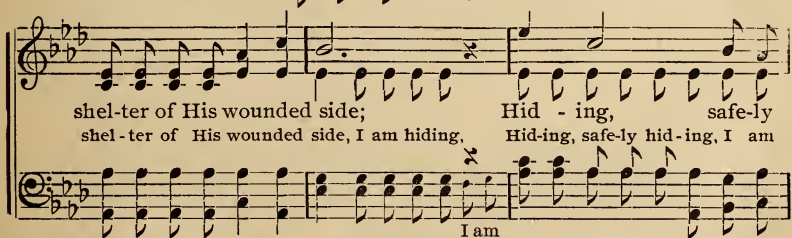


So safe and sure, I feel no fear, In the shel-ter of His wounded side.  
 He gives me joy for all my woe, In the shel-ter of His wounded side.  
 He comforts me with words of cheer, In the shel-ter of His wounded side.  
 With-in my soul His peace prevails, In the shel-ter of His wounded side.  
 I'll find my place in heav'n at last, In the shel-ter of His wounded side.

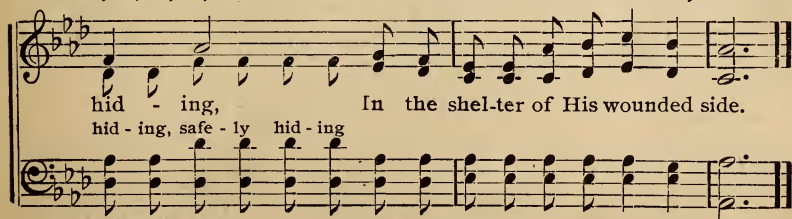
## CHORUS.



Hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing, In the  
 Hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing. I am hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing In the



shel-ter of His wounded side; Hid - ing, safe - ly  
 shel-ter of His wounded side, I am hiding. Hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing, I am  
 I am

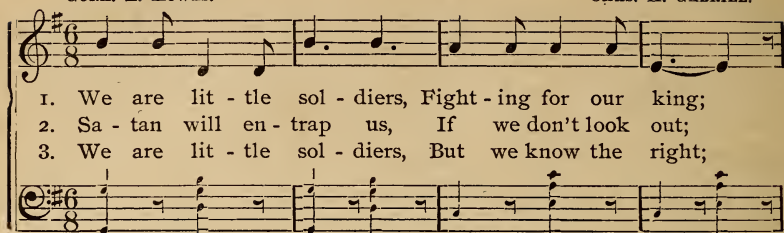


hid - ing, In the shel-ter of His wounded side.  
 hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing

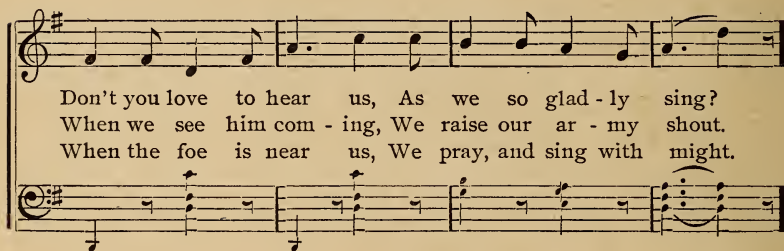
# No. 62. WE ARE LITTLE SOLDIERS.

GORA, E. HOWES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

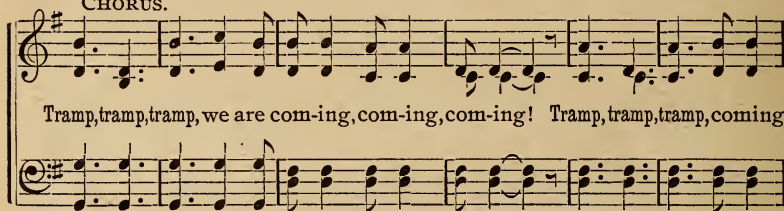


1. We are lit - tle sol - diers, Fight - ing for our king;  
 2. Sa - tan will en - trap us, If we don't look out;  
 3. We are lit - tle sol - diers, But we know the right;

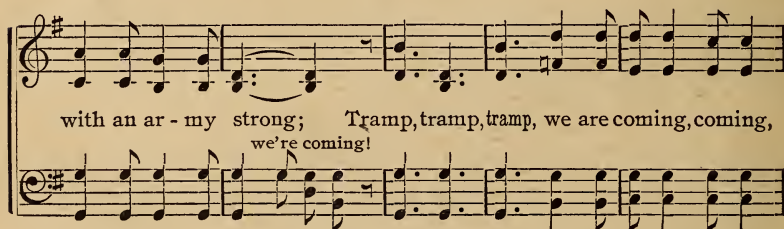


Don't you love to hear us, As we so glad - ly sing?  
 When we see him com - ing, We raise our ar - my shout.  
 When the foe is near us, We pray, and sing with might.

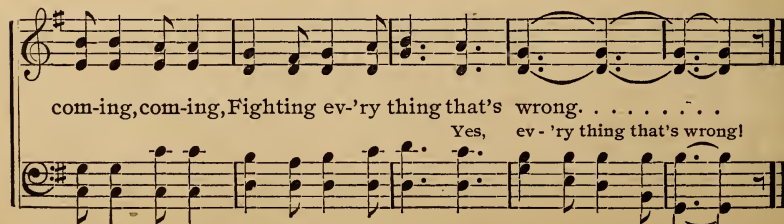
## CHORUS.



Tramp, tramp, tramp, we are com-ing, com-ing, com-ing! Tramp, tramp, tramp, coming



with an ar - my strong; Tramp, tramp, tramp, we are coming, coming,  
 we're coming!

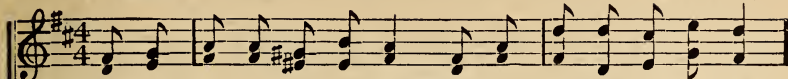


com-ing, com-ing, Fighting ev-'ry thing that's wrong. . . . .  
 Yes, ev - 'ry thing that's wrong!

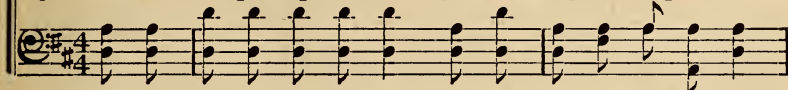
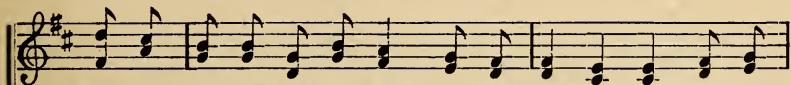


Mrs. CAROLINE L. RICE.

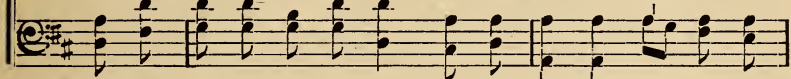
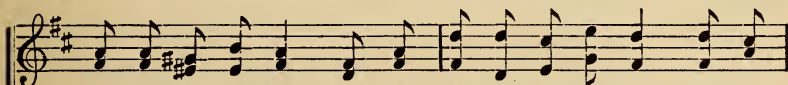
Rev. D. F. DORTCH.



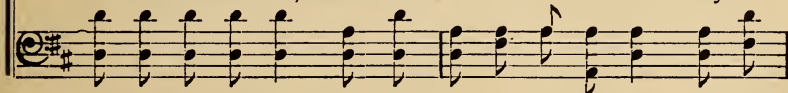
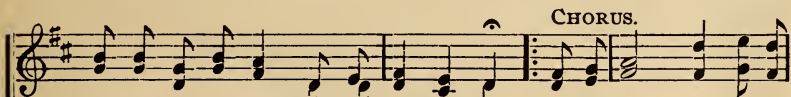
1. Wilt Thou hear the voice of praise Which now joy - ful - ly we raise.  
 2. Still Thy con-stant care be-stow; Let us each in wis-dom grow,  
 3. Thine ex - am - ple, kept in view, Je - sus, help us to pur - sue;

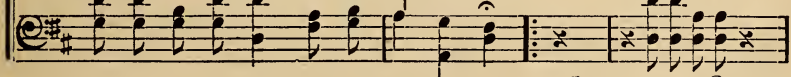
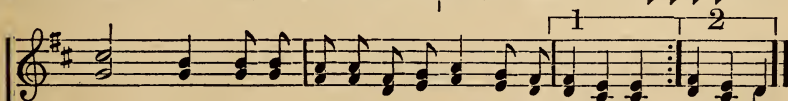
Thou who art, from end-less days, Glo-rious God of all? While the  
 And in fa - vor while be-low, With the God a - bove. In our  
 Lead us all our jour-ney thro' By Thy guid-ing hand; And when

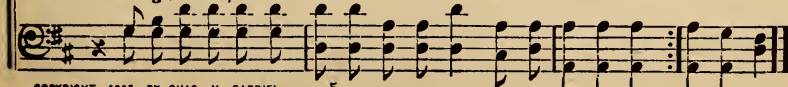
circ-ling year has sped, Thou hast heav'nly blessings shed, Like the  
 hearts the Spir - it mild, Which a - dorned the Sav-ior child, Gen - tly  
 life on earth is o'er, Where the blest dwell ev - er - more May we

dew upon each head; Still on Thee we call. { Blessed Je - sus, lov-ing  
 soothe each impulse wild To the sway of love. { Blessed Je - sus, lov-ing  
 praise Thee and adore, An un-bro - ken band. Blessed Jesus,

Sav - ior, We, Thy children, come to Thee With a joyful song; }  
 Sav - ior, Hon-or, wis-dom, love, and praise Unto (Omit.) } Thee belong.  
 lov-ing Sav-ior,

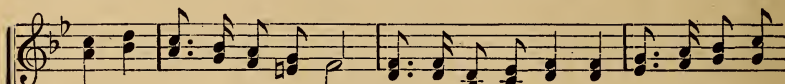
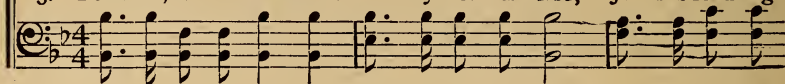


E. E. HEWITT.

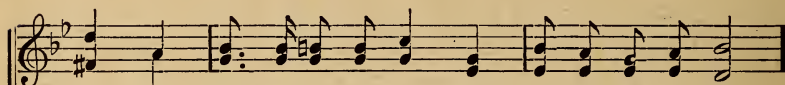
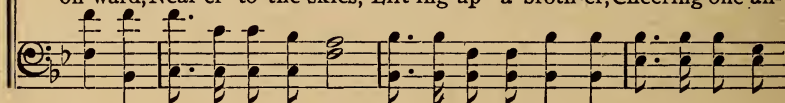
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Forward ev - er for - ward! Rall - y one and all; Hear the Master's
2. Forward, ev - er for - ward! Trusting love Di - vine; Pass the hap - py
3. Forward, ev - er for - ward! Dai - ly let us rise; Je - sus lead - ing



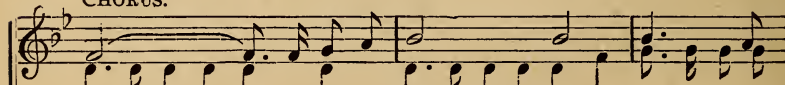
"Onward!" Like a bugle call, Making paths of du - ty Blossom in - to  
watch - word All a - long the line; Joyful hearts possessing, Blest and made a  
on - ward, Near - er to the skies; Lift - ing up a broth - er, Cheering one an -



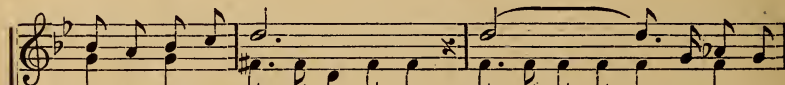
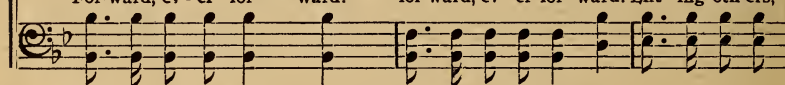
beau - ty, From the blush of morn - ing To the ev - en fall.  
bless - ing, Show - ing oth - er pil - grims Where the sunbeams shine.  
oth - er; Step by step ad - vanc - ing Tow'rd the star - ry prize.



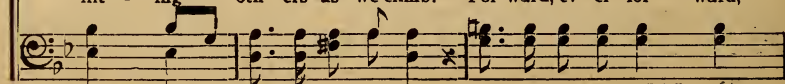
## CHORUS.



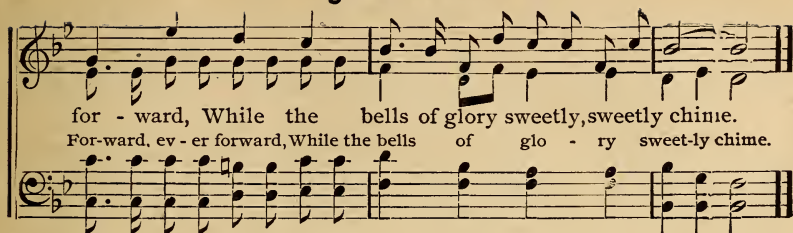
For - - - ward, ev - er for - - ward, Lift - ing  
For - ward, ev - er for - ward! for - ward, ev - er for - ward! Lift - ing oth - ers,



oth - ers as we climb! For - - - ward, ev - er  
lift - ing oth - ers as we climb! For - ward, ev - er for - ward,



## Lifting as We Climb.



for - ward, While the bells of glory sweetly, sweetly chime.  
For-ward, ev - er forward, While the bells of glo - ry sweet-ly chime.


## No. 65.

## BLESSED JESUS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

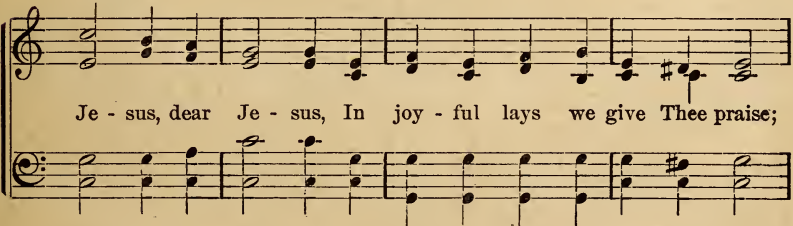


1. Bless - ed Je - sus, God's own child! Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild,  
2. Own me, Je - sus, I am Thine; Let Thy love with - in me shine;  
3. Heav'nly Guar - dian of my heart, May I from Thee nev - er part;

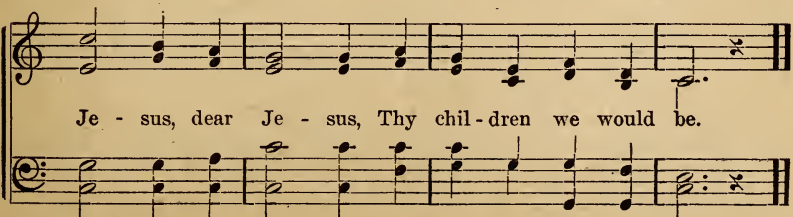


Great Thy beau - ty, great Thy love, Ho ly Je - sus, Heav'nly Dove.  
Help me to be free from sin, Pure with-out, and pure with-in.  
Pre - cious Lov - er of my soul, Keep my life in Thy con - trol.

### CHORUS.



Je - sus, dear Je - sus, In joy - ful lays we give Thee praise;

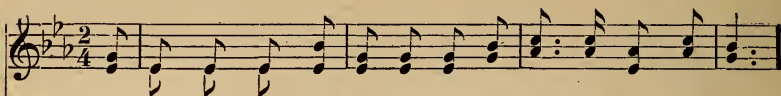


Je - sus, dear Je - sus, Thy chil - dren we would be.

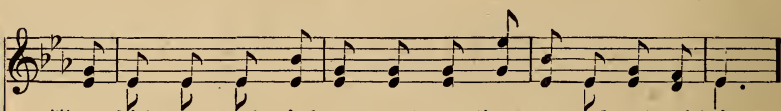
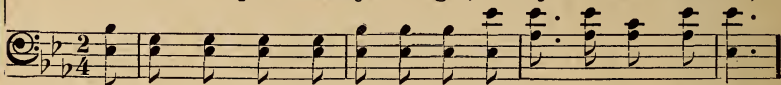
# No 66. SINCE JESUS DWELLS WITHIN.

REV. F. L. SNYDER.

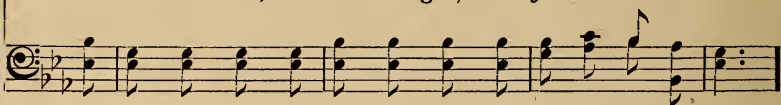
H. A. HENRY.



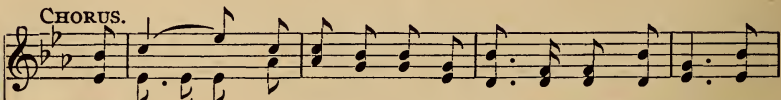
1. I now can sing redemption's song, Since Je-sus dwells with-in;
2. I feel a joy that's all di-vine, Since Je-sus dwells with-in;
3. I have a peace I can't express, Since Je-sus dwells with-in!
4. I have a hope that's strong and bright, Since Je-sus dwells with-in;



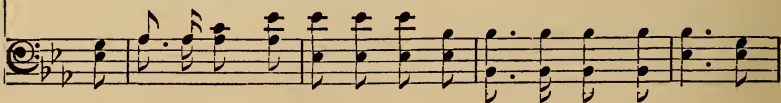
Thro' faith my soul is borne a - long, Since Je-sus dwells with-in.  
 For I am His and He is mine, Since Je-sus dwells with-in.  
 All thro' His blood and righteousness, Since Je-sus dwells with-in.  
 No cloud to shade, but all is light, Since Je-sus dwells with-in.



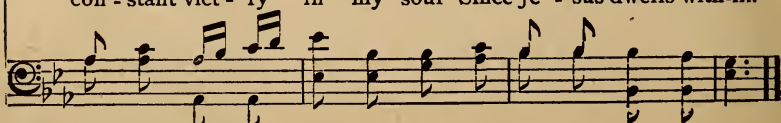
## CHORUS.



Since Je - - sus dwells with-in, Since Je-sus dwells with-in, There's  
 Je-sus dwells, He dwells within,



con - stant vict - 'ry in my soul Since Je - sus dwells with-in.





Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Why should I fear, when my Savior and Lord Prom-is-es help in His  
 2. Why should I doubt as I walk by His side? Sure-ly the word of the  
 3. When from the skies the bright sun shines so clear, When the night comes with it's  
 4. Trust-ing in sunshine, and trusting in storm, Claiming the promise to

own blessed word? He my de-fense from all dan-ger shall be!  
 Lord has been tried; He has kept oth-ers, and He can keep me!  
 shad-ows so drear, When earth-ly com-forts and joys all shall flee,  
 keep us from harm; Sail-ing a-lone o-ver life's toss-ing sea,

## CHORUS.

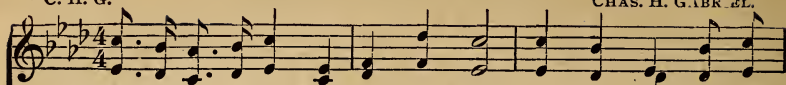
Je-sus, my Lord, I can trust Thee. I can trust Thee, O

Sav-ior di-vine! All that I need is a promise of Thine: Speak, for Thy

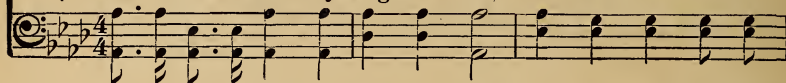
word is suf-ficient for me! Je-sus, my Lord, I can trust Thee.

C. H. G.

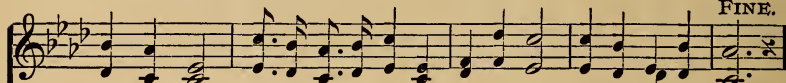
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



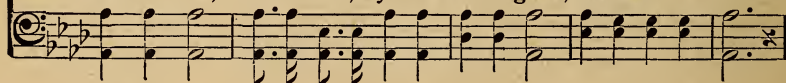
1. There is great re-joicing in my soul, O - ver me waves of
2. I am singing now a glad new song, Prais-ing Je - sus the
3. Days of gloom and doubting now are past, I am safe on the
4. While I live on earth my song shall be, Of this Sav - ior who



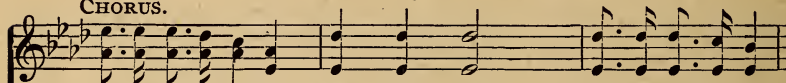
FINE.



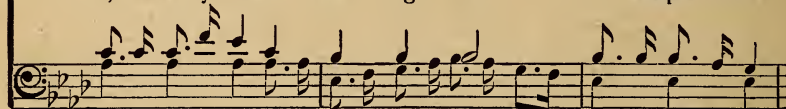
glo - ry roll; For I feel the joy of par-doned sin, — Je-sus dwells within.  
 whole day long; For it was to save the lost, He came, glory to His name.  
 Rock at last; Leaning on His ever-last-ing arms, Death no more a - larms.  
 died for me; Then I shall, on yonder shining shore, Praise Him ev-er-more.



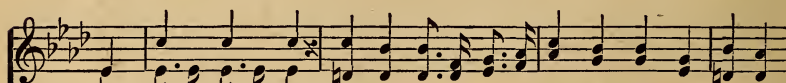
CHORUS.



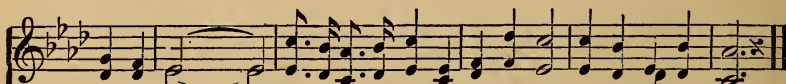
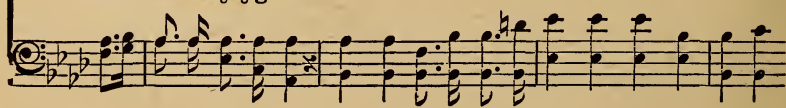
Oh, the beau-ty of His smil - ing face! Oh the depths of His



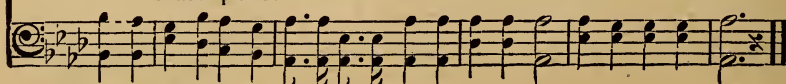
Oh, the beau-ty, the beauty of His smil-ing face! Oh, the depths



un-chang - ing grace! Oh, the blessing of His love and pow'r, That keeps me  
 of His unchanging grace!



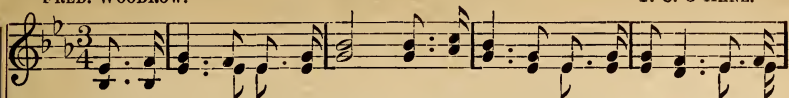
ev-ry hour . . . . . Praise His name forev-er, He is mine; Jesus, I am Thine!  
 that keeps me:



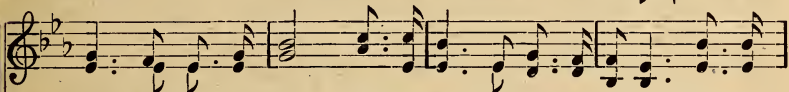
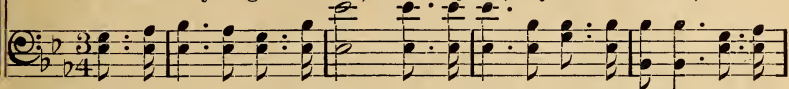
# No. 69. JUST BEYOND THE RIVER.

FRED. WOODROW.

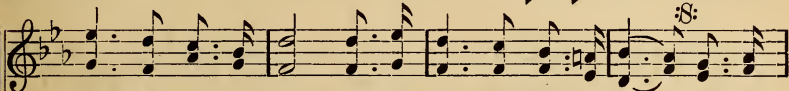
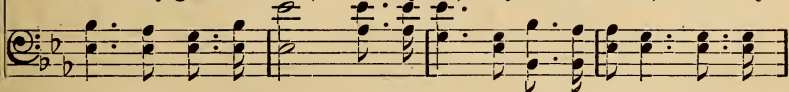
T. C. O'KANE.



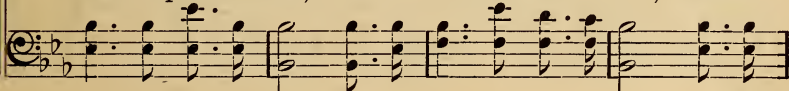
1. There's a cit - y bright and fair, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er. All are
2. Sin and sor-row are no more, Just beyond, beyond the river; Death comes
3. There we shall with Je-sus meet, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er; And the
4. In that cit-y bright and fair, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er; All at



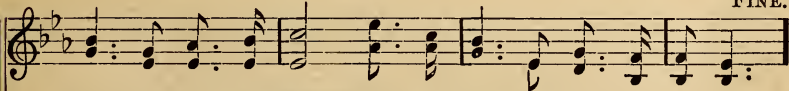
good and hap - py there, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er; Streets of  
not up - on the shore, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er; None are  
good in glo - ry greet, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er; Lives whose  
last may gath-er there, Just beyond, beyond the riv-er; We may



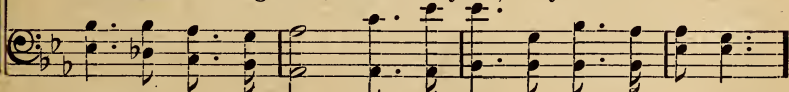
gold are shin-ing bright, An-gels walk the plains of light, And there  
sad with want or care, Pain or sick-ness none shall bear, All are  
tale no tongue has told, Men of God and saints of old, Mar-tyrs  
meet to part no more,—All our trou-bles will be o'er, When we



FINE.



nev - er com - eth night, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv - er.  
hap - py "o - ver there," Just be-yond, be-yond the riv - er.  
with their crowns of gold, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv - er.  
reach that "shin-ing shore," Just be-yond, be-yond the riv - er.

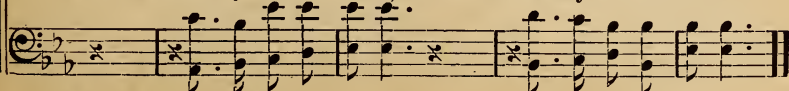


REFRAIN.

D.S.



Just be-yond..... the riv-er, Just be - yond..... the riv-er.  
Just beyond the riv-er, Just beyond the riv-er.

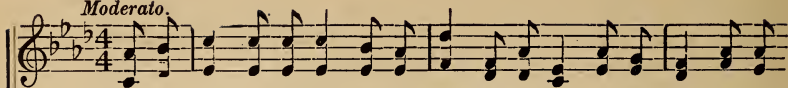


## No. 70.

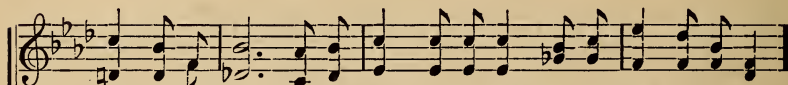
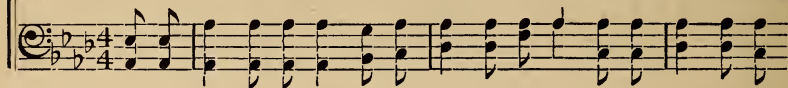
## GLORY FOR ME.

LE R. M.

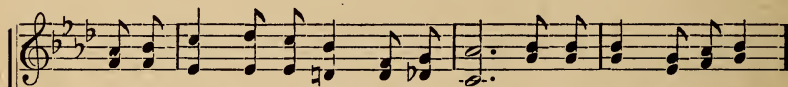
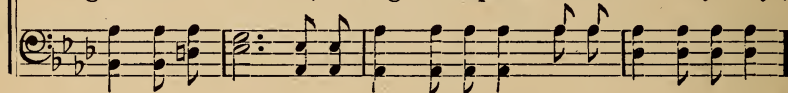
LE ROY MOORE.

*Moderato.*

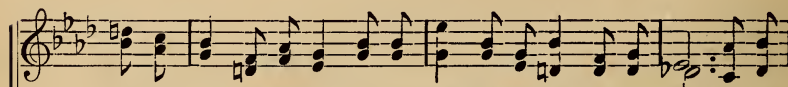
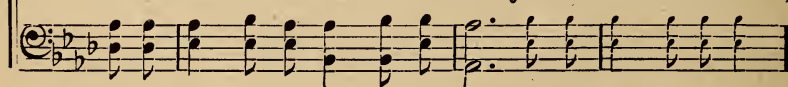
1. How I long to be there With the angels so fair, In that far a-way
2. How I long to be blest In that ha-ven of rest, With the lov'd who have



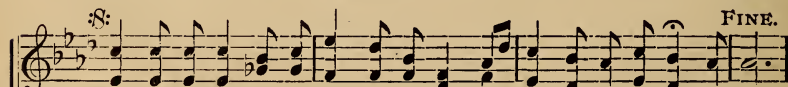
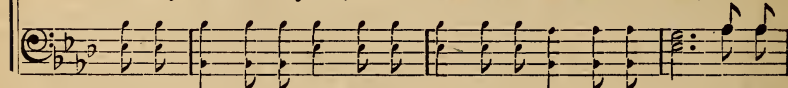
home of the soul— Oh, to sit at His feet, And the lessons re-peat,  
gone on be-fore— Oh, to sing in His praise Thro' e-ter-ni-ty's days,



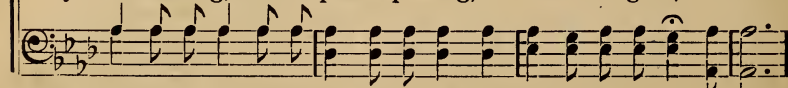
Like the bless-ed a-pos-tles of old! Just to look in His face,  
And to dwell at His side ev-er-more! Just to hear that sweet voice,



Feel His tender embrace, And to know that from sin I'm set free; And to  
How my soul will rejoice, And to know that I'm welcome and free; How I'll



meet those I love, With the Savior a-bove, O that will be glo-ry for me!  
join in the song, And His praises prolong, O that will be glo-ry for me!

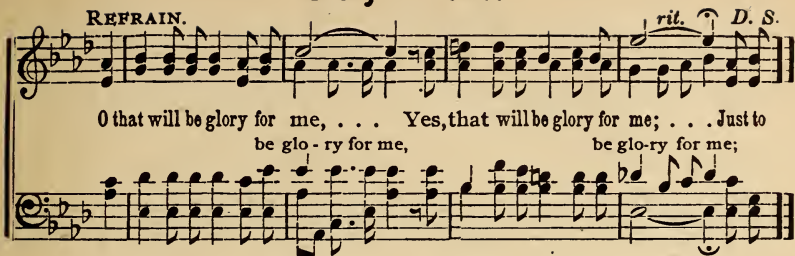


D. S.—meet those I love, With the Savior above, O that will be glo-ry for me!



# Glory for Me.

## REFRAIN.

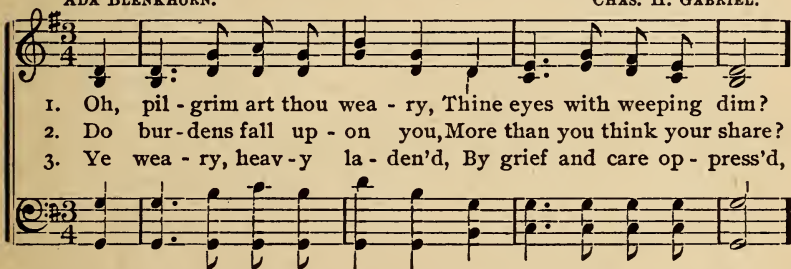


O that will be glory for me, . . . Yes, that will be glory for me; . . . Just to  
be glo-ry for me, be glo-ry for me;

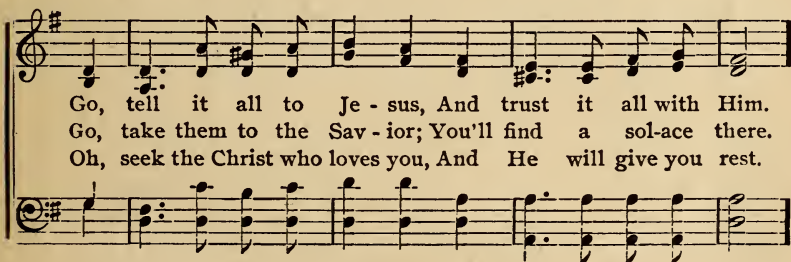
# No. 71. TRUST IT ALL WITH JESUS.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

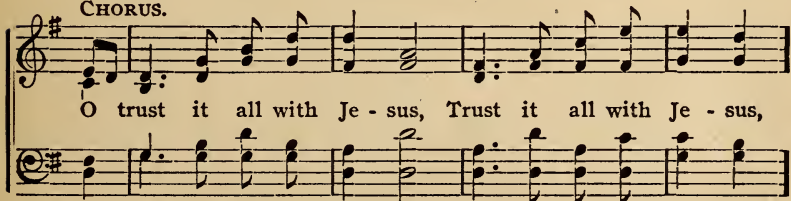


1. Oh, pil - grim art thou wea - ry, Thine eyes with weeping dim?  
2. Do bur - dens fall up - on you, More than you think your share?  
3. Ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den'd, By grief and care op - press'd,



Go, tell it all to Je - sus, And trust it all with Him.  
Go, take them to the Sav - ior; You'll find a sol - ace there.  
Oh, seek the Christ who loves you, And He will give you rest.

## CHORUS.



O trust it all with Je - sus, Trust it all with Je - sus,

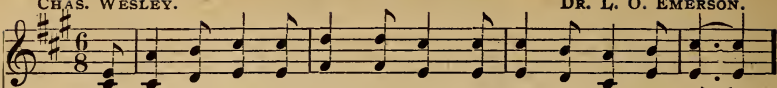


Yes, trust it all with Je - sus, A faith - ful Friend He'll be.

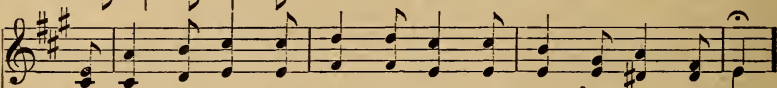
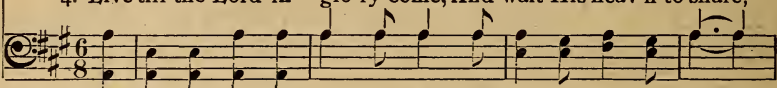
# No. 72. LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS.

CHAS. WESLEY.

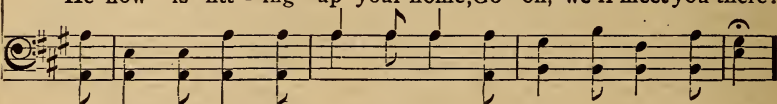
DR. L. O. EMERSON.



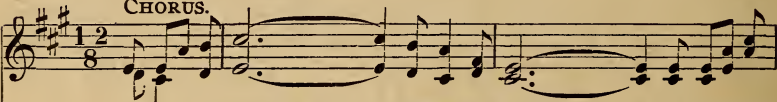
1. Lift up your hearts to things a-bove, Ye foll'-wers of the Lamb.
2. We, for His sake, count all things loss; On earthly good look down;
3. O let us stir each oth-er up, Our faith by words t'approve,
4. Live till the Lord in glo-ry come, And wait His heav'n to share;



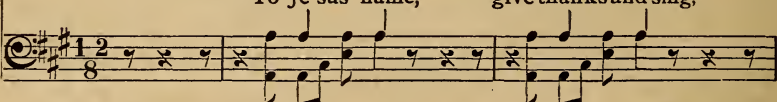
And join with us to praise His love, And glor - i - fy His name.  
And joy - ful - ly sus - tain the cross Till we re - ceive the crown.  
By ho - ly pur - i - fy - ing hope, And the sweet task of love.  
He now is fitt - ing up your home; Go on, we'll meet you there!



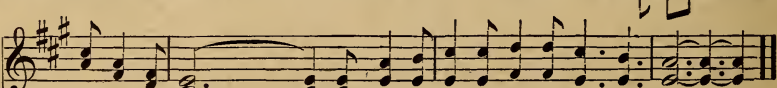
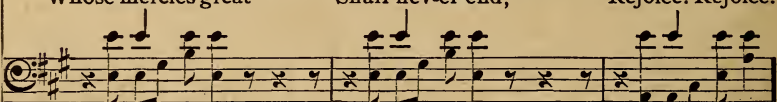
## CHORUS.



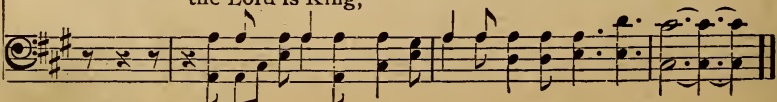
To Je - sus' name, . . . . . give thanks, and sing, . . . . . Whose mercies  
To Je - sus' name, give thanks and sing,



nev - - - er, nev - er end; . . . . . Re - joice! re - joice! . . . . .  
Whose mercies great Shall nev - er end; Rejoice! Rejoice!



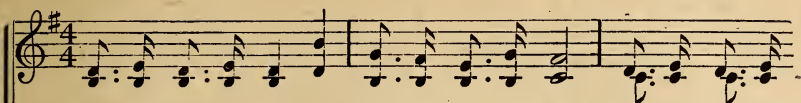
the Lord is King; . . . . . Rejoice! rejoice! the King is now our Friend.  
the Lord is King;



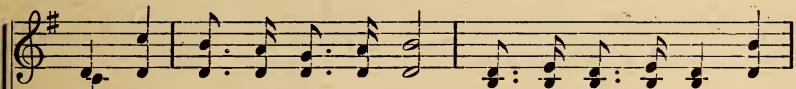
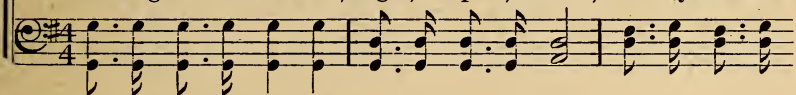
# No. 73. BE A GOLDEN SUNBEAM.

ISAAC NAYLOR.

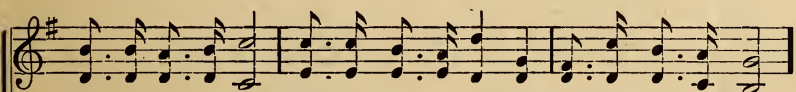
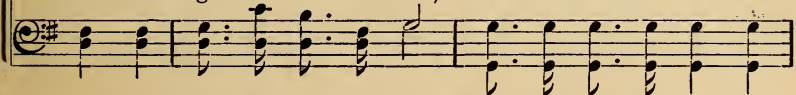
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



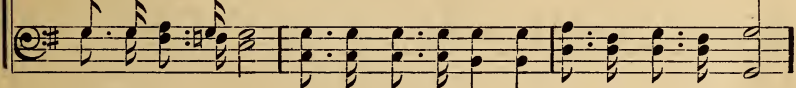
1. Be a gold - en sun-beam, ra - di - ant and bright, Chasing from life's
2. When the way is gloom-y, cheer it with a song, — Ban - ish mist and
3. Be a gold - en sun-beam, bright, and pure, and fair; With thy smiles and



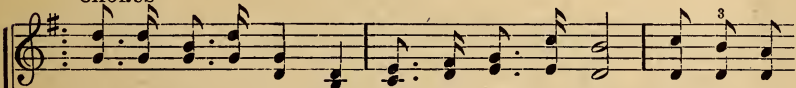
path - way sor - row's frowning night; With thy gold - en sun - light  
shad - ow as you march a - long; In the place of bri - ars,  
son - nets light - en hu - man care; With the sweet - est mu - sic



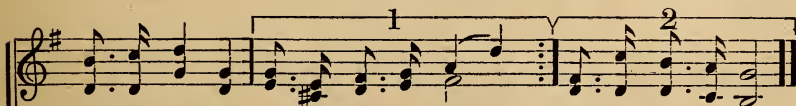
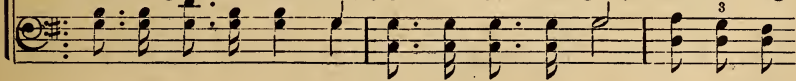
dry the dew-y tear, Scat-ter from the sad heart all its doubt and fear.  
strew the fairest flow'rs, Wreathing brows with roses pluck'd from heav'nly bow'rs.  
from the harp of love, Lure the sad and wea-ry to our home a - bove.



## CHORUS

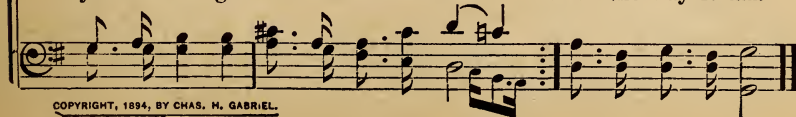


{ Be a gold - en sun-beam, beau - ti - ful and bright, Scat-ter - ing  
Be a gold - en sun-beam, joy - ful - ly and glad, Scat-ter - ing



clouds and darkness with thy shining light:  
rays of sun-light

when the way is sad.

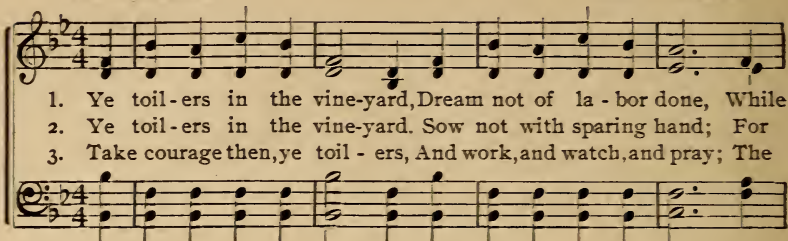




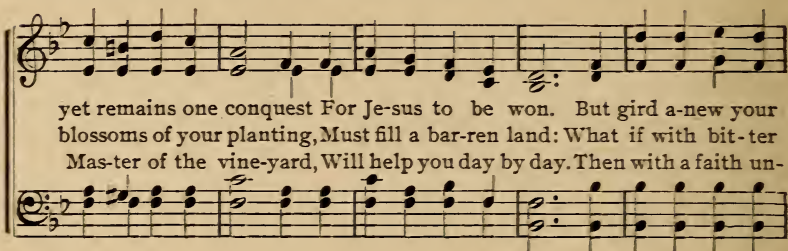
# No. 74. TOILERS IN THE VINEYARD.

ADA BLANKHORN.

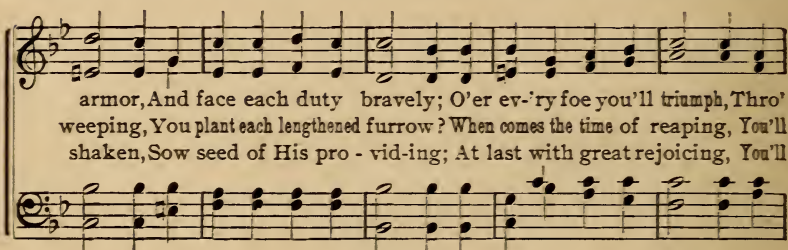
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Ye toil-ers in the vine-yard, Dream not of la - bor done, While
2. Ye toil-ers in the vine-yard. Sow not with sparing hand; For
3. Take courage then, ye toil - ers, And work, and watch, and pray; The

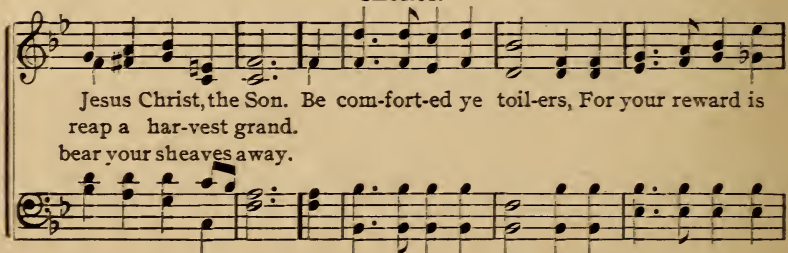


yet remains one conquest For Je-sus to be won. But gird a-new your blossoms of your planting, Must fill a bar-ren land: What if with bit-ter Master of the vine-yard, Will help you day by day. Then with a faith un-



armor, And face each duty bravely; O'er ev-'ry foe you'll triumph, Thro' weeping, You plant each lengthened furrow? When comes the time of reaping, You'll shaken, Sow seed of His pro - vid-ing; At last with great rejoicing, You'll

## CHORUS.



Jesus Christ, the Son. Be com-fort-ed ye toil-ers, For your reward is reap a har-vest grand. bear your sheaves away.



sure, If in the strength of Christ your Lord, Ye to the end en - dure.



## No. 75.

## THERE YET IS ROOM.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

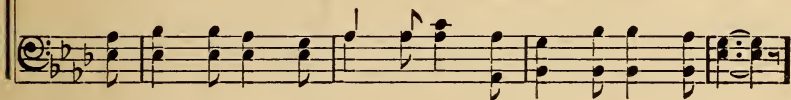
W. A. OGDEN.



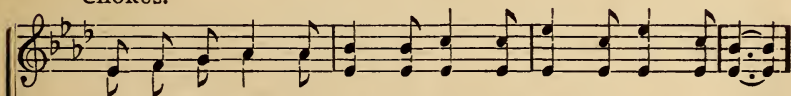
1. Come to the pre-cious gos - pel feast, The King in - vit - eth all;
2. The poor, the maimed, the halt the blind, The in - vi - ta - tion hear,
3. The Mas - ter grieves so long to see The souls who still re - fuse;
4. "All things are read - y, come!" He says; The Bride re - peats the call;



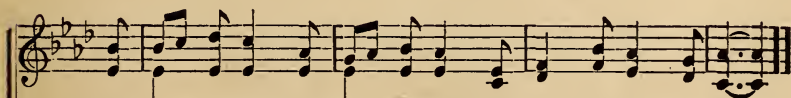
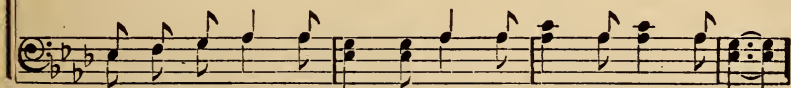
A wel-come waits for ev - 'ry guest, With-in God's banquet hall.  
 Nor make ex-cuse to stay a-way, But joy - ful - ly draw near.  
 He waits for all, He waits for thee, Do not His love a - buse.  
 His love will crown thee all thy days, There's room for one and all.



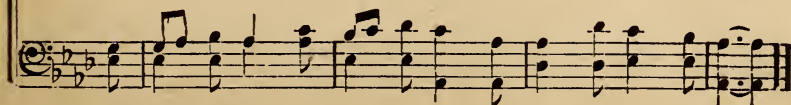
## CHORUS.



"All things are read - y" Christ is kind, He says: "there yet is room;



Come to the feast, come halt and blind, Come now, for all there's room."



# No. 76.

# AFTERWARD.

F. R. H.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Now, the sowing and the reap - ing,      Working hard and waiting long;  
 2. Now, the Spirit, con - flict riv - en,      Wounded heart's unequal strife;  
 3. Now, the training, strange and lowly,      Unexplained, and tedious now;  
 4. Now, the pruning, sharp, unspar - ing,      Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;

- 1 Now, the sow - ing,      sowing and the reaping,  
 2 Now, the spir - it,      spir-it, conflict riv-en,  
 3 Now, the train-ing,      training, strange and lowly,  
 4 Now, the prun - ing,      pruning sharp, unsparing,

Af - ter - ward, the golden reap - - - ing, Harvest Home and grateful song  
 Af - ter - ward, the triumph giv - - - en, And the victor's crown of life.  
 Af - ter - ward, the service ho - - - ly, And the Master's "Enter thou!"  
 Af - ter - ward, the plenteous bear - - - ing, Of the Master's plenteous fruit.

Af - ter - ward, the golden, golden reap-ing,  
 Af - ter - ward, the glorious triumph given,  
 Af - ter - ward, the service, service low - ly,  
 Af - ter - ward, the plenteous, plenteous bearing,

## CHORUS.

Af - ter - ward, af - ter - ward, The glorious song of triumph we shall sing!  
 Afterward, afterward,      shall sing!

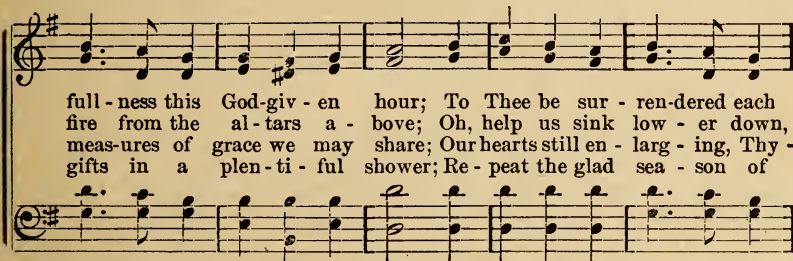
Af - ter - ward, af - ter - ward, With-in the palace of the King!  
 Af - ter - ward, af - ter - ward,

E. E. HEWITT.

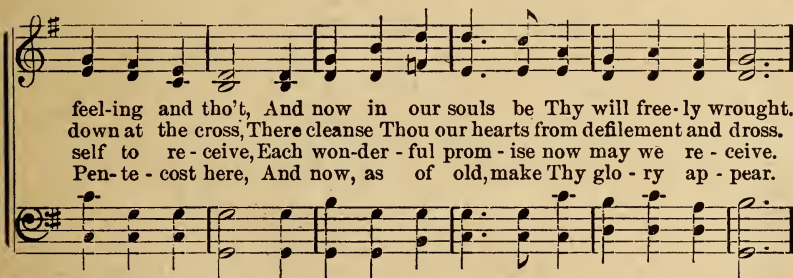
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir - it of pow'r! O come in Thy  
 2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir - it of love, Bap-tize us with  
 3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir - it of pray'r, That far great-er  
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir - it of pow'r! Send down Thy sweet

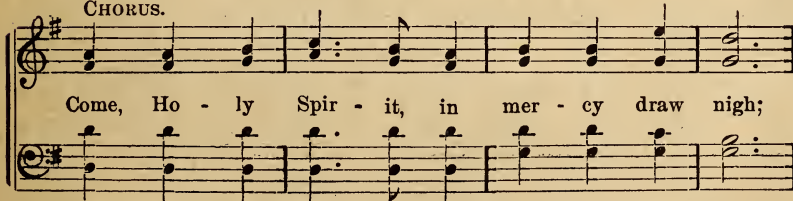


full-ness this God-giv-en hour; To Thee be sur-ren-dered each  
 fire from the al-tars a-bove; Oh, help us sink low-er down,  
 meas-ures of grace we may share; Our hearts still en-larg-ing, Thy-  
 gifts in a plen-ti-ful shower; Re-peat the glad sea-son of

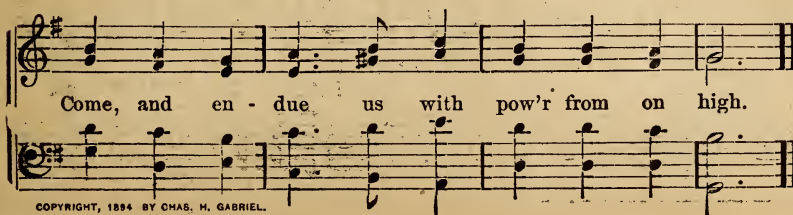


feel-ing and tho't, And now in our souls be Thy will free-ly wrought.  
 down at the cross, There cleanse Thou our hearts from defilement and dross.  
 self to re-ceive, Each won-der-ful prom-ise now may we re-ceive.  
 Pen-te-cost here, And now, as of old, make Thy glo-ry ap-pear.

## CHORUS.



Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, in mer - cy draw nigh;

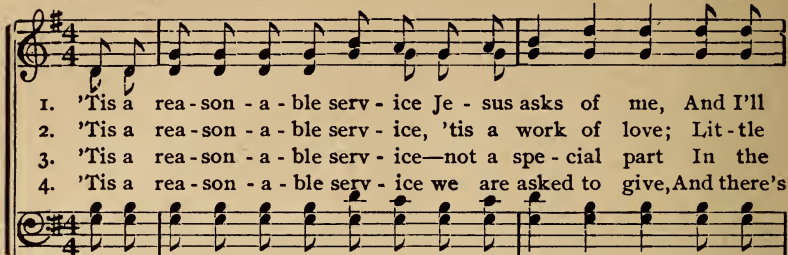


Come, and en-due us with pow'r from on high.

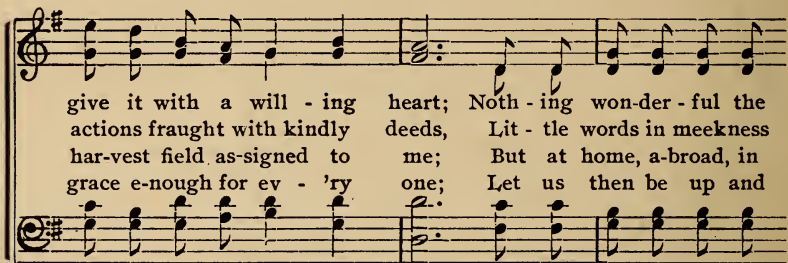
# No. 78. A REASONABLE SERVICE.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

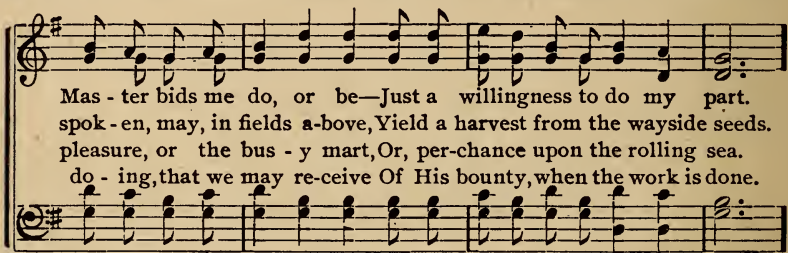
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. 'Tis a rea-son-a-ble serv-ice Je-sus asks of me, And I'll  
 2. 'Tis a rea-son-a-ble serv-ice, 'tis a work of love; Lit-tle  
 3. 'Tis a rea-son-a-ble serv-ice—not a spe-cial part In the  
 4. 'Tis a rea-son-a-ble serv-ice we are asked to give, And there's

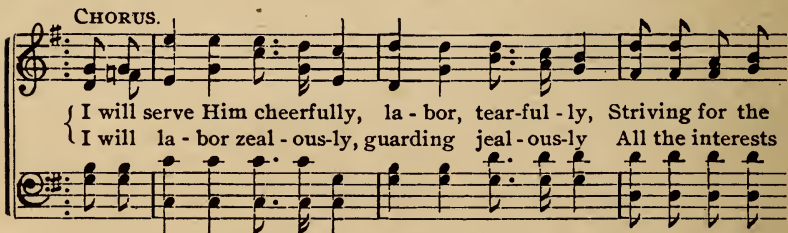


give it with a will-ing heart; Noth-ing won-der-ful the  
 actions fraught with kindly deeds, Lit-tle words in meekness  
 har-vest field as-signed to me; But at home, a-broad, in  
 grace e-nough for ev-'ry one; Let us then be up and

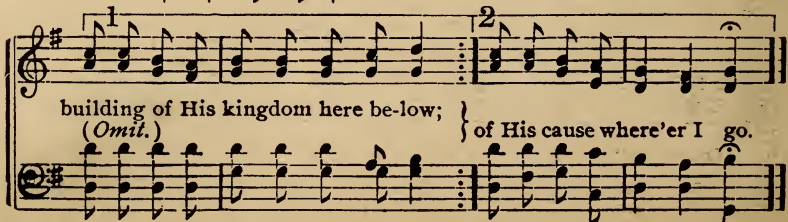


Mas-ter bids me do, or be—Just a willing-ness to do my part.  
 spok-en, may, in fields a-bove, Yield a harvest from the wayside seeds.  
 pleasure, or the bus-y mart, Or, per-chance upon the rolling sea.  
 do-ing, that we may re-ceive Of His bounty, when the work is done.

CHORUS.



{ I will serve Him cheerfully, la-bor, tear-ful-ly, Striving for the  
 { I will la-bor zeal-ous-ly, guarding jeal-ous-ly All the interests



building of His kingdom here be-low; } of His cause where'er I go.  
 (Omit.)



ALIDA ROE.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. Vic - to-ry is com-ing! Send the word a-long. Let the glo-rious  
 2. See our host advancing! hear our hap-py song; See our shields of  
 3. Vic - to-ry is com-ing! peace will fol-low soon, Bring-ing joy e -

ban-ner wave on high! Sa-tan's hosts are trembling, Right must vanquish wrong,  
 faith all gleaming bright! New re-cruits are joining as we march a-long,  
 ter-nal in its smile; What a vast array will stand before the throne,

## CHORUS.

Vic-tor - y is com-ing by and bye! }  
 Leaving all to bat-tle for the right. } Join, ye Christian warriors, in a  
 When the cap-tives join our rank and file. }

glad triumphant song! Let the nations hear us as we march a-long! Nev-er rest nor

falter, banish sin and wrong; Victory is coming by and bye!  
 by and bye!

O. HIGENBOTHAM.

C. D. EMERSON.

1. Yes, I will bless Thee, O my God, Thro' all my fleet-ing days;  
 2. Nor shall my tongue a-lone pro-claim The hon-ors of my God;  
 3. Nor will I cease Thy praise to sing When death shall close mine eyes;  
 4. Then shall my lips in end-less praise, Their grate-ful trib-ute pay;

And to e - ter - ni - ty pro-long Thy vast, Thy bound-less praise.  
 My life, with all its ac-tive powers, Shall spread Thy praise a-broad.  
 My tho'ts shall then to nobler heights And sweet-er rap - tures rise.  
 The theme demands an angel's tongue, And an e - ter - nal day.


## CHORUS.

Hal - le-lu - - - jah! hal-le-lu - - - jah! We will praise Thee,  
 Hal-le-lu-jah! sweetly sing, hallelujah to the King, We will praise Thee and a-



and a - dore, Purchased by the blood di-vine, Bless-ed  
 dore, We will praise Thee and adore,

Sav-ior, we are Thine! Glory be to Thee now and ev - er - more.  
 Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Thee now and ev - er - more.


H. A. HENRY.



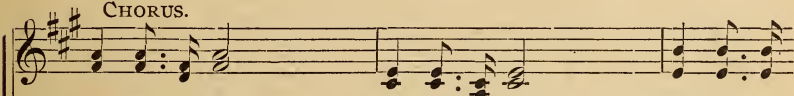
1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'n's, a-dore Him; Praise Him, angels, in the height;  
 2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken; Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;  
 3. Praise the Lord, for He is glorious; Nev-er shall His promise fail;

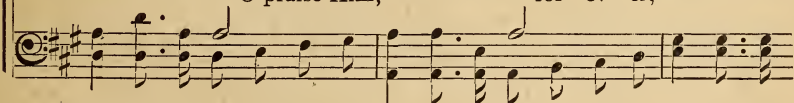
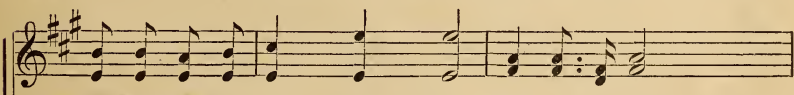
Sun and moon, rejoice be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.  
 Laws which never shall be bro-ken, For their guidance He hath made.  
 God hath made His saints victorious; Sin and death shall not pre-vail.



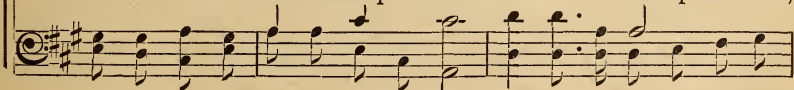
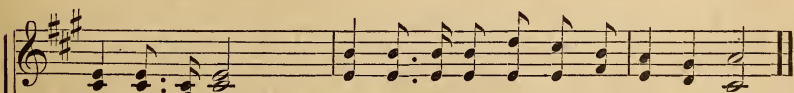
## CHORUS.




Praise ye the Lord,      Praise ye the Lord,      Let heav'n and  
    O praise Him;     for - ev - er,

earth His pow'r and love      pro - claim! Praise ye the Lord,  
    His love pro-claim!     O praise Him,

Praise ye the Lord,      Praise, laud, and mag-ni-fy His ho - ly name.  
    for-ev - er

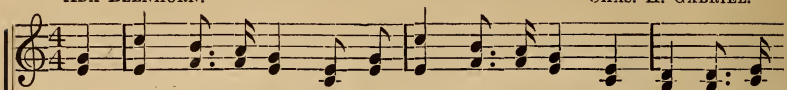




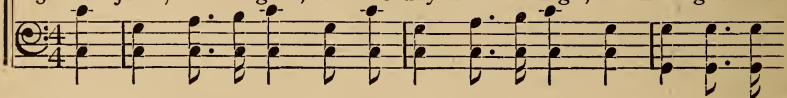
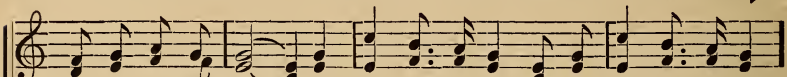
# No. 82. JESUS LEADS THE WAY.

ADA BLENHORN.

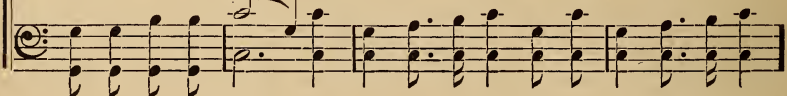
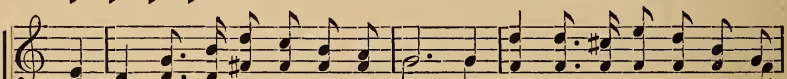
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



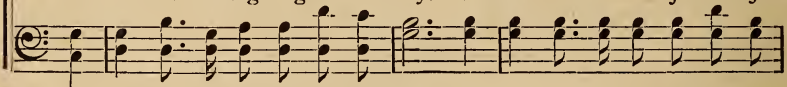
1. Go forth to the work, 'tis the Sav-ior's command; And, trust-ing His  
2. Go forth to the work, ev - er val - iant and true, For God and his  
3. Re - joice, and be glad, for the day draweth nigh, When kingdoms of

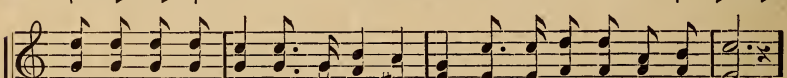
ev - er - last-ing name, Go out o-ver mountain and val-ley and plain,  
kingdom take your stand; Go pub-lish the ti-dings, "Sal-va-tion is free,"  
earth shall own His sway; When truth, like a mantle, shall cov-er the earth,

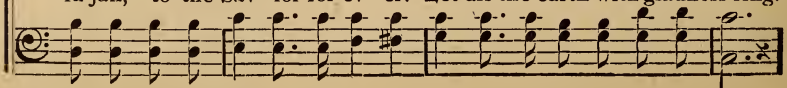
His grace and His mighty love proclaim; Where souls in the dreary night of  
Till peace reigneth o-ver sea and land; Till hearts bowed in bit-ter-ness can  
And sor-row and sighing flee a - way. O shout "hal-le - lu - jah" to Je-




darkness are dwelling, In dis - tant islands of the sea, Go ye with  
smile thro' their weeping, Cease from their grief and glad-ly sing; Till ev - 'ry  
ho - vah Al-might-y! Let ev - 'ry heart a trib-ute bring; Shout "hal-le-

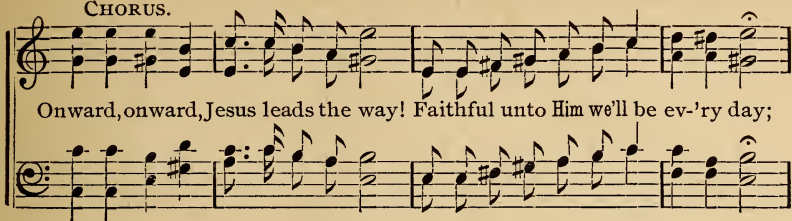
lov-ing heart, and joy-ful-ly tell them, Je - sus alone can make them free.  
knee shall bow before Him a - dor-ing, And ev-'ry heart shall own Him King.  
lu-jah," to the Sav - ior for-ev - er! Let all the earth with gladness ring.





# Jesus Leads the Way.

## CHORUS.



Onward, onward, Jesus leads the way! Faithful unto Him we'll be ev'-ry day;



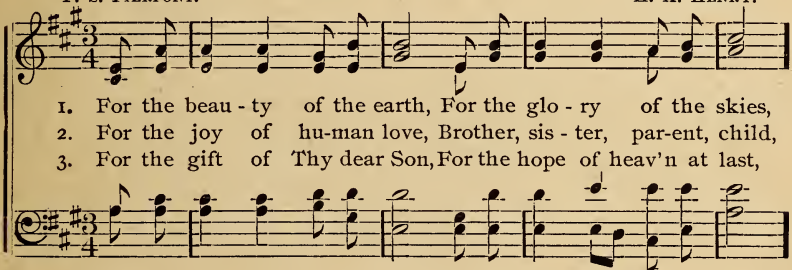
Joyfully we will go, Thro' all the world below, Till ev'ry soul shall Christ the Savior know.

## No. 83.

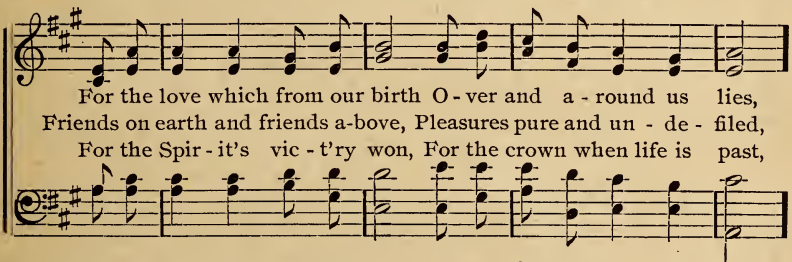
## THEE WE PRAISE.

F. S. PIERPONT.

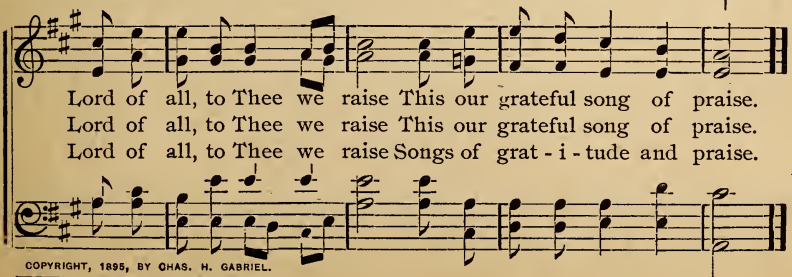
H. A. HENRY.



1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
2. For the joy of hu - man love, Brother, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
3. For the gift of Thy dear Son, For the hope of heav'n at last,



For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,  
 Friends on earth and friends a - bove, Pleasures pure and un - de - filed,  
 For the Spir - it's vic - t'ry won, For the crown when life is past,



Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grateful song of praise.  
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grateful song of praise.  
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise Songs of grat - i - tude and praise.

## No. 84

## THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

IDA M. BUDD.

GEO. H. CROSBY.

1. On the highway of the King, Where His happy peo-ple sing As they  
 2. From the Savior's blessed word, We the story sweet have heard, How He  
 3. We are hap-py, for we know That our Savior loves us so, He will

journey on together day by day, There is room for little feet, While the  
 called a lit-tle child to Him one day, And, in words so kind and mild, Told how  
 watch, and guide, and help us every day; And that, by and by, in heav'n, Shall a

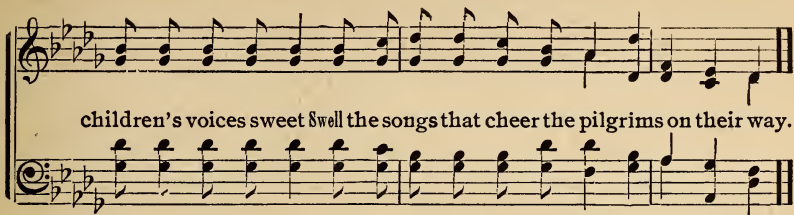
children's voices sweet Swell the songs that cheer the pilgrims on their way.  
 meek and undefiled They must be, who walk upon the King's highway.  
 star-ry crown be giv'n To the child-ren who have trod the King's highway.

## CHORUS.

There is room, .... O, yes, there's room, ..... There is room for little  
 There is room, O, yes, there's room,

child-ren on the King's highway! There is room for lit-tle feet; While the

# The King's Highway.



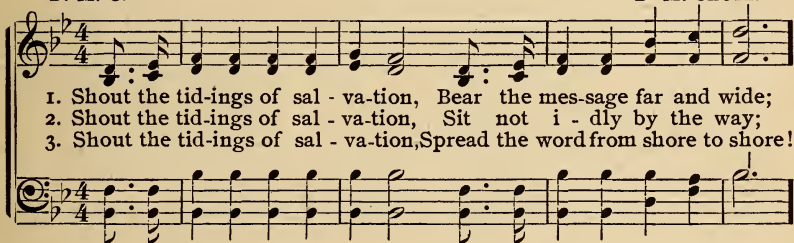
children's voices sweet shall the songs that cheer the pilgrims on their way.

## No. 85.

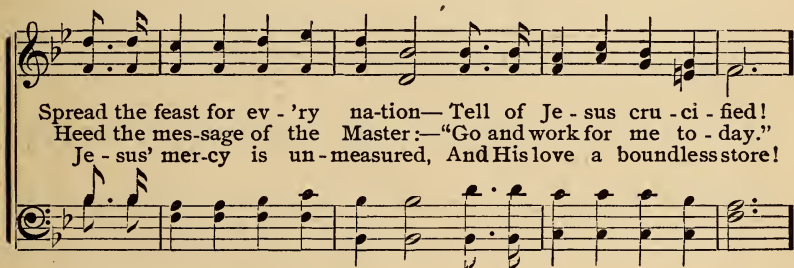
## SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

D. M. C.

D. M. CHUTE.

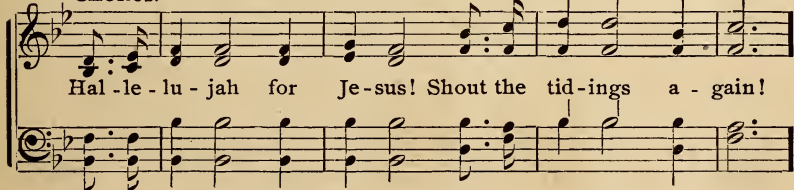


1. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va-tion, Bear the mes-sage far and wide;
2. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va-tion, Sit not i - dly by the way;
3. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va-tion, Spread the word from shore to shore!

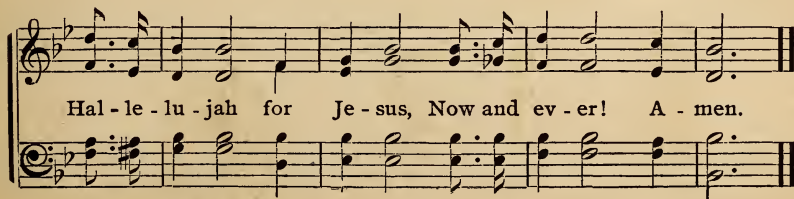


Spread the feast for ev - 'ry na-tion—Tell of Je - sus cru - ci - fied!  
 Heed the mes-sage of the Master—"Go and work for me to - day."  
 Je - sus' mer-cy is un-measured, And His love a boundless store!

### CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah for Je - sus! Shout the tid-ings a - gain!



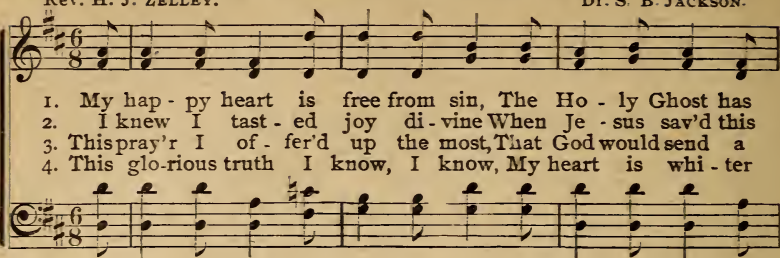
Hal - le - lu - jah for Je - sus, Now and ev - er! A - men.



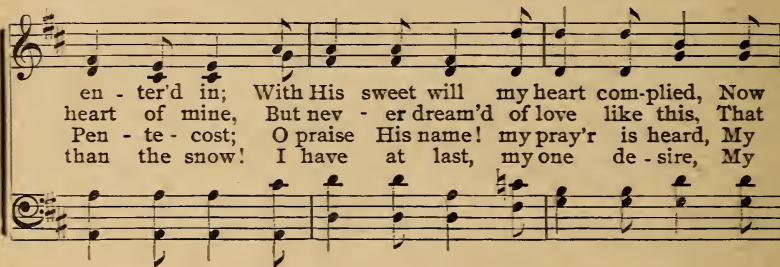
# No. 86. RESTING ON HIS WORD.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

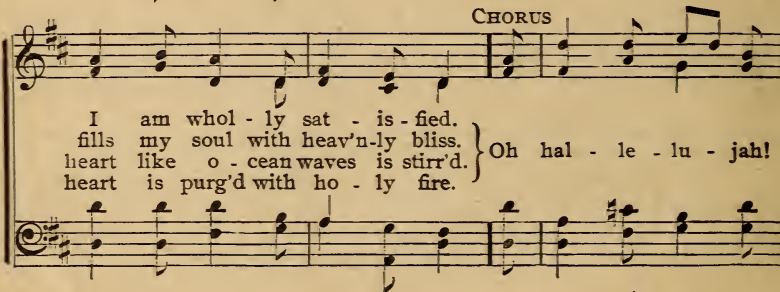
Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



1. My hap - py heart is free from sin, The Ho - ly Ghost has  
 2. I knew I tast - ed joy di - vine When Je - sus sav'd this  
 3. This pray'r I of - fer'd up the most, That God would send a  
 4. This glo - rious truth I know, I know, My heart is whi - ter

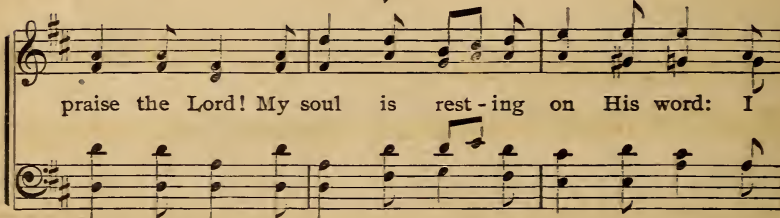


en - ter'd in; With His sweet will my heart com - plied, Now  
 heart of mine, But nev - er dream'd of love like this, That  
 Pen - te - cost; O praise His name! my pray'r is heard, My  
 than the snow! I have at last, my one de - sire, My

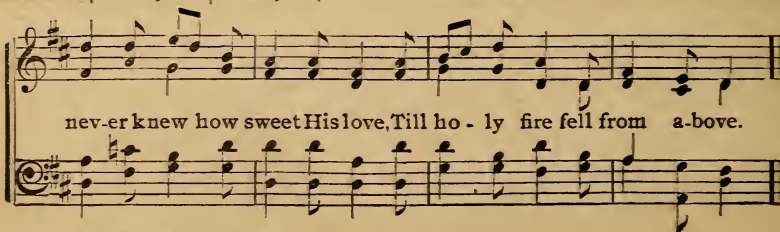


CHORUS

I am whol - ly sat - is - fied.  
 fills my soul with heav'n - ly bliss.  
 heart like o - cean waves is stirr'd. } Oh hal - le - lu - jah!  
 heart is purg'd with ho - ly fire.



praise the Lord! My soul is rest - ing on His word: I



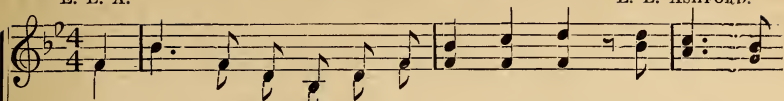
nev - er knew how sweet His love, Till ho - ly fire fell from a - bove.



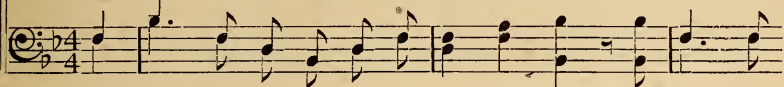
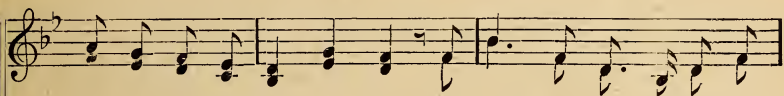
# No. 87. THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

E. L. A.



E. L. ASHFORD.



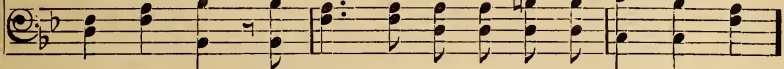
1. We're sol - diers in the ar - my of the Lord, We march to  
 2. Tho' foes, a countless num - ber, fill the land, For God, and  
 3. Our cause is ho - ly, and we fear no foe; Thro' Christ all

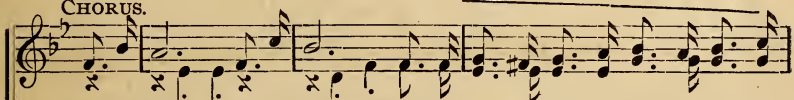
bat - tle at His ho - ly word; Since Christ, our val - iant Captain,  
 truth, and right we'll no - bly stand; Our trust shall ev - er in our  
 e - vil we will o - ver - throw; Then, when the bat - tle's o - ver,



leads us on, The glo - rious vic - to - ry will soon be won.  
 Lead - er be, — With Him we'll march a - way to vic - to - ry.  
 we shall sing Ho - san - na in the pres - ence of our King.




## CHORUS.



As we march, as we march, With our banners brightly gleaming in the  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, we brave - ly march a -

sun, As we march, as we march, Soon the glorious vict'ry will be won.  
 long, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,



ADA BLENKHORN.

Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. When the morning sun is bright, And the harvest fields are white, And the  
 2. There are famished souls to feed, There are wand'ring steps to lead; From the  
 3. There are bat-tles yet to win, 'Gainst the marshalled host of sin, And the

ones that should be reaping In the fields, are loit'ring by; When the  
 depths of sin and darkness, There are helpless ones that cry: "Who will  
 Sav - ior, in each con-flict Swift to help, is ev - er nigh; When He

Mas - ter's voice is ring - ing O'er the fields of wav - ing grain,  
 feed the hun - gry chil-dren, Who will seek the lost to save?"  
 calls for deeds of dar - ing, And for loy - al hearts and true, "

D. S.—ev - er Thou wilt have me do to glo - ri - fy Thy name, FINE.

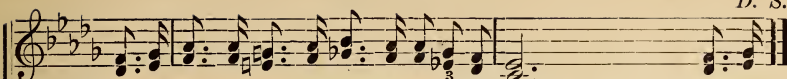
Call - ing loud for reap-ers! an-swer, "Here am I, Here am I!"  
 Je - sus calls you, who will an-swer, "Here am I, Here am I!"  
 Read - y will I be to an-swer, "Here am I, Here am I!"  
*Speak, O Lord, Thy servant hear-eth, Here am I, Here am I!"*

## CHORUS.

When I hear . . . . . the voice of my Sav - - ior,  
 When I hear the lov - ing voice, the lov - ing voice of my Sav-ior,

# Here Am I.

D. S.

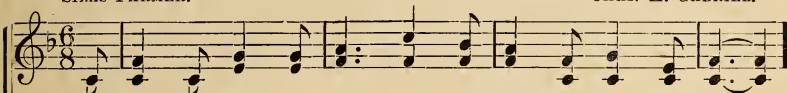


I will quickly, gladly give to Him the reply: "What-so-  
The glad re-ply:

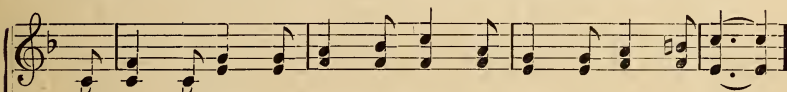
## No. 89. JUST ASK HIM IN TO STAY.

SILAS FARMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. Our hearts are light and cheer - ful, We're full of joy to - day;
2. Each day is full of glad - ness, And ev - 'ry month is May;
3. Swing ev - 'ry heart wide o - pen, For Christ, the Truth, the Way,

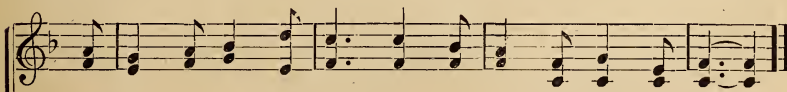


The Sav - ior is our welcome guest—We've asked Him in to stay.  
The Sav - ior is our help - ful friend—We've asked Him in to stay.  
Is wait - ing with a bless - ing rare—Just ask Him in to stay.

### CHORUS.

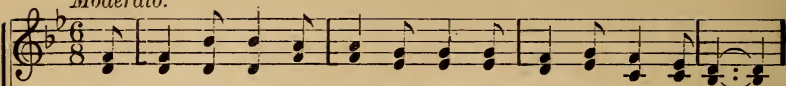


We've asked Him in to stay, . . . He brightens ev - 'ry day, . . .  
We've asked Him in to stay, He bright - ens ev - 'ry day,

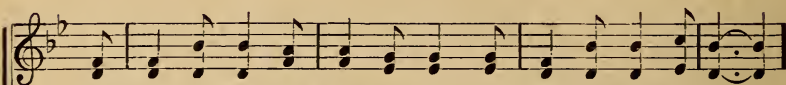
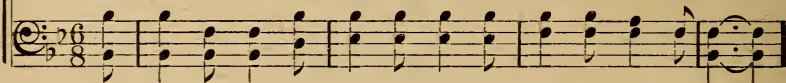


His grace is so a-bound - ing, He drives all gloom a - way.

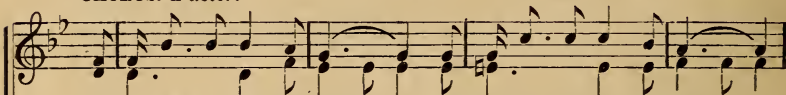
ISAAC WATTS.

*Moderato.*

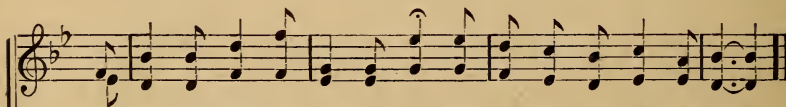
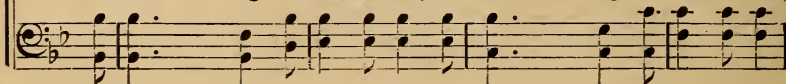
1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels'round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"
3. Je - sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,
5. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name



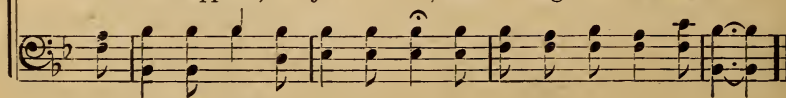
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.  
 "Wor - thy the Lamb!" our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."  
 And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ey - er Thine!  
 Con - spire to lift Thy glo - ries high, And speak Thine endless praise.  
 Of Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb!

CHORUS. *Faster.*

I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now,.... I'm living in Ca-naan now;....  
 I'm liv - - ing in Canaan now, I'm liv - - ing in Canaan now;



The blood's applied, I'm just - i - fied, I'm liv - ing in Ca-naan now.






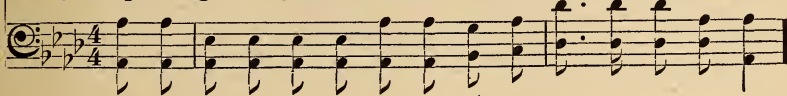

# No. 91. KEEP THE LIGHT OF JESUS SHINING.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK

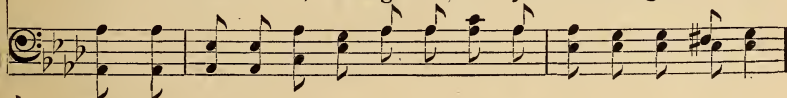
DR. S. B. JACKSON.



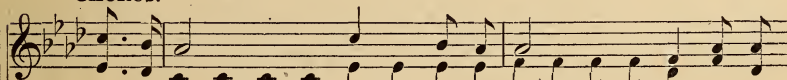
1. Keep the light of Je-sus shin-ing- Let its glo - ry reach a - far,  
 2. Keep the light of Je-sus shin-ing O'er the dark and storm-y wave,  
 3. Keep the light of Je-sus shin-ing- Beacon light of dy-ing love;  
 4. Keep the light of Je-sus shin-ing Where the darkest shadows lie,

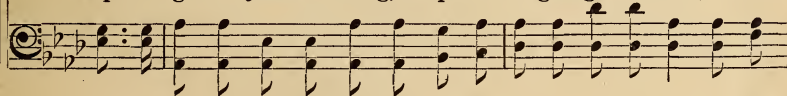
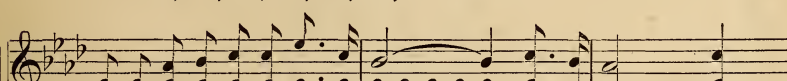
Shin-ing on in ra-diant splendor, Bright and steady like a star.  
 It may cheer a soul in dark-ness, Or some dy-ing sin-ner save.  
 'Tis a gift to you en-trust-ed, By the gra-cious Lord a - bove.  
 And the trav-el - er, be-night-ed, Shall your Fa-ther glor - i - fy.



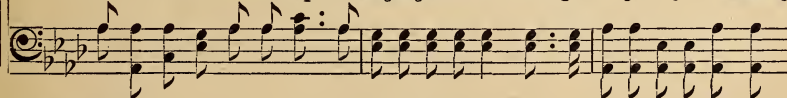

## CHORUS.



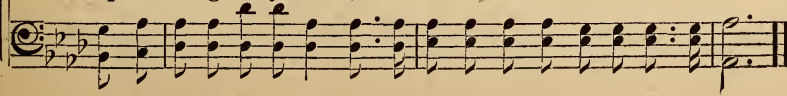
Keep it shin - - - ing, bright-ly shin - - ing, Keep the  
 Keep the light of Je-sus shining, Keep it shining bright and fair,

light of Je-sus shining bright and fair..... Keep it shin - ing,  
 Keep it shining bright and fair Keep the light of Jesus shin-ing

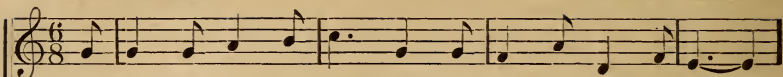



ev - er shin - - ing, Keep the light of Jesus shining ev-'ry-where.  
 Keep it shining ev-'ry-where,

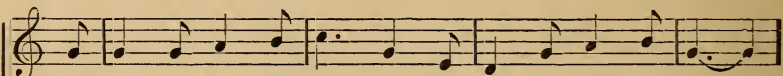


MARTHA OLIVER.

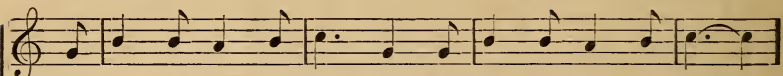
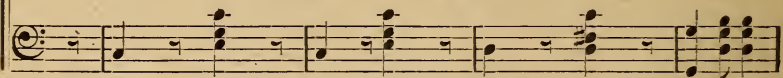
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



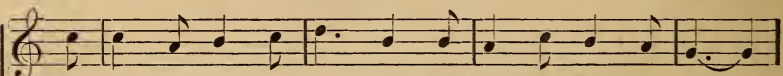
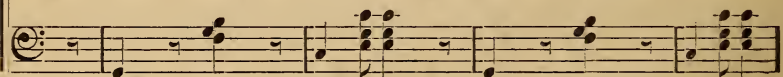
1. We are but lit - tle can - dles, Yet we can bright-ly shine,
2. O naught-y words and tem - pers Are ver - y bad in - deed,
3. Our tears will quench the can - dles— And so we al - ways try



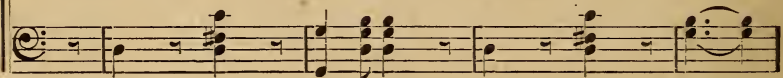
And show our lov - ing Sav - ior By this one ti - ny sign.  
 For they will quench our can - dles, So we must all take heed.  
 To keep a hap - py spir - it, And nev - er fret or cry.



Just how we try to serve Him, And all His wish ful - fill;  
 Then hard - er 'tis to light them, But still we try once more;  
 For God, who made and loves us, Will guide and teach us, too;

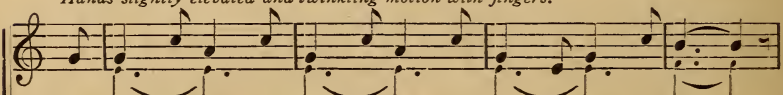


For oh, we dear - ly love Him, And want to do His will.  
 We ask for God's for - give - ness, And help from Him im - plore.  
 He tells us, in the Bi - ble, Just what we ought to do.



## CHORUS.

*Hands slightly elevated and twinkling motion with fingers.*

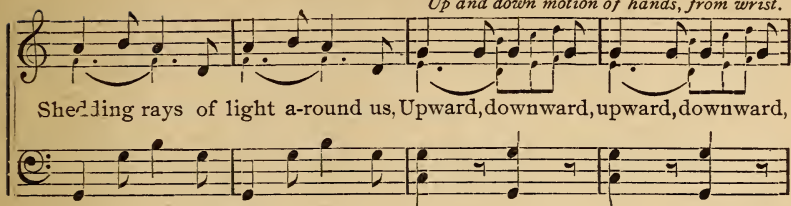


Then twink - le, twink - le, twink - le, twink - le, As we bright - ly shine.

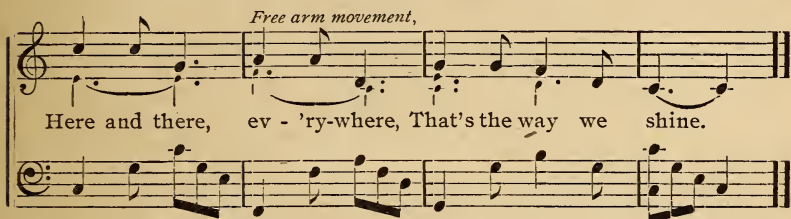


# Little Candles.

*Up and down motion of hands, from wrist.*



Shedding rays of light a-round us, Upward, downward, upward, downward,



*Free arm movement,*

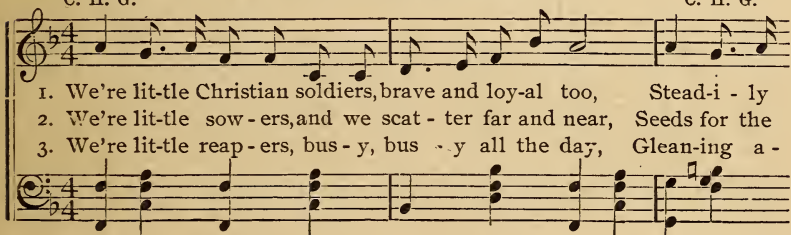
Here and there, ev - 'ry-where, That's the way we shine.

## No. 93.

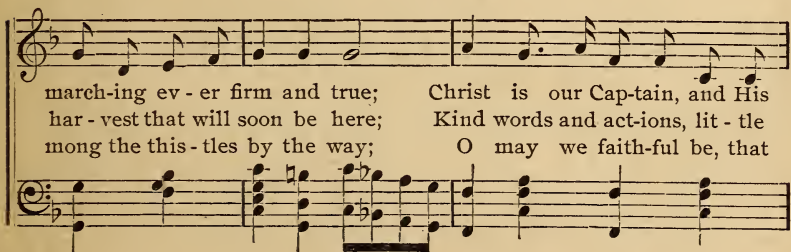
## A LOYAL BAND.

C. H. G.

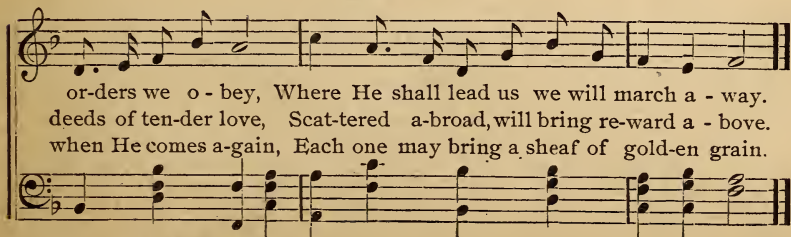
C. H. G.



1. We're lit-tle Christian soldiers, brave and loy-al too, Stead-i - ly
2. We're lit-tle sow-ers, and we scat-ter far and near, Seeds for the
3. We're lit-tle reap-ers, bus-y, bus-y all the day, Glean-ing a -



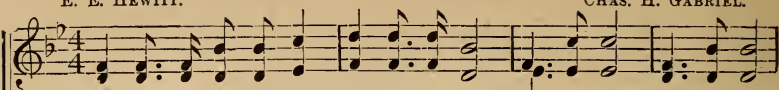
march-ing ev - er firm and true; Christ is our Cap-tain, and His  
har - vest that will soon be here; Kind words and ac-tions, lit - tle  
mong the this-tles by the way; O may we faith-ful be, that



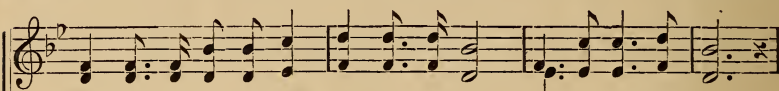
or-ders we o - bey, Where He shall lead us we will march a - way.  
deeds of ten-der love, Scat-tered a-broad, will bring re-ward a - bove.  
when He comes a-gain, Each one may bring a sheaf of gold-en grain.

E. E. HEWITT.

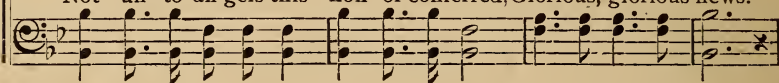
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



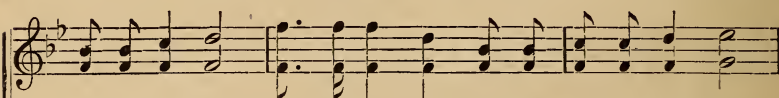
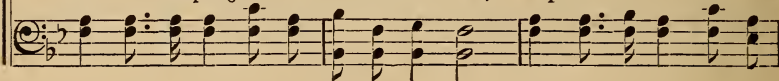
1. Car-ry the message to lands far a-way, Glorious news! glorious news!
2. We have a Sav-ior with mer-cy for all, Glorious news! glorious news!
3. Je-sus will use us in spreading His word, Glorious news! glorious news!



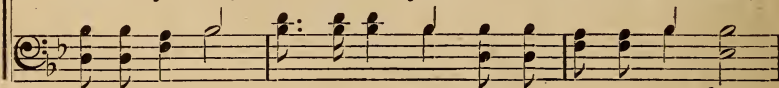
We have a Sav-ior who's liv-ing to-day, Glorious, glorious news!  
 Wide as the world is His free lov-ing call, Glorious, glorious news!  
 Not un-to an-gels this hon-or conferred, Glorious, glorious news!



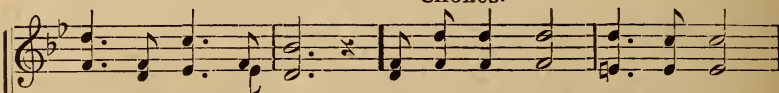
Liv-ing to save who-so-ev-er will come, Liv-ing to welcome the  
 Let all who hear send the message a-long, Till oth-er voic-es shall  
 We who have plung'd in the fountain of love, O-pened our hearts to the



wan-der-er home; Send the glad word ring-ing o-ver the foam,  
 join in the song, Swell-ing the praise of the glo-ri-fied throng,  
 Heav-en-ly Dove, We can win jew-els for man-sions a-bove,



## CHORUS.



Glo-rious, glo-rious news! Tell the glad news, glo-rious news,  
 the glo-rious news,





## Glorious News.

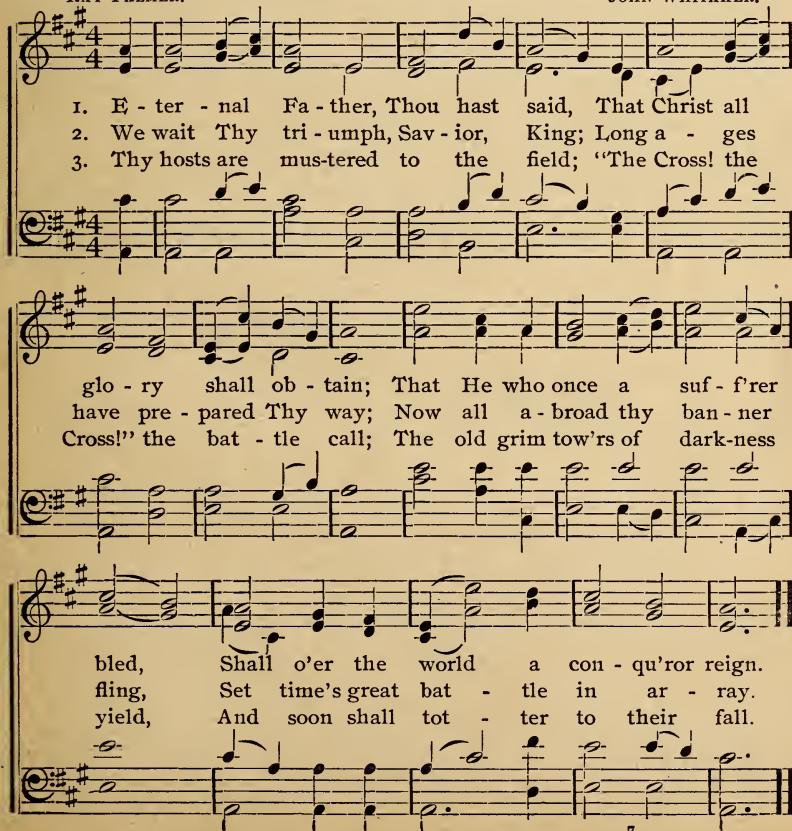


Car - ry the mes - sage to lands far a - way! Tell the glad news,  
 glo - rious news, We have a Sav - ior who's liv - ing to - day.  
 glo - rious news,

## No. 95. BATTLE HYMN OF MISSIONS.

RAY PALMER.

JOHN WHITAKER.



1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Thou hast said, That Christ all  
 2. We wait Thy tri - umph, Sav - ior, King; Long a - ges  
 3. Thy hosts are mus - tered to the field; "The Cross! the  
 glo - ry shall ob - tain; That He who once a suf - frer  
 have pre - pared Thy way; Now all a - broad thy ban - ner  
 Cross!" the bat - tle call; The old grim tow'rs of dark - ness  
 bled, Shall o'er the world a con - qu'ror reign.  
 fling, Set time's great bat - tle in ar - ray.  
 yield, And soon shall tot - ter to their fall.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Lord of the liv - ing har-vest That whit-ens o'er the plain,  
 2. As la-b'rers in Thy vineyard, Send us, O Christ, to be  
 3. Come down, Thou Ho-ly Spir - it! And fill our souls with light;

Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold-en grain,  
 Con-tent to bear the bur - den Of wea - ry days for Thee;  
 Clothe us in spot - less rai - ment, In lin - en clean and white;

Accept these hands to la-bor, These hearts to trust and love,  
 We ask no oth - er wages, When Thou shall call us home,  
 Be-side Thy sa - cred al-tar, Be with us where we stand,

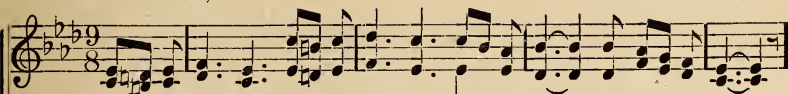
And deign with them to has - ten Thy king-dom from a - bove.  
 But to have shared the travail Which makes Thy kingdom come.  
 To sanc - ti - fy Thy peo-ple Thro' all this hap - py land.

REFRAIN. (*This refrain may be sung by a quartet as a response.*)  
*slow. pp* *rit.*

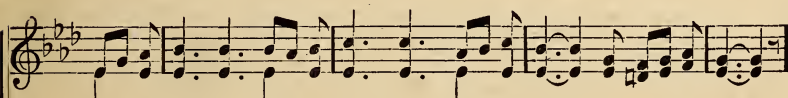
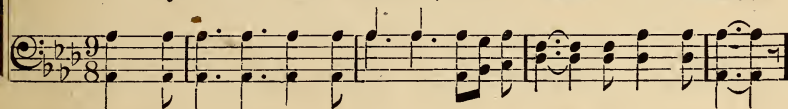
Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I have sinned, O God, my Sav-ior, Sinned in tho't, and word, and deed,
2. Bows my soul in deep-est sad-ness, Tears of sor - row fill my eyes;
3. Par - don! Oh, the bless-ed treasure! Par-don full, and par-don free!
4. Ho - ly Love! Di-vine E - motion, Broad-er than the broad-est sky;



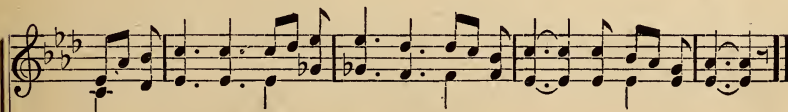
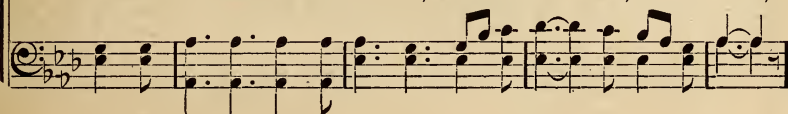
Long despised Thy highest fa - vor, And Thy calls re-fused to heed.  
 What can turn my grief to glad-ness? "Come to me," the Lord re-plies.  
 Love di-vine, be - yond all measure, Comes and sweetly speaks to me.  
 Deep - er than the deep-est o - cean, High-er than the heavens high.



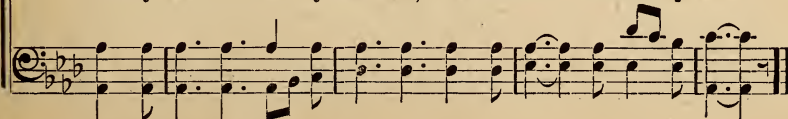
## CHORUS.



Pre-cious Je - sus came to save us, Friend of sin - ners, Je - sus came;



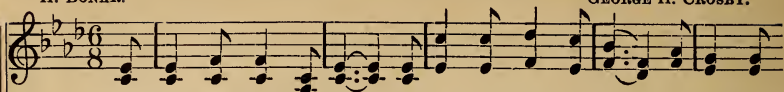
Freely came to ful - ly save us, Bless-ed be His ho - ly name.



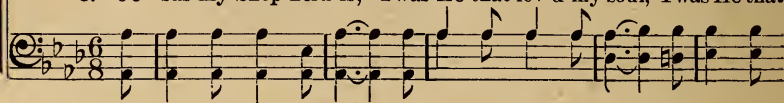
# No. 98. NO MORE A WANDERING SHEEP.

H. BONAR.

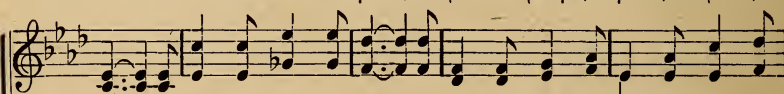
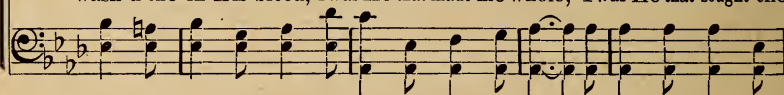
GEORGE H. CROSBY.



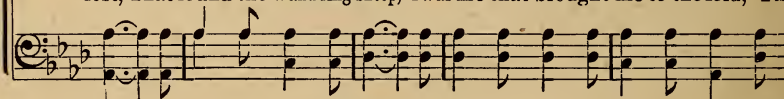
1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not
2. The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Father sought His child; He follow'd
3. Je - sus my Shep-herd is; 'Twas He that lov'd my soul, 'Twas He that



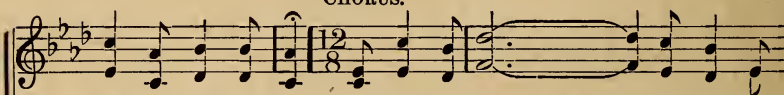
love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd; I was a way-ward  
me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-ert waste and wild; He found me nigh to  
wash'd me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole; 'Twas He that sought the



child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I  
death, Famish'd, and faint and lone; He bound me with the bands of love, He  
lost, That found the wand'ring sheep; 'Twas He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis



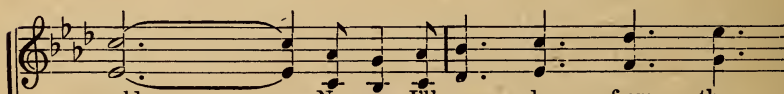
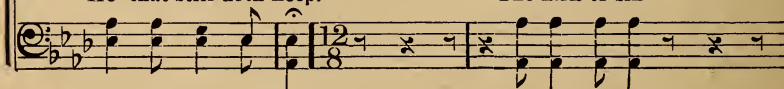
## CHORUS.



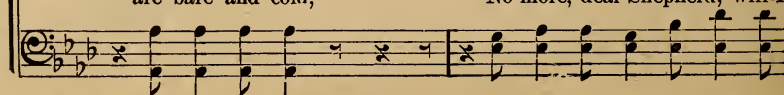
lov'd a - far to roam. The hills of sin..... are bare and  
saved the wand'ring one.

He that still doth keep.

The hills of sin



cold..... No more I'll wan - der from the  
are bare and cold, No more, dear Shepherd, will I





# No More Wandering Sheep.

fold;..... No more in paths..... for - bid - den  
 wan - der from the fold; No more in paths

room,.....But find my joy with Thee at home.....  
 forbidden room, But find my joy and rest with Thee at home.

## No. 99. THE MASTER COMES.

Rev. E. GOUGH. B. A.

J. NEWSOME.

1. The Master comes, make straight His way! Let no vile passion say Him nay;  
 2. The Master comes! bring ointment meet, And crown His head with odors sweet;

He comes to rid thee of thy sin,—O - pen thy heart and let Him in.  
 A ban - quet for thy King pre-pare, Let ev'-ry grace be stationed there.

3  
 Give Peace her dove, give Praise her lyre,  
 Bid languid Love stir up her fire,  
 While Zeal stands ready to fulfill  
 Each counsel of the Savior's will.

4  
 The Master comes! search well Thy heart,  
 Bid Satan from the shrine depart;  
 Break down the idols prized so long,  
 Write a new coronation song.

5  
 The Master comes! O happy thou!  
 Before thy gates He standeth now;  
 From other works awhile forbear,—  
 To welcome Christ be all thy care.

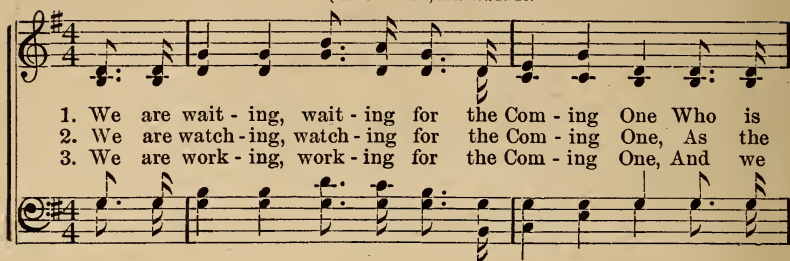
6  
 The Master comes! His face we see;  
 O Jesus, we have longed for Thee;  
 Into our hearts Thy fulness bring,  
 And make us like Thee while we sing.

# No. 100. WAITING, WATCHING, WORKING.

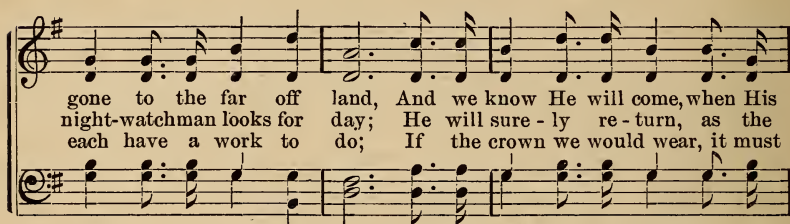
Rev. J. M. ORROCK.

REF:— { 1st. stanza, Dan. 12: 12.  
2d. stanza, Rev. 16: 15.  
3rd. stanza, Matt. 24: 46.

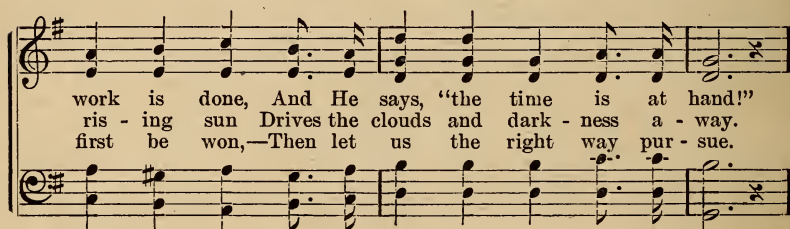
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We are wait - ing, wait - ing for the Com - ing One Who is  
2. We are watch - ing, watch - ing for the Com - ing One, As the  
3. We are work - ing, work - ing for the Com - ing One, And we

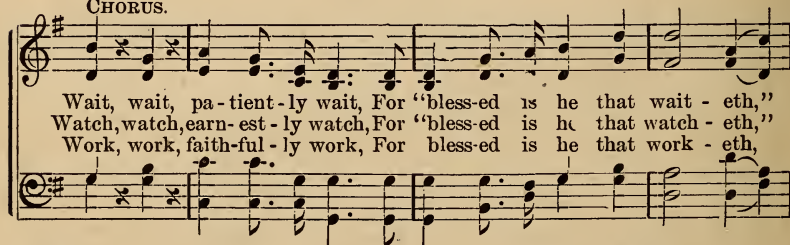


gone to the far off land, And we know He will come, when His  
night-watchman looks for day; He will sure - ly re - turn, as the  
each have a work to do; If the crown we would wear, it must

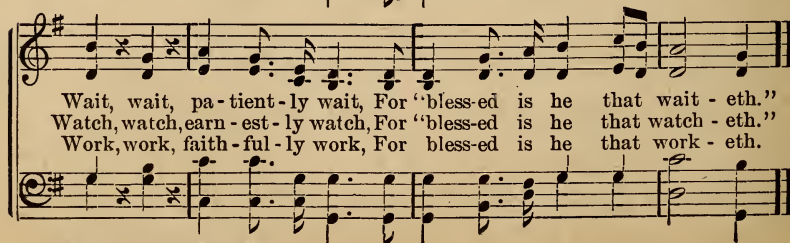


work is done, And He says, "the time is at hand!"  
ris - ing sun Drives the clouds and dark - ness a - way.  
first be won, — Then let us the right way pur - sue.

## CHORUS.



Wait, wait, pa - tient - ly wait, For "bless - ed is he that wait - eth,"  
Watch, watch, earn - est - ly watch, For "bless - ed is he that watch - eth,"  
Work, work, faith - ful - ly work, For bless - ed is he that work - eth,

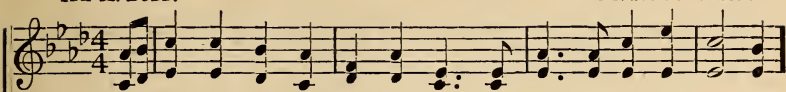


Wait, wait, pa - tient - ly wait, For "bless - ed is he that wait - eth."  
Watch, watch, earn - est - ly watch, For "bless - ed is he that watch - eth."  
Work, work, faith - ful - ly work, For bless - ed is he that work - eth.

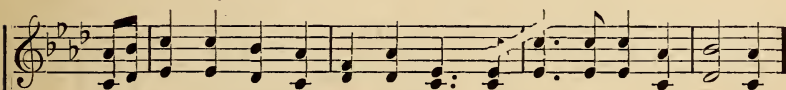
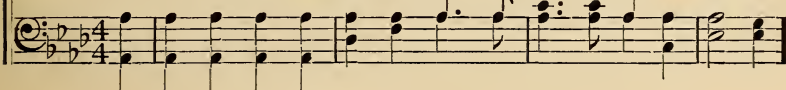
# No. 101. I KNOW THAT JESUS SAVES ME.

IDA M. BUDD.

Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



1. My heart is fill'd with joy to-day, I know that Je-sus saves me;
2. When peace is shining in my soul, I know that Je-sus saves me;
3. In calm or storm, in shine or shade, I know that Je-sus saves me;
4. No oth-er joy can e-qual this, I know that Je-sus saves me;
5. His blood doth for my sins a-tone, I know that Je-sus saves me;



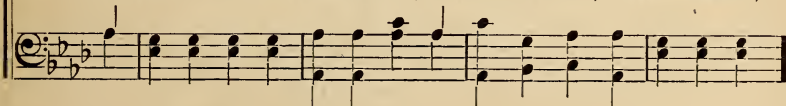
His presence brightens all my way, I know that Je-sus saves me.  
When sorrow's waves around me roll, I know that Je-sus saves me.  
In hope ful-filled or good de-layed, I know that Je-sus saves me.  
Since He is mine and I am His, I know that Je-sus saves me.  
His love re-ceives me as His own, I know that Je-sus saves me.



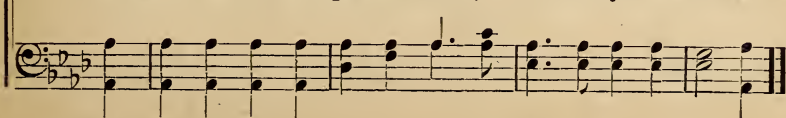
## CHORUS.



He saves me, He saves me, I know He saves me now;  
He saves me now, He saves me now, I know He saves, He saves me now;



Oh, praise His name, His precious name, I know that Je-sus saves me!

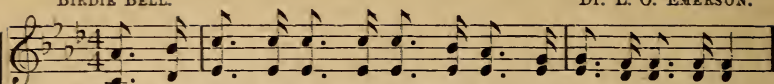




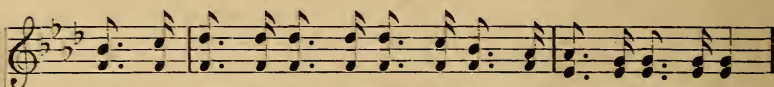
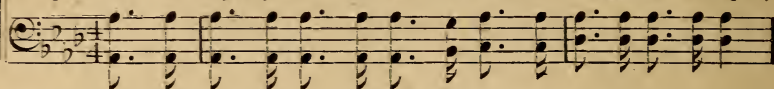
# No. 102. CHRIST IS PASSING BY.

BIRDIE BELL.

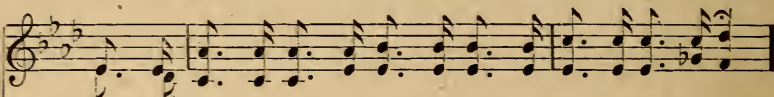
Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



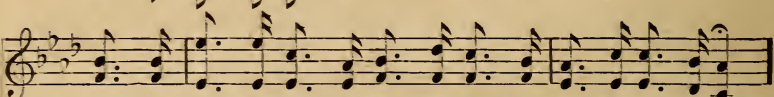
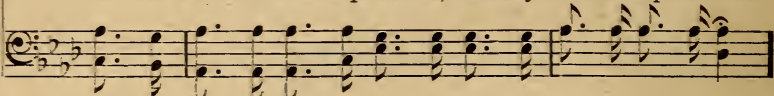
1. Art thou sit - ting by the way-side, As the crowd goes surging by,
2. Cry to Him for grace and par-don, He will nev-er say thee nay;
3. Cast a-way thy worthless raiment, Take the robe that Christ will give;



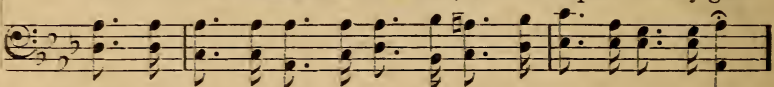
Each one say - ing to His neighbor, "Dost thou know that Christ is nigh?  
Lift thy voice in humble pleading, As He pass-es by to-day;  
'Tis so pure, and fair, and love-ly,—Oh, in Him be-gin to live!



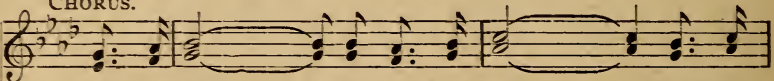
Bless - ed news! rise up to meet Him! Full sal - va-tion in Him find;  
Thou shalt hear the ans-w'ring chorus, "Rise! for Je - sus call-eth thee!  
In the Mas-ter's foot-steps follow, And thy heart with praises lift



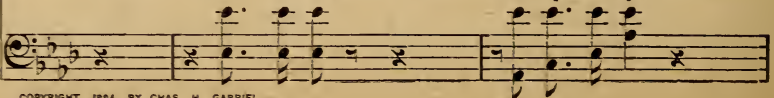
Je - sus is the great Phy-si - cian, Sight He of-fers to the blind.  
Be of comfort! come with gladness, He hath hearken'd to-thy plea!"  
To the Lord who healed and blest thee, At His feet pour out thy gift.



## CHORUS.

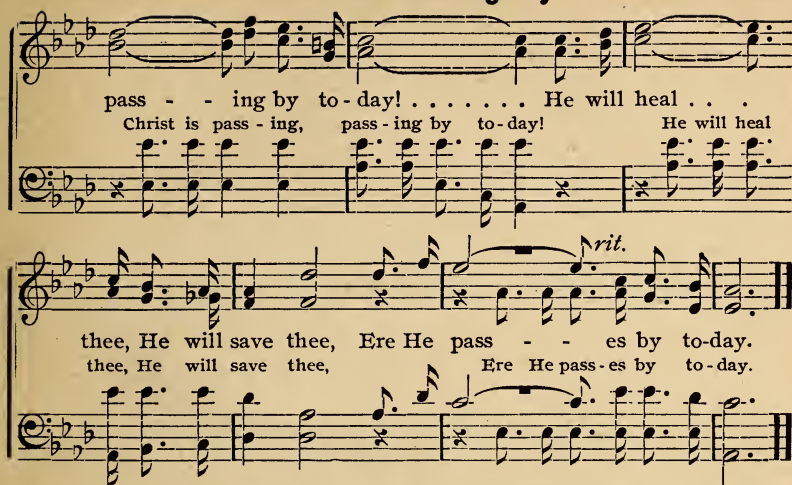


Oh, a - rise! . . . . lift up thine eyes! . . . . Christ is  
Oh, a - rise! Lift up thine eyes!





# Christ is Passing By.



pass - - ing by to-day! . . . . . He will heal . . .  
 Christ is pass - ing, pass - ing by to-day! He will heal  
 thee, He will save thee, Ere He pass - - es by to-day.  
 thee, He will save thee, Ere He pass - es by to-day.

## No. 103. COME THOU, O TRAVELER.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



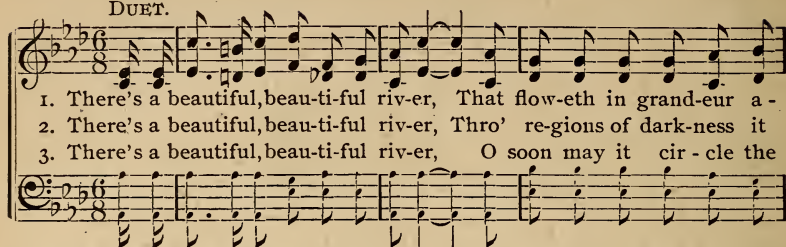
1. Come thou, O trav-'ler blest, Seek-ing to be a guest
2. Spread thou the Pas-chal feast; From E-gypt's bonds re - leased,
3. Tem - ple, hence-forth, of Thine, Mark'd by Thy lin - tel sign,

With - in my soul; My heart, oppressed and sore, Throws o - pen  
 Come, sup with me; On Thee I lean my head, Break Thou the  
 Sprin-kled with blood; Loins gird-ed now I stand, Faith's staff with-  
 wide the door; Welcome for-ev - er-more: Take full con - trol.  
 liv-ing bread, Pour Thou the wine once shed On Cal - va - ry.  
 in my hand, To cross to Canaan's land, Death's an-gry flood.

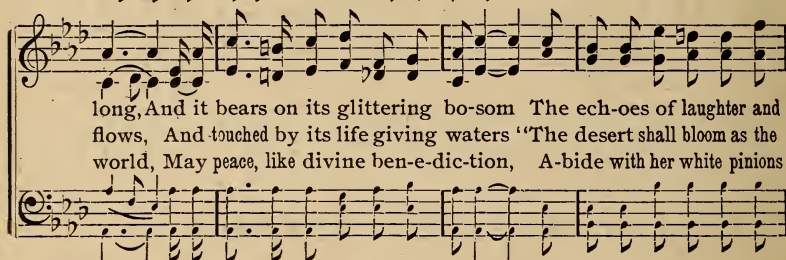
# No. 104. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

ADA BLENKHORN.  
DUET.

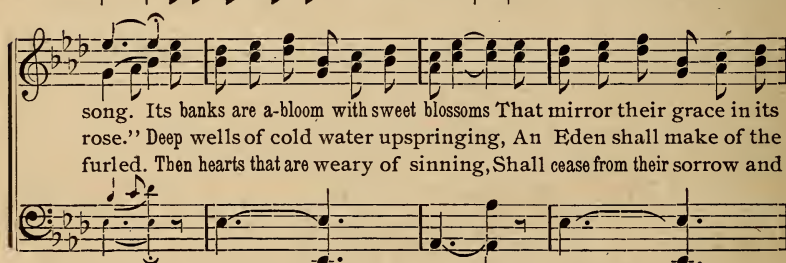
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



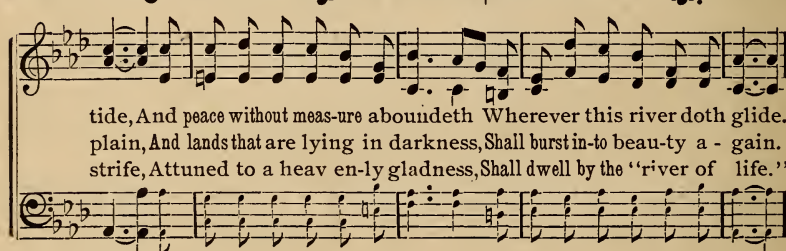
1. There's a beautiful, beau-ti-ful riv-er, That flow-eth in grand-eur a -  
2. There's a beautiful, beau-ti-ful riv-er, Thro' re-gions of dark-ness it  
3. There's a beautiful, beau-ti-ful riv-er, O soon may it cir-cle the



long, And it bears on its glittering bo-som The ech-oes of laughter and  
flows, And touched by its life giving waters "The desert shall bloom as the  
world, May peace, like divine ben-e-diction, A-bide with her white pinions



song. Its banks are a-bloom with sweet blossoms That mirror their grace in its  
rose." Deep wells of cold water upspringing, An Eden shall make of the  
furled. Then hearts that are weary of sinning, Shall cease from their sorrow and



tide, And peace without meas-ure aboundeth Wherever this river doth glide.  
plain, And lands that are lying in darkness, Shall burst in-to beau-ty a - gain.  
strife, Attuned to a heav-en-ly gladness, Shall dwell by the "river of life."

CHORUS.



There's a beautiful, beautiful riv-er, That blesses wherever it goes,  
beautiful river, wherever it goes,

# The Beautiful River.

This beautiful, beautiful riv-er, From the City of God it flows.  
beau-ti-ful riv-er, it flows.

## No. 105. THE REAPER MAY CALL TO-NIGHT.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

H. A. HENRY.

1. The reaper may call for you to-night; Oh, are you ready, my brother?
2. The Savior now waits your soul to bless, Brother, why will you so grieve Him?
3. The Spirit yet strives, and pleads, and waits; Will you not hear Him, my brother?

To-day is yours! then use it a-right, You nev-er may see an - oth - er.  
Oh, hasten now your sins to con-fess And open your heart, re-ceive Him.  
To-day is yours; come, ere you're too late, You nev-er may see an - oth - er.

### CHORUS.

The reaper may call for you to-night; Have you a ti-tle to mansions of light?

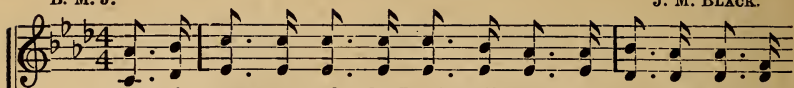
The Sav-ior is pleading, oh, why will you slight; He's pleading to-night, my broth-er.




# No. 106. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

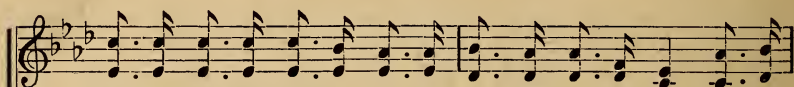
J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no  
 2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall  
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting

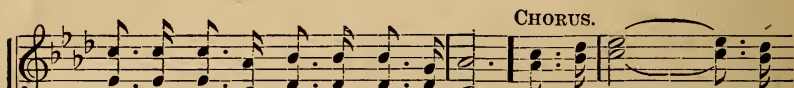


more, And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the  
 rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His  
 sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

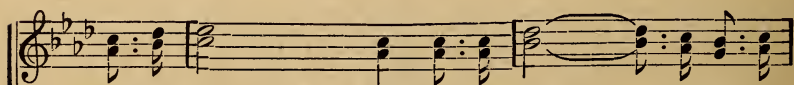


saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the  
 chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home be - yond the skies, And the  
 all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.



roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is  
 roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is  
 roll is called up yon-der, we'll be there.



called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up  
 called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



# When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

Yon - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up  
Yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

## No. 107. JESUS, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

J. H. R.

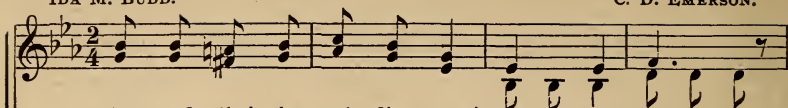
JAS. H. ROBINSON.

1. We love to sing of Je - sus, Our Savior kind and true, Because He  
2. We love to work for Je - sus, And trust Him day by day, For He is  
3. We love to think of Je - sus, The children's dearest Friend; And if we

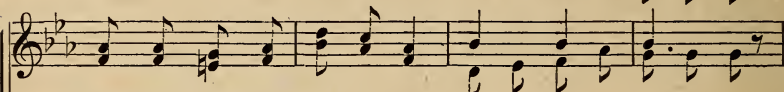
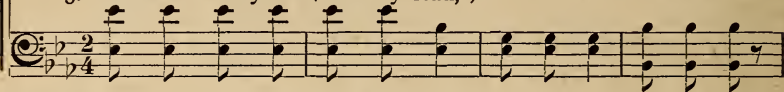
### REFRAIN.

loves the chil-dren, And we will love Him, too. And we will love Him, too;  
ev-er read - y To help us on our way.  
on-ly trust Him, He'll keep us to the end.

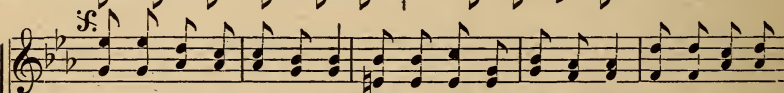
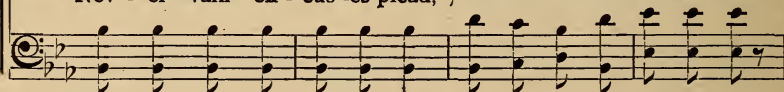
Yes, we will love Him too; He loves the lit-tle chil-dren, And we will love Him, too.



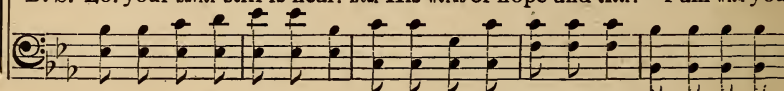
1. For-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier true } For - ward go!  
 2. To the con - flict and the strife } For-ward go, for-ward go!  
 3. Wherso - e'er your Lord may lead,



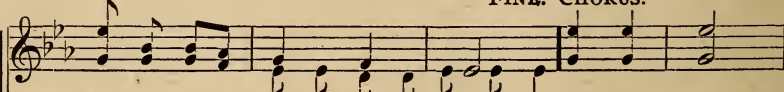
Hark! the Mas - ter calls for you, } For - ward go!  
 Vict - 'ry means e - ter - nal life, } Forward, for-ward, bravely go!  
 Nev - er vain ex - cus - es plead,



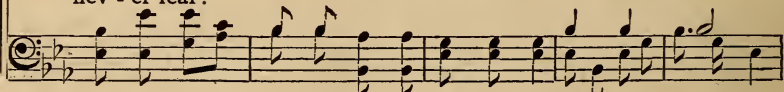
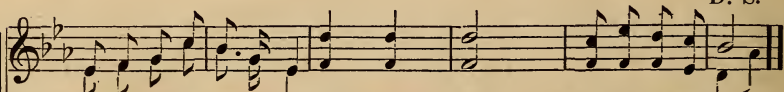
Put His trus - ty ar - mor on; Venture in His strength alone; Vict - 'ry sure - ly  
 Tho' sin's host about you close, All your danger Jesus knows, He is stronger  
 He will your de - liv' - er be, He will make your foes to flee; His salvation  
*D. S.* Lo! your Sav - ior still is near! Hear His words of hope and cheer:—"I am with you



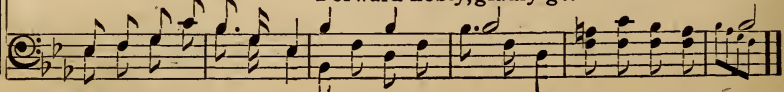
FINE. CHORUS.



will be won, } For - ward go! For-ward go  
 than your foes, } Forward, forward glad - ly go! For-ward bravely, boldly go,  
 you shall see, } nev - er fear!"

*D. S.*

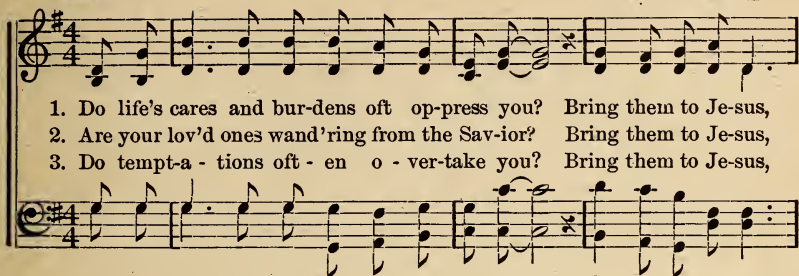
Sounding still the battle cry! For-ward go, Resting by and by.  
 Forward nobly, gladly go.



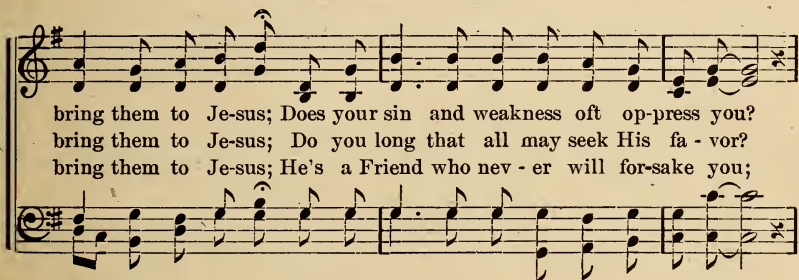
# No. 109. BRING THEM TO JESUS.

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

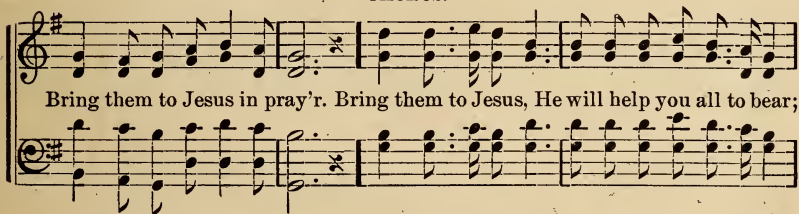


1. Do life's cares and bur-dens oft op-press you? Bring them to Je-sus,  
 2. Are your lov'd ones wand'ring from the Sav-ior? Bring them to Je-sus,  
 3. Do tempt-a-tions oft-en o-ver-take you? Bring them to Je-sus,

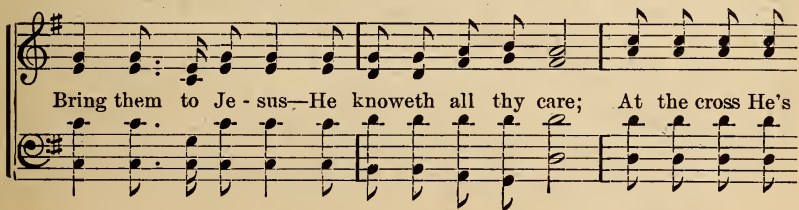


bring them to Je-sus; Does your sin and weakness oft op-press you?  
 bring them to Je-sus; Do you long that all may seek His fa-vor?  
 bring them to Je-sus; He's a Friend who nev-er will for-sake you;

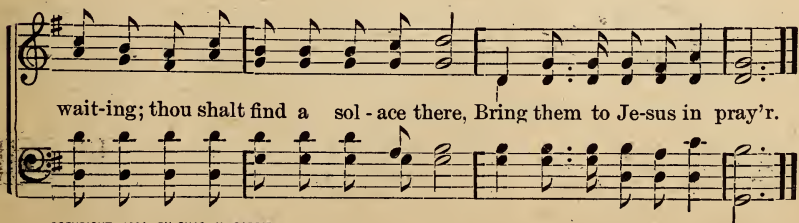
## CHORUS.



Bring them to Jesus in pray'r. Bring them to Jesus, He will help you all to bear;



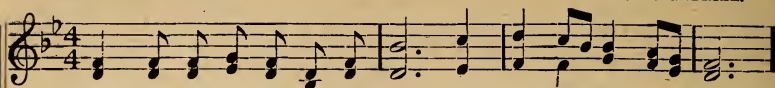
Bring them to Je-sus—He knoweth all thy care; At the cross He's



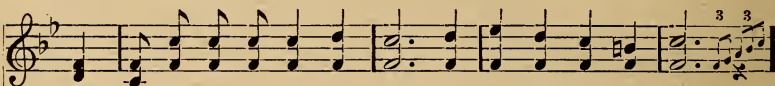
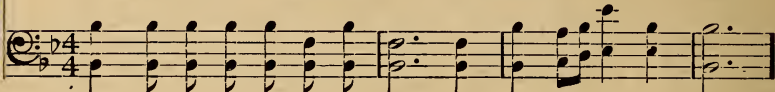
wait-ing; thou shalt find a sol-ace there, Bring them to Je-sus in pray'r.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

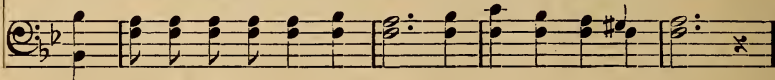
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



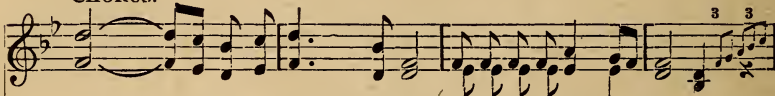
1. I shall be sat - is-fied at last On heav-en's gold-en shore,
2. I shall be sat - is-fied when sin Has all been wash'd a - way,
3. I shall be sat - is-fied when love, My por - tion blest shall be,
4. I shall be sat - is-fied when hope I need no more to cheer,
5. I shall be sat - is-fied when death For - ev - er leaves my side;
6. I shall be sat - is-fied when God A - wakes me with a kiss;



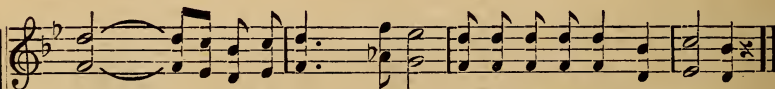
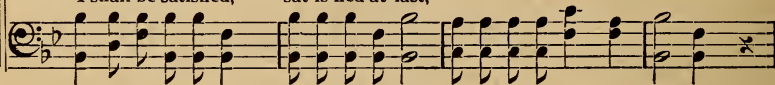
When all the storms of life are past, That now a-round me roar.  
 When ho - li-ness shall reign within, Pure as the dawn of day.  
 When peace, like a ce - les-tial dove, Shall spread its wings o'er me.  
 When, like one blind, I do not grope In darkness, doubt and fear.  
 When life grows deeper with each breath I shall be sat - is - fied.  
 When His clear light shines all a-broad O'er seas of perfect bliss.



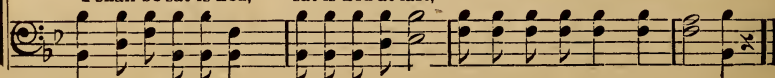
## CHORUS.



I . . . . . shall be sat - is-fied, Satisfied when death o'er-takes me,  
 I shall be satisfied, sat-is-fied at last,



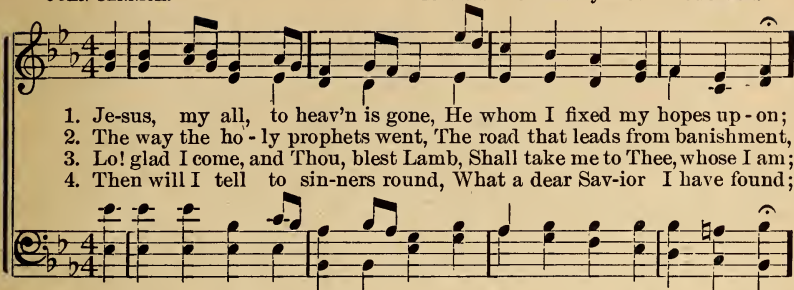
I . . . . . shall be sat - is-fied, Satisfied when God a-wakes me.  
 I shall be sat-is-fied, sat-is-fied at last,



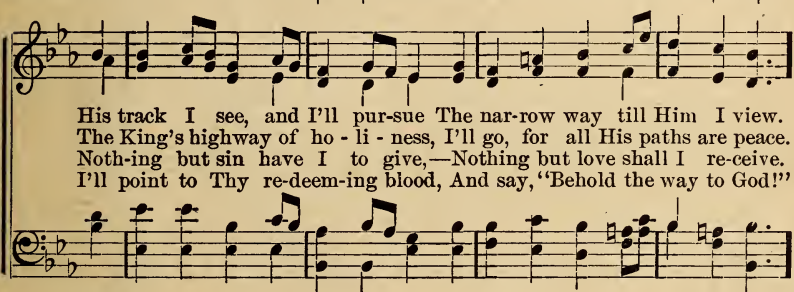


JOHN CENNICK.

Music and Chorus by Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

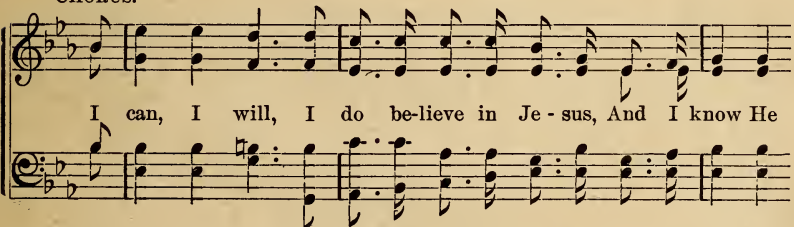


1. Je-sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fixed my hopes up-on;  
 2. The way the ho-ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,  
 3. Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb, Shall take me to Thee, whose I am;  
 4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, What a dear Sav-ior I have found;

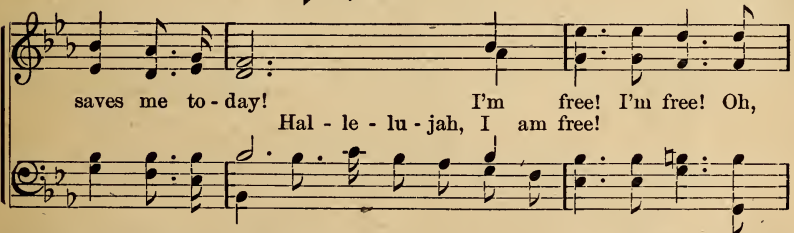


His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way till Him I view.  
 The King's highway of ho-li-ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.  
 Noth-ing but sin have I to give,—Nothing but love shall I re-ceive.  
 I'll point to Thy re-deem-ing blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!"

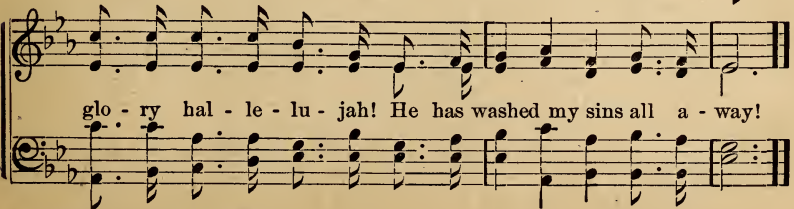
## CHORUS.



I can, I will, I do be-lieve in Je-sus, And I know He



saves me to-day! I'm free! I'm free! Oh,  
 Hal-le-lu-jah, I am free!

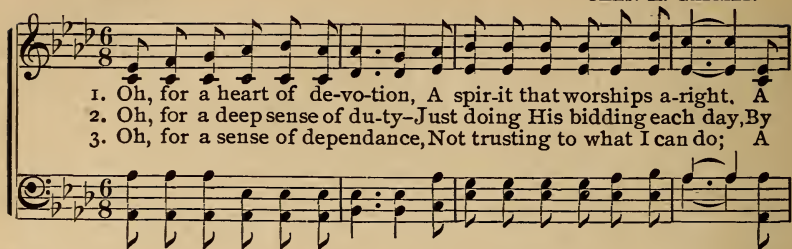


glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! He has washed my sins all a-way!

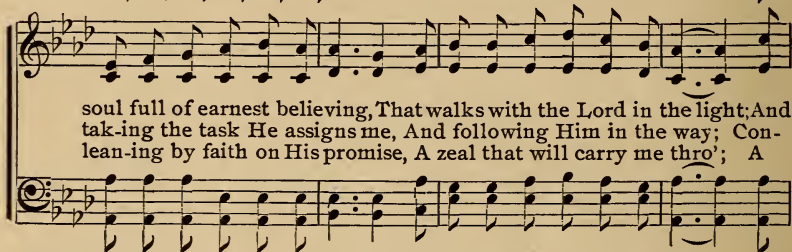
# No. 112. OH, FOR A CLEAN HEART.

E. HOENING.

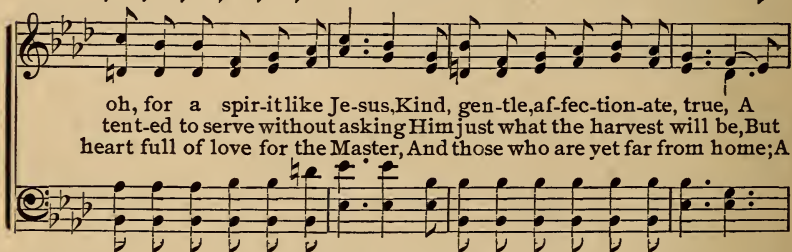
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



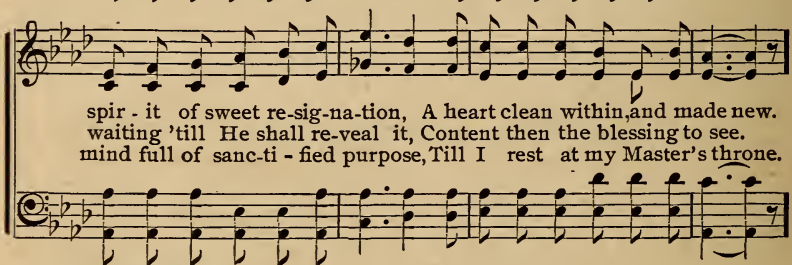
1. Oh, for a heart of de-vo-tion, A spir-it that worships a-right, A  
 2. Oh, for a deep sense of du-ty-Just doing His bidding each day, By  
 3. Oh, for a sense of dependance, Not trusting to what I can do; A



soul full of earnest believing, That walks with the Lord in the light; And  
 tak-ing the task He assigns me, And following Him in the way; Con-  
 lean-ing by faith on His promise, A zeal that will carry me thro'; A

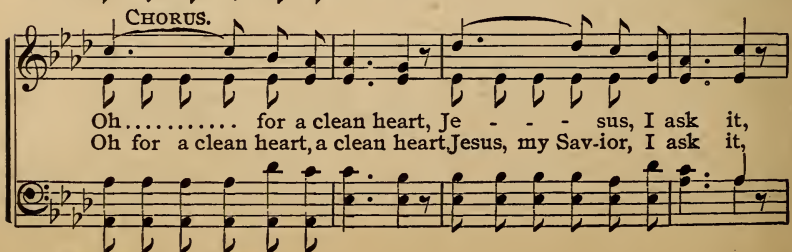


oh, for a spir-it like Je-sus, Kind, gen-tle, af-fec-tion-ate, true, A  
 tent-ed to serve without asking Him just what the harvest will be, But  
 heart full of love for the Mas-ter, And those who are yet far from home; A



spir - it of sweet re-sig-na-tion, A heart clean within, and made new.  
 wait-ing 'till He shall re-veal it, Content then the blessing to see.  
 mind full of sanc-ti - fied purpose, Till I rest at my Master's throne.

CHORUS.



Oh..... for a clean heart, Je - - - sus, I ask it,  
 Oh for a clean heart, a clean heart Jesus, my Sav-ior, I ask it,

## Oh, for a Clean Heart.

Oh, . . . . . for a clean heart And a true spir - it with-in.  
Oh, for a clean heart, a clean heart,

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

## No. 113.

## SAFE WITH THEE.

ETTA HARBOUR.

H. A. HENRY.

1. Safe with Thee, O ten-der Shepherd, Lead me gent-ly day by day;  
2. 'Twas Thy love that sought and found me. Kindest Shepherd ever known,  
3. Safe with Thee, O ten - der Shepherd, Now up-on Thy staff I lean,

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

In Thy pleasant pastures feed me, Keep my soul, O Lord, I pray.  
For Thy sheep from Thee had wandered, And was fainting and a-lone.  
It supports and gives me comfort, And Thy blood it makes me clean.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

### CHORUS.

O, pa - tient, ten-der Shep-herd Blest Guard - ian of thy sheep,

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

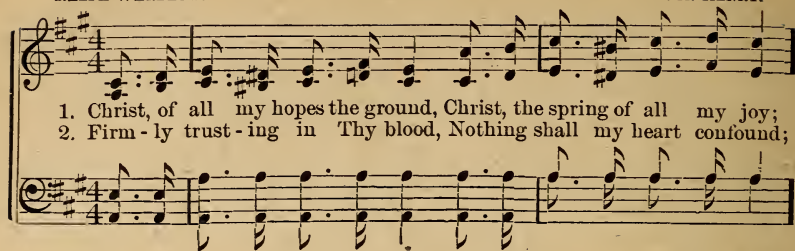
No more from Thee I'll wan - der, But near Thy side I'll keep.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

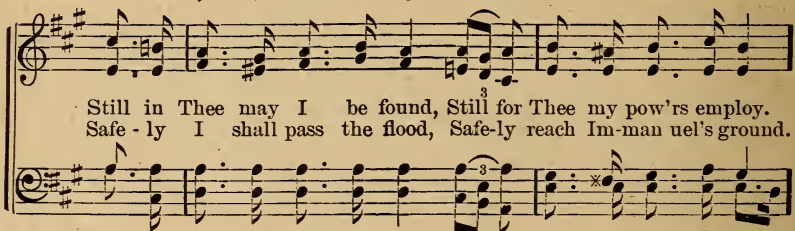
# No. 114. SOURCE OF EVERY BLESSING.

RALPH WARDLOW.

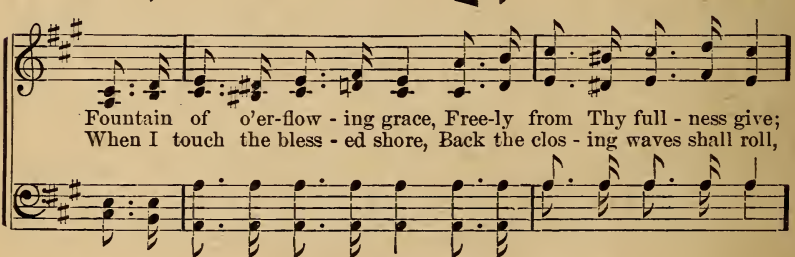
H. A. HENRY.



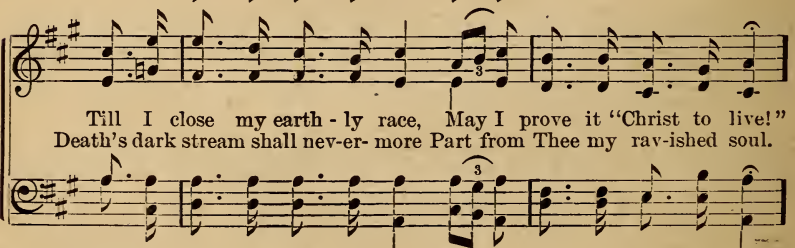
1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy;  
2. Firm-ly trust-ing in Thy blood, Nothing shall my heart confound;



Still in Thee may I be found, Still<sup>3</sup> for Thee my pow'rs employ.  
Safe-ly I shall pass the flood, Safe-ly reach Im-man uel's ground.

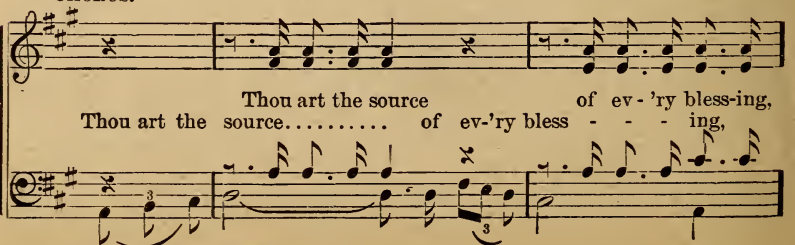


Fountain of o'er-flow-ing grace, Free-ly from Thy full-ness give;  
When I touch the bless-ed shore, Back the clos-ing waves shall roll,



Till I close my earth-ly race, May I prove it "Christ to live!"  
Death's dark stream shall never-more Part from Thee my rav-ish-ed soul.

## CHORUS.



Thou art the source of ev-'ry bless-ing,  
Thou art the source..... of ev-'ry bless-ing,



# Source of Every Blessing.

Thou art the light of life to me;  
Thou art the light..... of life to me;.....

All<sup>3</sup> my sins..... to Thee con-fess - - ing,  
yea, all my sins to Thee con-fess-ing,

*Rit.*

Yea, Thou wilt cleanse and par-don me.....  
Thou wilt cleanse..... and par-don me, and pardon me.

## No. 115.

## DEPTH OF MERCY.

CHARLES WESLEY.

J. STEVENSON.

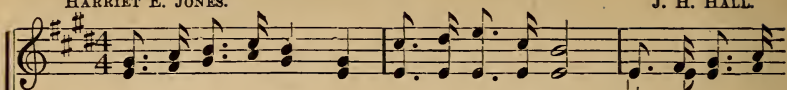
1. { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? }  
 { Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? }  
 2. { I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; }  
 { Would not harken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls. }  
 3. { Now in-cline me to re-lent; Let me now my sins la-ment; }  
 { Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more. }

### REFRAIN.

{ God is love, I know, I feel; }  
 { Jesus weeps and loves me still; } Je-sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

HARRIET E. JONES.

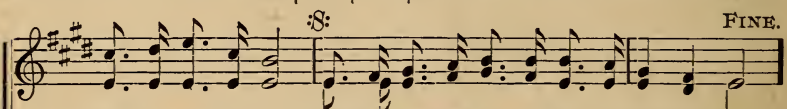
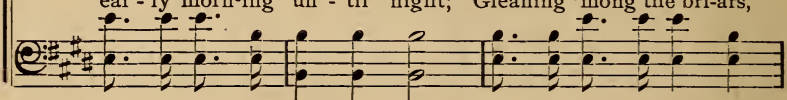
J. H. HALL.



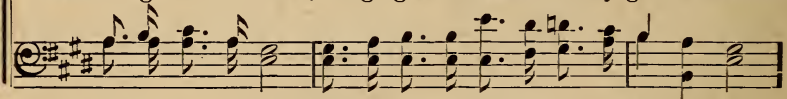
1. We are willing work-ers in the o - pen field, Sow - ing in the
2. We are willing work-ers out a-mid the grain; We will wield our
3. We are willing work-ers in the fields so white, Toil-ing from the



morn-ing for a good - ly yield; Sow-ing seeds of kind-ness,  
sick - les all a - long the plain; Reap-ing for the Mas - ter  
ear - ly morn-ing un - til night; Gleaning 'mong the bri-ars,

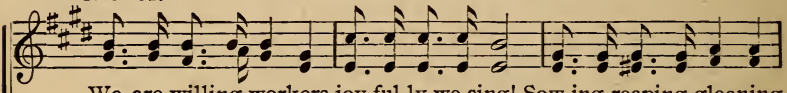


sow-ing seeds of love That shall bring us fruitage for the home a-bove.  
we so dear - ly love, Reaping for the garner in the realms a-bove.  
searching 'mid the leaves, Bringing to the Master ma - ny golden sheaves.

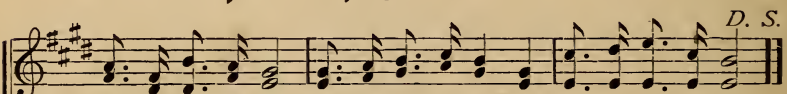
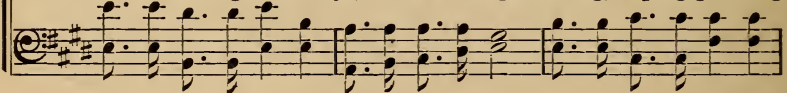


D. S.—Finding ev'ry-where a work of love to do.

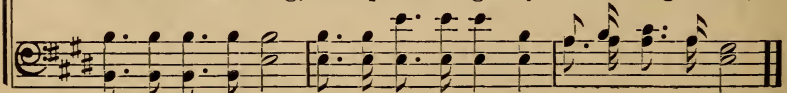
## CHORUS.



We are willing workers, joy-ful-ly we sing! Sow-ing, reaping, gleaning



for our blessed King; Out upon the highways, in the hed-ges, too,



IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

*Duet for Alto and Tenor.*

1. How can I come to the Sav - ior, Wound-ed, and stricken, and sore?  
 2. If, when at first Je - sus called me, To Him my all I had giv'n,  
 3. Ten - der, com - pas - sion - ate Je - sus, Help in this soul - try - ing hour;

How can I hope for His fa - vor? How His for - give - ness im - plore?  
 How had my pathway been brightened With the re - flec - tion of heav'n!  
 Lord, if Thou wilt then canst save me; Is Thy love less than Thy pow'r?

Long I have mocked at His mer - cy, Turned from His pardon so free;  
 Now in the black - ness of darkness, Naught but despair I can see;  
 Sure - ly, tho' chief a - mong sin - ners, Out - cast and wretched I be.

**FINE.**  
 Oft I've re - ject - ed His plead - ing; Can there be mer - cy for me?  
 Yet, in the depths of His mer - cy, May there be mer - cy for me?  
 Since Thou hast died to re - deem me, Still Thou hast mer - cy for me.

**CHORUS.** D. S.  
 Mer - cy for me..... Mer - cy for me;  
 Mer - cy for me, Mer - cy for me;



MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O broth - er, come out of the land of your sor - row, And  
 2. Press on, thro' the wil - der - ness wastes of tempt - a - tions! The  
 3. Go forth with - out fear, for His word is a - bid - ing; His  
 4. Press on, tho' the Jor - dan's cold stream is be - fore you, 'Twill

fol - low the ark of His love! 'Twill lead you a - far on your  
 fire - guarded ark of His love Will help you to con - quer the  
 rod, and His bread from a - bove, His care, and His prom - is - es,  
 part for the ark of His love; Its full tide of wa - ters will

jour - ney to - mor - row, Oh, the won - der - ful ark of His love.  
 foes of each na - tion, Such a won - der - ful ark of His love.  
 sure - ly are hid - ing In the ark of His won - der - ful love.  
 nev - er flow o'er you, Where you fol - low the ark of His love.

## CHORUS.

'Tis cov - ered with gold, for His own word has planned it; The

wide - spreading wings of the an - gels have spanned it, His own chos - en



# The Ark of His Love.

ones He has called to command it, And safe in the coun-try of

prom - ise will land it, The ark of His cov - e - nant love.

No. 119.

WEBB.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

GEO. WEBB

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis - ap-pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears.  
D.S.—Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

*FINE.*

*D. S.*

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid-ings from a - far,

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing  
The gospel call, obey,  
And seek the Savior's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home:  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

# No. 120. THE LIGHT OF THE CROSS.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

*March tempo.*

1. From the cross of Christ up - lift-ed Shines an ev - er - last-ing light;
2. Ev - 'ry storm that gath-ers o'er us, Adds new lus-ter to its ray;
3. Tho' the tem-pest 'round me rages, By its light my way is sure;

By its rays the clonds are rift-ed, 'Til the home-land is in sight.  
And the cares that rise be-fore us, In its radiance pass a - way.  
And thro'-out the sweep of a - ges, It, un-shak-en, shall en - dure.

## CHORUS.

Bless-ed light, light di-vine, To the world thy rays are  
Bless - ed light, light di - vine,

stream - ing; Hal-lowed light, light of love, From the  
Hal-lowed light, light of love,

## QUARTET. (May be omitted.)

cross of Christ is beam-ing, Oh, thou bright and shining light, gleam  
Beautiful light,

# The Light of the Cross.

on, gleam on, . . . . . To guide the weary wand'rer in the  
 beau-ti-ful light, beau-ti-ful light,

right, gleam on, gleam on. . . . .  
 Beau-ti-ful light, beau-ti-ful light, beau-ti-ful light,

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system also ends with a double bar line.

No. 121

## CORONATION.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;  
 2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,  
 3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at his feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first system includes three verses of lyrics. The second and third systems include the chorus lyrics. The score ends with a double bar line.

## No. 122.

## CAN IT BE?

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I hear them sing of Je - sus and call Him pre - cious Friend;  
 2. I won - der, O I won - der, if Je - sus all di - vine,  
 3. I hear them tell the sto - ry of how He came to save  
 4. I can re - sist no long - er, I would not if I could;

I hear them pray - ing oft - en, His king - dom to ex - tend:  
 Would care to have me give Him a bro - ken heart like mine?  
 The lost from death and dark - ness, and that His life He gave;  
 I blush that I have ev - er His of - fered love with - stood:

They say He died for sin - ners; I won - der, can it be,  
 Oh, pre - cious thought, most pre - cious! I won - der, can it be,  
 Oh, think of such a ran - som? I won - der, can it be,  
 Oh, gra - cious Lord and Sav - ior, I now con - fess to Thee—

That He will of - fer par - don to wand'ring ones like me?  
 That Christ has died on Cal - v'ry for sin - ful ones like me?  
 That Je - sus would be will - ing to die for such as me?  
 I know my sins are man - y; in love re - mem - ber me.

## CHORUS.

O won - der - ful and pre - cious is Je - sus to my soul! His blood can make me



## Can it Be?

spotless, His grace can make me whole; No more I'll doubt my Savior, I

*rit.*

know that it can be, I have the blest assurance— 'tis more than life to me.

## No. 123. WHEN THE MIGHTY TRUMP.

ISAAC NAYLOR.

1. { The thun-ders of judg-ment shall crash through the skies, }  
 { The dead, small and great, from their graves shall a - rise. }  
 2. { The cry shall be heard that the Bride - groom hath come }  
 { To take His blest Bride to His own sa - cred home. }  
 3. { On the morn-ing of judg-ment, oh, where will you stand? }  
 { On the left of the Shepherd, or at His right hand? }  
 4. { The lost one, in an - guish and sor - row and dread, }  
 { Shall call for the mountains to fall on his head! }

**ff** CHORUS.

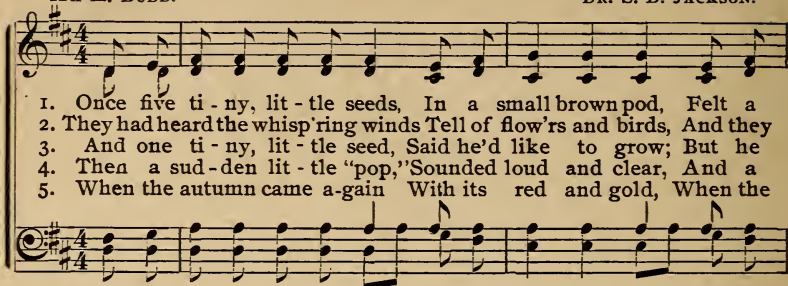
When the might - y, might-y, might-y trump Sounds, "Come, come a -

way!" Oh, may we be read-y To hail that great day.

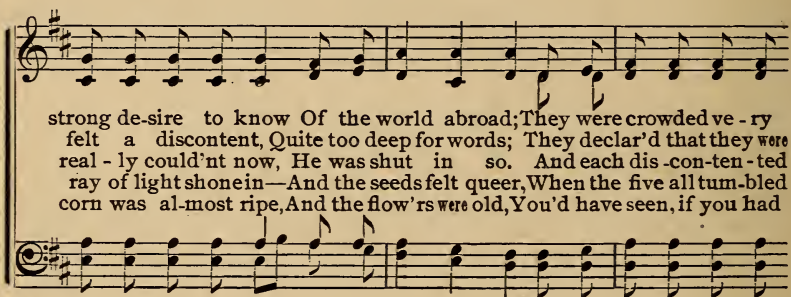
# No. 124. THE DISCONTENTED SEEDS.

IDA M. BUDD.

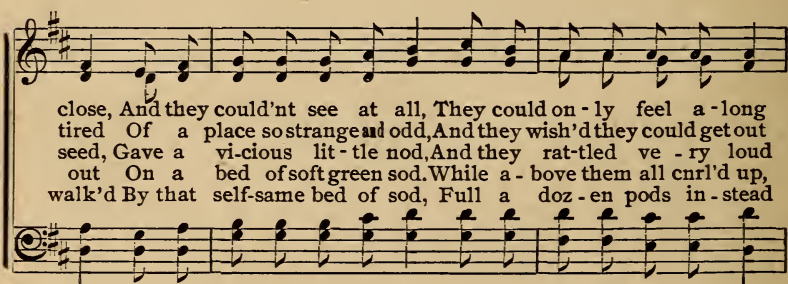
DR. S. B. JACKSON.



1. Once five ti - ny, lit - tle seeds, In a small brown pod, Felt a  
 2. They had heard the whisp'ring winds Tell of flow'rs and birds, And they  
 3. And one ti - ny, lit - tle seed, Said he'd like to grow; But he  
 4. Then a sud - den lit - tle "pop," Sounded loud and clear, And a  
 5. When the autumn came a - gain With its red and gold, When the

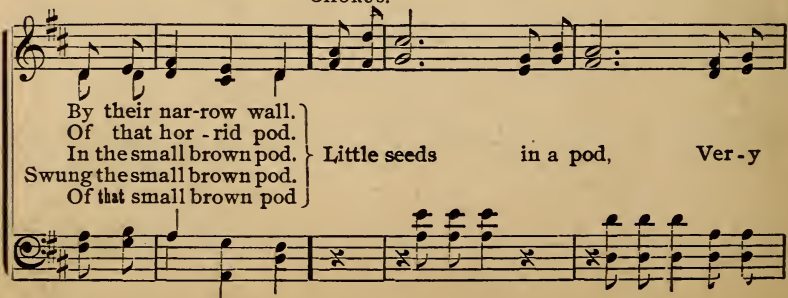


strong de - sire to know Of the world abroad; They were crowd - ed ve - ry  
 felt a discontent, Quite too deep for words; They declar'd that they were  
 real - ly could'nt now, He was shut in so. And each dis - con - ten - ted  
 ray of light shone in— And the seeds felt queer, When the five all tum - bled  
 corn was al - most ripe, And the flow'rs were old, You'd have seen, if you had



close, And they could'nt see at all, They could on - ly feel a - long  
 tired Of a place so strange and odd, And they wish'd they could get out  
 seed, Gave a vi - cious lit - tle nod, And they rat - tled ve - ry loud  
 out On a bed of soft green sod. While a - bove them all curl'd up,  
 walk'd By that self - same bed of sod, Full a doz - en pods in - stead

## CHORUS.



By their nar - row wall.  
 Of that hor - rid pod.  
 In the small brown pod.  
 Swung the small brown pod.  
 Of that small brown pod

Little seeds in a pod, Ver - y

# The Discontented Seeds.

dig - ni - fied, and quaint, and odd. But a lesson should be found, And be  
scatter'd all abroad, From the discon - tent - ed seeds In a small brown pod.

No. 125.

## LITTLE ONES.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die.  
2. Moth - ers then the Sav - ior sought In the plac - es where He taught,  
3. Did the Sav - ior say them nay? No! He kind - ly bade them stay;

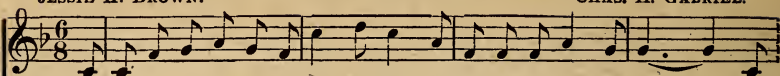
**FINE.**  
In His mer - cy pass'd not by Lit - tle ones like me,  
And to Him their children brought, Lit - tle ones like me.  
Suf - fer'd none to turn a - way Lit - tle ones like me.

**REFRAIN.** **D.S.**  
Lit - tle ones, lit - tle ones, lit - tle ones like me.

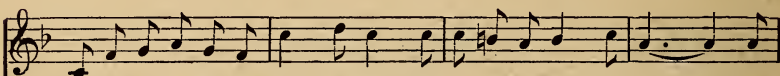
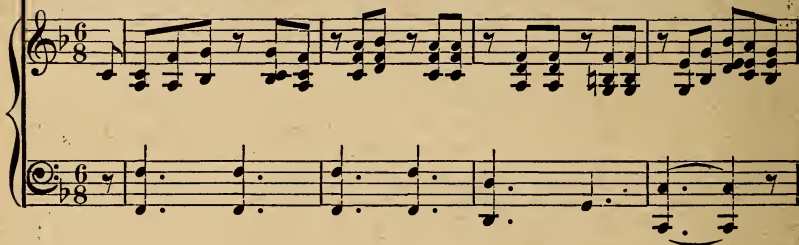
# No. 126. GOD'S MANSIONS ARE OPEN.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

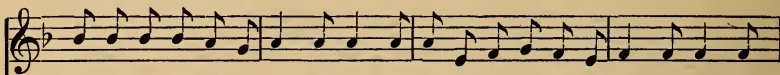
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



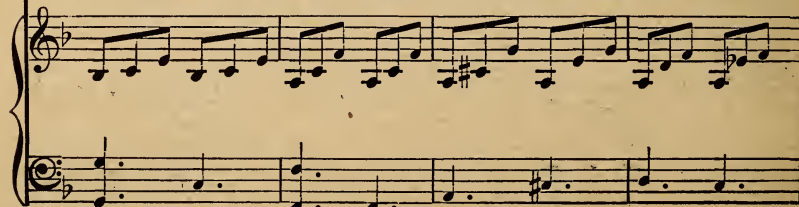
1. 'Tis chill on the mountain of sin to-night, The winds make a dreary moan; The
2. There's death on the mountain of sin to-night, Thou surely must perish there; Thon
3. There's many a sin stricken soul to-night, Far out on the mountain path; With



gathering storm clouds shut out the light, Thou'rt weary and all a - lone; The  
surely must sink, with no guiding light, In numbness and chill de-spair; The  
nothing but dreariness and death in sight, And spent with the storms fierce wrath; O



darkness grows deeper and deep-er still, It covers the outline of vale and hill; But  
lightnings of conscience but show thy soul, 'Tis lost in the wild where the storm-winds roll; Then  
wanderer saved in the Father's home, Forget not the lost ones who blindly roam; Go





## God's Mansions are Open.

list! 'tis a voice! "Come and follow me; God's mansions are o-pen to thee."  
 list to the voice! "Come and follow me; God's mansions are o-pen to thee."  
 ech-o the call! "Come and follow me; God's mansions are o-pen to thee."

### CHORUS.

God's mansions are o-pen to thee to-night, God's mansions are open to thee; (to thee;) There's  
 death on the mountain of sin to-night, But God's mansions are open to thee.

*Rit.*

## No. 127. THE LORD'S PRAYER. No. 2.

1. Our Father, which art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name.||  
 Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this | day our daily | bread.||  
 And forgive us our debts, as | we for - | give our | debtors.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - | liver | us from evil:||  
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,  
 for - | ever, and | ever, A - | men.

T. C. N.

Rev. T. C. NEAL.

1. We are here to gath-er jew-els, Treas-ures from the Mas-ter's  
 2. We are here to learn of Je - sus, Les-sons that will help the  
 3. Lov-ing Fa-ther, help us, lead us, In the bless-ed straight and

gos - pel mine; Treas-ures that are sure e - ter - nal,  
 youth - ful soul; Les - sons that will make us hap - py,  
 nar - row way; Till we gain the prize so pre - cious,

## CHORUS.

Giv - en by the King di - vine.  
 While e - ter - nal a - ges roll. } Treas-ures, priceless, heav'nly  
 In the realms of end - less day. }

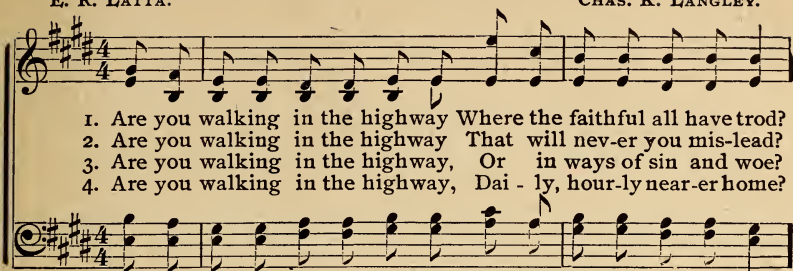
treas - ures From the bless-ed gos - pel mine we're seek - ing;

Treasures that are sure e - ter - nal, Giv - en by the King di-vine.

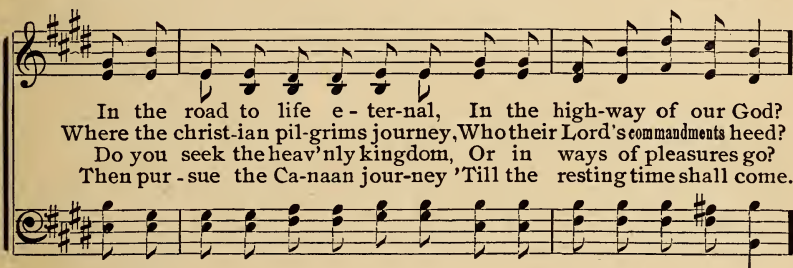
# No. 129. WALKING IN THE HIGHWAY.

E. R. LATTA.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

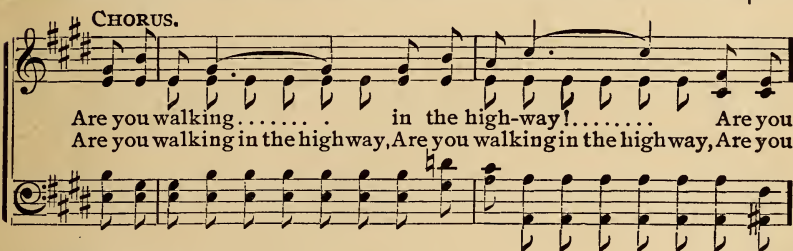


1. Are you walking in the highway Where the faithful all have trod?  
 2. Are you walking in the highway That will nev-er you mis-lead?  
 3. Are you walking in the highway, Or in ways of sin and woe?  
 4. Are you walking in the highway, Dai - ly, hour-ly near-er home?

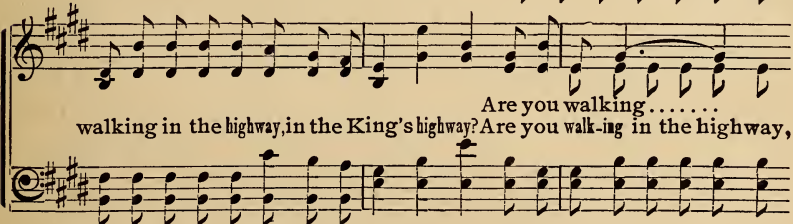


In the road to life e - ter-nal, In the high-way of our God?  
 Where the christ-ian pil-grims journey, Who their Lord's commandments heed?  
 Do you seek the heav'nly kingdom, Or in ways of pleasures go?  
 Then pur - sue the Ca-naan jour-ney 'Till the resting time shall come.

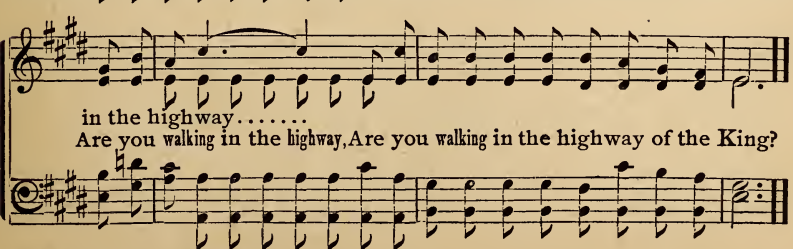
CHORUS.



Are you walking ..... in the high-way! ..... Are you  
 Are you walking in the highway, Are you walking in the highway, Are you



Are you walking .....  
 walking in the highway, in the King's highway? Are you walk-ing in the highway,



in the highway .....  
 Are you walking in the highway, Are you walking in the highway of the King?

M<sup>RS.</sup> IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Why i - dle rest the hands to-day, That should the sharpened sickle wield?  
 2. Waste not the hours in vain re-gret; Go forth with willing heart and true;  
 3. Stay not to choose your place or task, Take that which nearest lies to you;  
 4. And when the "harvest home" shall ring Thro' all the heav'n's its glad refrain,

The Mas-ter calls! a - rise, a-way To la - bor in the rip-en-ed field.  
 Sheaves wait the reapers' sick - le yet, And much may still be done by you.  
 The blessing waits for those who ask,—"What will Thou have me, Lord, to do?"  
 They at the feet of Christ, their King, Shall lay their sheaves of golden grain.

## CHORUS

The Mas - ter calls, the har - vest tru - ly is great, But the

la - bor - ers, a - las, are few. Go forth, go forth to the

field to - day, There is work for all to do



## No. 131.

## JOYFULLY SING.

FANNY CROSBY.  
*Allegro.*

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Joy-ful-ly now our hearts are glow-ing, All our love on  
 2. Free-ly we come to ask Thy bless-ing, Here Thy gra-cious  
 3. Hap-py to-day are all a-round us, Sweetest love and

Thee be-stow-ing, Hap-pi-ly blend our youth-ful voic-es,  
 name con-fess-ing, Cheer-ful-ly blend our hearts and voic-es,  
 joy sur-round us; Joy-ful-ly blend our hearts and voic-es,

## CHORUS.

Swell-ing The praise, our Sav-ior King. Joy-ful-ly sing,  
 Swell-ing Thy praise, our Sav-ior King.  
 Swell-ing Thy praise, our Sav-ior King.

joy-ful-ly sing, Sweet is the air its fra-grance bring-ing;

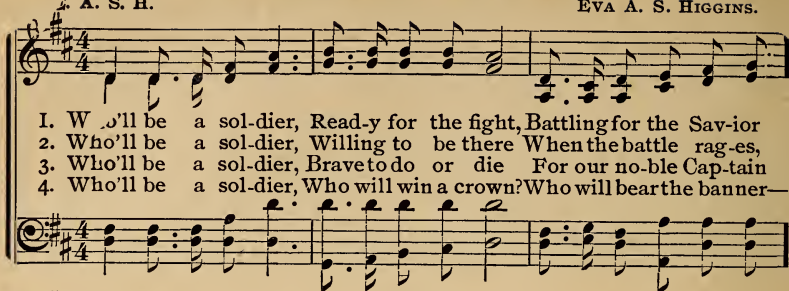
Joy-ful-ly sing, joy-ful-ly sing, Sweet is the song of praise we bring.

## No. 132.

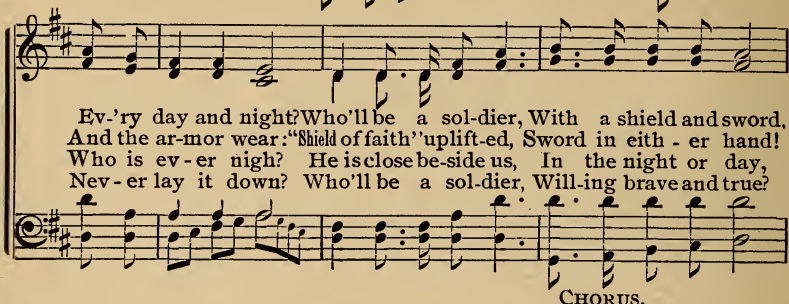
## WHO'LL BE A SOLDIER?

A. S. H.

EVA A. S. HIGGINS.

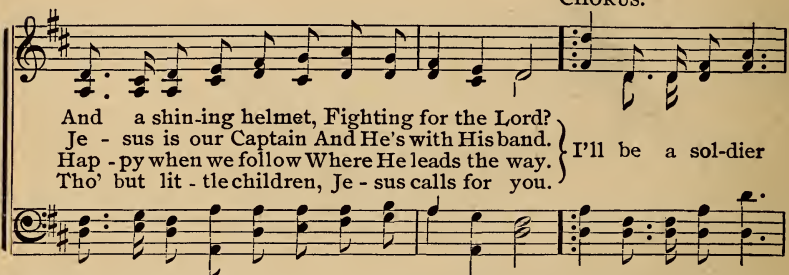


1. W ho'll be a sol-dier, Read-y for the fight, Battling for the Sav-ior  
 2. Who'll be a sol-dier, Willing to be there When the battle rag-es,  
 3. Who'll be a sol-dier, Bravetodo or die For our no-ble Cap-tain  
 4. Who'll be a sol-dier, Who will win a crown? Who will bear the banner—

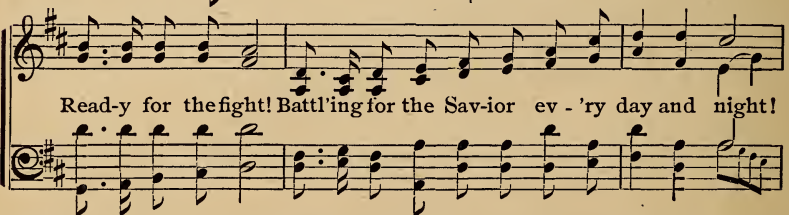


Ev-'ry day and night? Who'll be a sol-dier, With a shield and sword,  
 And the ar-mor wear: "Shield of faith" uplift-ed, Sword in eith-er hand!  
 Who is ev-er nigh? He is close be-side us, In the night or day,  
 Nev-er lay it down? Who'll be a sol-dier, Will-ing brave and true?

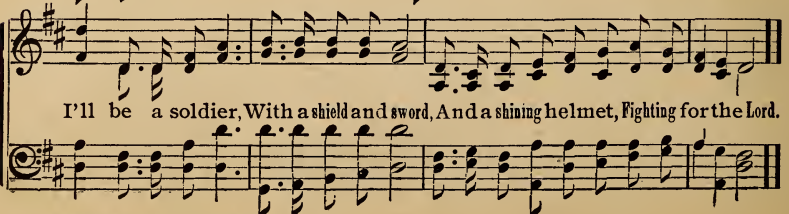
## CHORUS.



And a shin-ing helmet, Fighting for the Lord?  
 Je - sus is our Captain And He's with His band. } I'll be a sol-dier  
 Hap - py when we follow Where He leads the way.  
 Tho' but lit - tle children, Je - sus calls for you.



Read-y for the fight! Batt'ling for the Sav-ior ev - 'ry day and night!

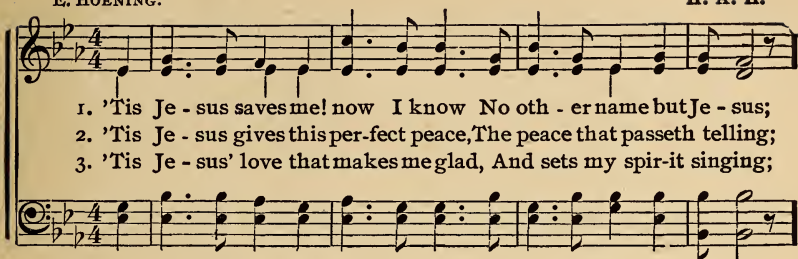


I'll be a soldier, With a shield and sword, And a shining helmet, Fighting for the Lord.

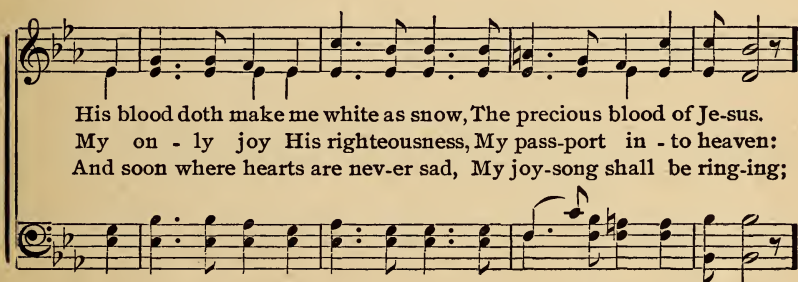
# No. 133. 'TIS JESUS SAVES ME.

E. HOENING.

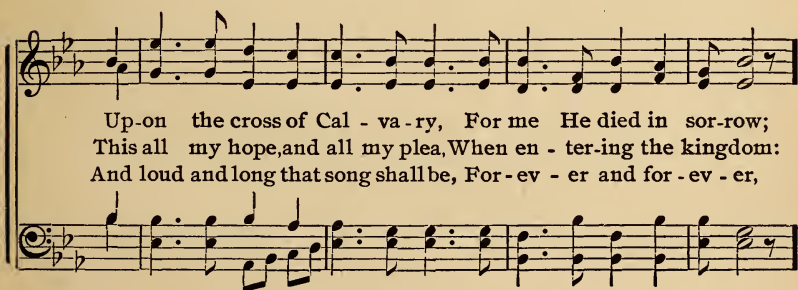
H. A. H.



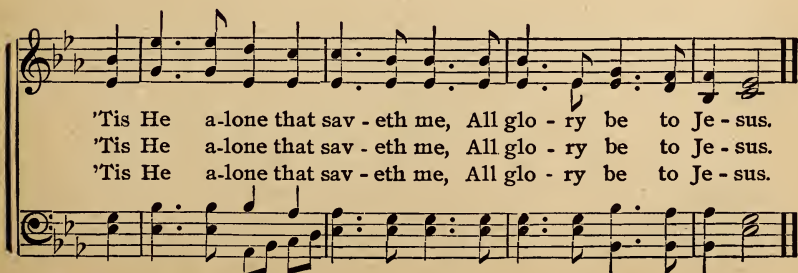
1. 'Tis Je - sus saves me! now I know No oth - er name but Je - sus;  
 2. 'Tis Je - sus gives this per-fect peace, The peace that passeth telling;  
 3. 'Tis Je - sus' love that makes me glad, And sets my spir-it singing;



His blood doth make me white as snow, The precious blood of Je-sus.  
 My on - ly joy His righteousness, My pass-port in - to heaven:  
 And soon where hearts are nev-er sad, My joy-song shall be ring-ing;



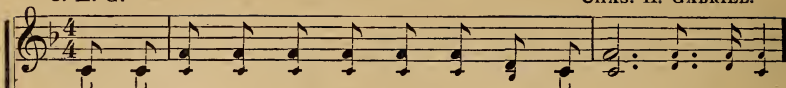
Up-on the cross of Cal - va - ry, For me He died in sor-row;  
 This all my hope, and all my plea, When en - ter-ing the kingdom:  
 And loud and long that song shall be, For-ev - er and for - ev - er,



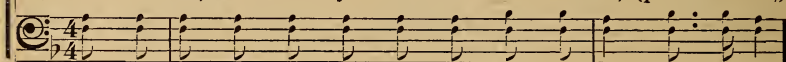
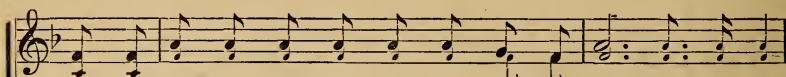
'Tis He a-lone that sav - eth me, All glo - ry be to Je - sus.  
 'Tis He a-lone that sav - eth me, All glo - ry be to Je - sus.  
 'Tis He a-lone that sav - eth me, All glo - ry be to Je - sus.

C. H. G.

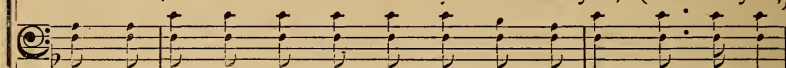
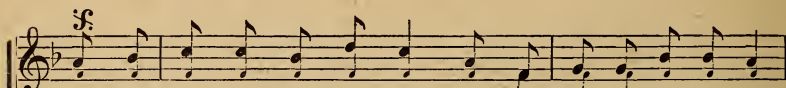
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



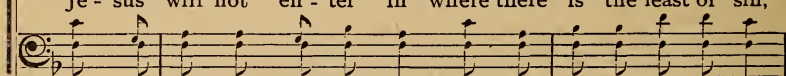
1. Lit - tle feet, be ver - y care - ful where you go, (where you go.)  
 2. Lit - tle hands, be ver - y care - ful what you do, (what you do.)  
 3. Lit - tle eyes, be ver - y care - ful—look a-head, (straight ahead,)  
 4. Lit - tle ears, be ver - y care - ful what you hear, (what you hear,)  
 5. Lit - tle hear, tsbe ver - y care - ful to be true, (pure and true,)

As in life you dai - ly trav - el to and fro, (to and fro;)  
 Wrong or tho't - less ac - tions you will sure - ly rue, (you will rue;)  
 There are dan - gers in the path our feet must tread, (dai - ly tread;)  
 When the temp - ter whis - pers to you, dan - ger's near, (ver - ry near;)  
 Love the Lord and he will sure - ly care for you, (care for you;)

Nev - er for a mo - ment stray from the straight and narrow way,  
 In - to mis - chief nev - er go, for 'tis ver - y wrong you know,  
 Then a faith - ful pi - lot be—turn from ev - 'ry wrong you see,  
 Tho' he prom - ise ev - 'ry - thing,—ev - ry prom - ise is a sting,  
 Je - sus will not en - ter in where there is the least of sin,



FINE.



Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle feet.  
 Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle hands.  
 Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle eyes.  
 Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle ears.  
 Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle hearts.





# Be Careful.

## CHORUS.

Be care - ful, lit - tle feet, Je - sus watches from a - bove, He  
 Be care - ful, lit - tle hands, Je - sus watches from a - bove, He  
 Be care - ful, lit - tle eyes, Je - sus watches from a - bove, He  
 Be care - ful, lit - tle ears, Je - sus watches from a - bove, He  
 Be care - ful, lit - tle hearts, Je - sus watches from a - bove, He

watch - es o - ver you in tend'rest love, (in ten - der love.)

## No. 135. THE LIFE, THE TRUTH, THE WAY.

IDA M. BUDD.

DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. { Do we want to go to heav'n I, and of end-less day?  
 Here's the light that He has given. Je - sus is the.....Way.  
 2. { Would we grace and wis - dom find In our ear - ly youth?  
 Let the Sav - ior guide our minds. Je - sus is the.....Truth.  
 3. { Would we live e - ter - nal - ly, Far from sin and strife?  
 Christ from death can set us free—Je - sus is the.....Life.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Way, The Truth and the Life,  
 He will bring us safe - - ly (Omit.....) Home to God.

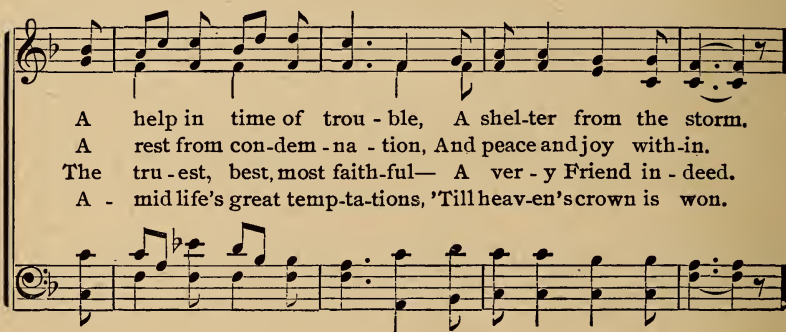
# No. 136. WHAT YOU WILL FIND IN JESUS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

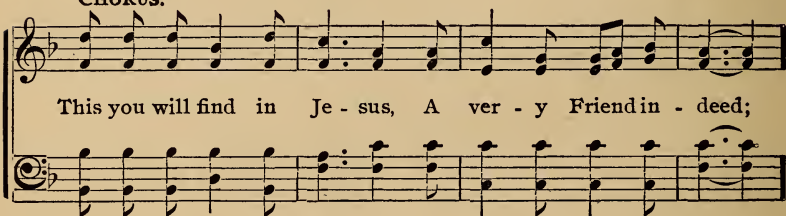


1. What will you find in Je - sus? A Ref - uge from a - larm;  
 2. What will you find in Je - sus? A Sav - ior from all sin!  
 3. What will you find in Je - sus? A Friend in time of need!  
 4. What will you find in Je - sus? The grace to help you on

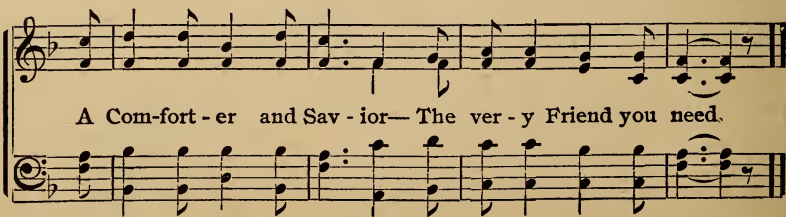


A help in time of trou - ble, A shel - ter from the storm,  
 A rest from con - dem - na - tion, And peace and joy with - in.  
 The tru - est, best, most faith - ful— A ver - y Friend in - deed.  
 A - mid life's great temp - ta - tions, 'Till heav - en's crown is won.

## CHORUS.



This you will find in Je - sus, A ver - y Friend in - deed;



A Com - fort - er and Sav - ior— The ver - y Friend you need.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

H. A. HENRY.

1. Near - er to Thee, my Sav - ior, My long - ing heart would be;  
 2. O may Thy lov - ing kind - ness Sub - due my self - ish will,  
 3. Near - er to Thee, — still near - er, Dear Sav - ior, I would be;

Grant me Thy lov - ing fa - vor, Oh, draw me near - er Thee.  
 Re - move my car - nal blind - ness, And with Thy spir - it fill;  
 Thy love is sweet - er, dear - er, Than earth - ly joy to me;

I know that full and bound - less Thy love is un - to me, While  
 O melt my stub - born na - ture, I ask it o'er and o'er; With  
 Grant me to feel thy pres - ence, Thy smil - ing face to see, And,

Fine.  
 mine is oft - en faint and cold, — Give me more love to Thee!  
 all Thy bless - ed full - ness fill, And help me love Thee more.  
 gra - cious Lord, bap - tize my heart With more of love to Thee!

D. S. — This my pray'r shall ev - er be, More love, more love to Thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.

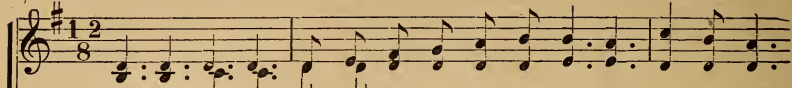
More love to Thee, to Thee, More love to Thee, to Thee,

## No. 138.

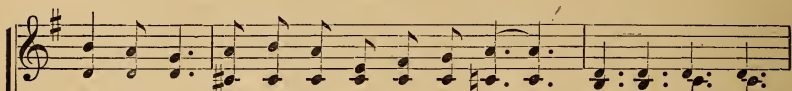
## SONG OF TRIUMPH.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

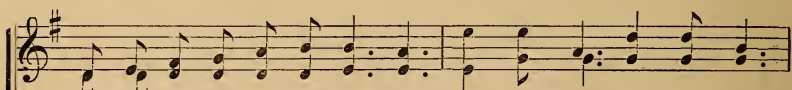
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We are marching un - der the ban - ner vic - to - rious, Leaving all  
2. God is with us, strong to sup - port and de - liv - er; In His might,



at the call of the com - mand - er we love; Tramp! tramp! Sa - tan's  
day and night, stead - i - ly on - ward we move; Where He leads, thro'

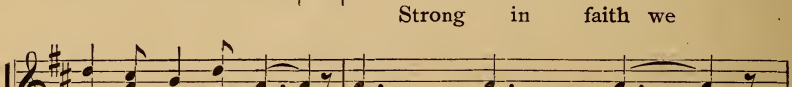


bat - tle - ments trem - ble be - fore us, "Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!"  
val - ley, o'er moun - tain or riv - er, We will go, for we know

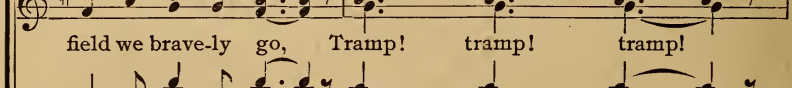


FINE. CHORUS.


ech - o the courts a - bove! } Strong to meet the foe, On to the  
in - fin - ite is His love. }



Strong in faith we



field we brave - ly go, Tramp! tramp! tramp!



brave - ly go, With righteousness girded, with sword and shield, We



## Song of Triumph.

March! march! march! Loy-al to command, Shoulder to  
battle with sin on the o-pen field; We shoul - der close to  
shoulder we will stand, "Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry!"  
shoul - der stand, And "Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry!" is our cry, and  
*D. C. 1st stanza.*  
is our cry! Glory to Jesus, We'll triumph by and by.  
vic-to-ry is our cry!

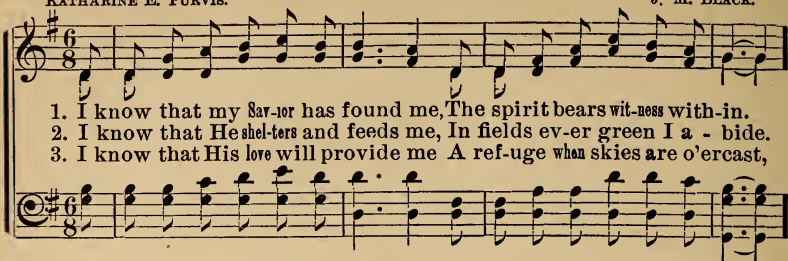
## No. 139. THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior calling, I can hear my Sav-ior calling,  
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,  
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,  
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,  
*D.C. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*  
*Ad lib. D. C.*  
I can hear my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, fol-low me."  
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment. I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.  
*Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.*

# No. 140. HE SAVES ME, I KNOW.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

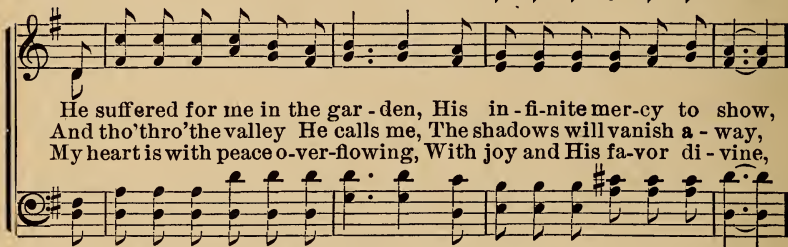
J. M. BLACK.



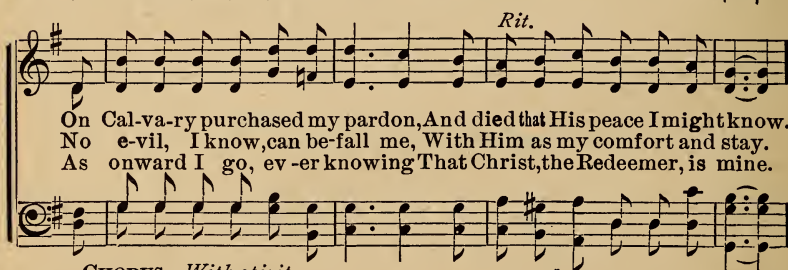
1. I know that my Sav-ior has found me, The spirit bears wit-ness with-in.  
 2. I know that He shel-ters and feeds me, In fields ev-er green I a - bide.  
 3. I know that His love will provide me A ref-uge when skies are o'er-cast,



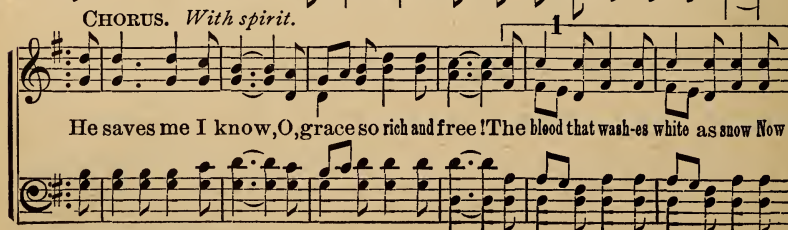
The light of His love shines around me. Dispelling the darkness of sin.  
 The Shepherd om-nip-o-tent leads me, Sal-va-tion's clear waters be-side;  
 And safe in the rock He will hide me 'Till tempest and billows are past.



He suffered for me in the gar-den, His in-fi-nite mer-cy to show,  
 And tho'thro'the valley He calls me, The shadows will vanish a - way,  
 My heart is with peace o-ver-flowing, With joy and His fa-vor di-vine,



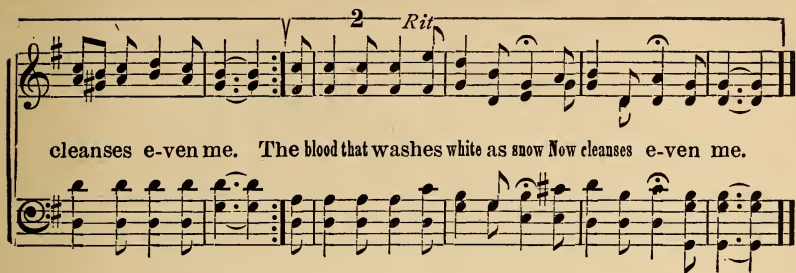
*Rit.*  
 On Cal-va-ry purchased my pardon, And died that His peace I might know.  
 No e-vil, I know, can be-fall me, With Him as my comfort and stay.  
 As onward I go, ev-er knowing That Christ, the Redeemer, is mine.



CHORUS. *With spirit.*  
 1  
 He saves me I know, O, grace so rich and free! The blood that wash-es white as snow Now

He saves me now I know,

# He Saves Me, I Know.

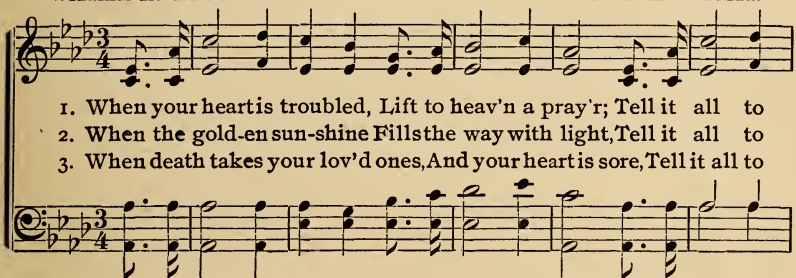


cleanses e-ven me. The blood that washes white as snow Now cleanses e-ven me.

## No. 141. TELL IT ALL TO JESUS.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

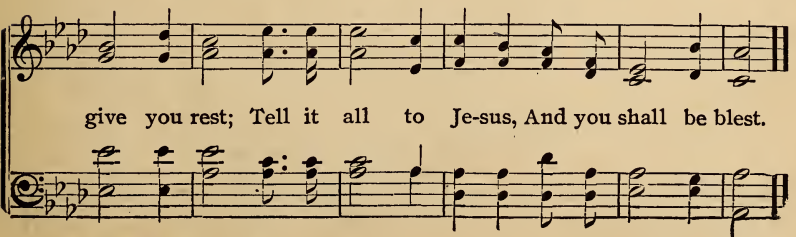


1. When your heart is troubled, Lift to heav'n a pray'r; Tell it all to  
2. When the gold-en sun-shine Fill the way with light, Tell it all to  
3. When death takes your lov'd ones, And your heart is sore, Tell it all to

REFRAIN.



Je - sus, He is list'-ning there.  
Je - sus, All your joys re - cite. } Tell it all to Je - sus, He will  
Jesus, He'll give peace once more.

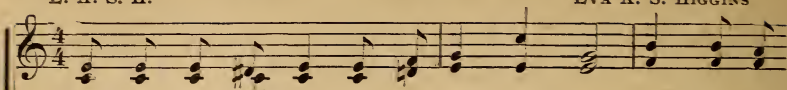


give you rest; Tell it all to Je-sus, And you shall be blest.

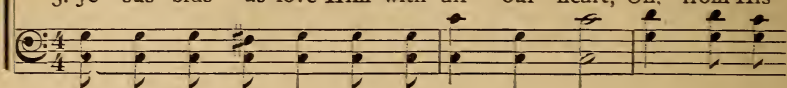
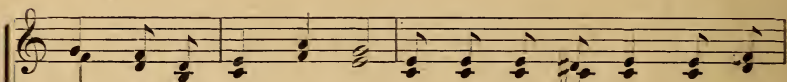
# No. 142. SHINE, SHINE, SHINE!

E. A. S. H.


EVA A. S. HIGGINS



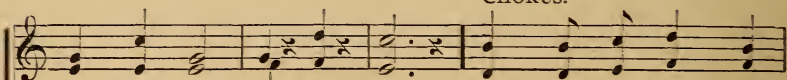
1. Je - sus bids us shine with a bright, bright light! Pure lit - tle  
 2. Je - sus bids us fol - low, where He may lead; All that He  
 3. Je - sus bids us love Him with all our heart; Oh, from His

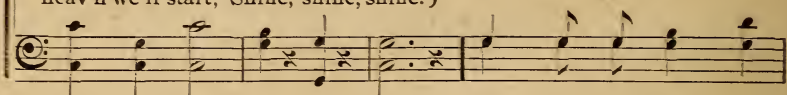
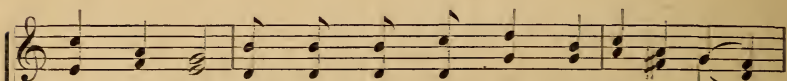
gems in the Sav - ior's sight; Shin - ing for the Mas - ter with  
 tells us we'll try to heed; Scat - ter - ing a - bout us the  
 love may we nev - er part; But, while lit - tle child - ren, for



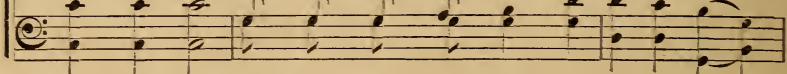
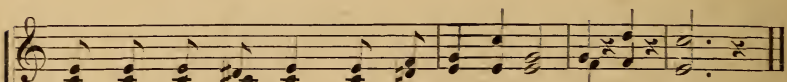
## CHORUS.



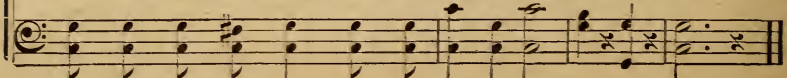
all our might, Shine, shine, shine. }  
 gos - pel seed, Shine, shine, shine. } Bright lit - tle jew - els  
 heav'n we'll start; Shine, shine, shine. }

we will be; Shin - ing with a light that all can see;

Hear the Mas - ter's voice say - ing: "Shine for me!" Shine, shine, shine.



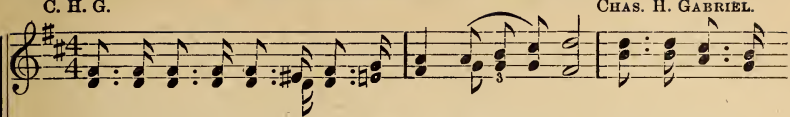


## No. 143.

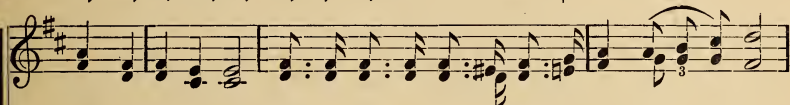
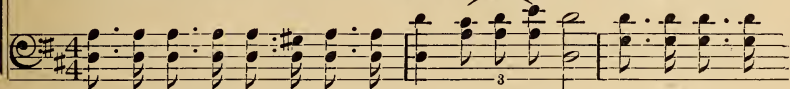
## ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

C. H. G.

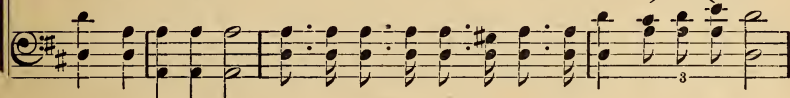
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



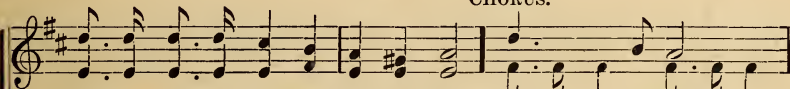
1. An-y where with Je-sus I will go, cheer-ful-ly go, Trust-ing Him to
2. An-y where with Je-sus I will go, joy - ful-ly go, In the sun-light
3. An-y where with Je-sus I will go, glad-ly will go, Sing-ing hal - le-



lead me all the way; While, by faith, I grasp His lov-ing hand this do I know,  
of His smiling face; In His presence, peace and joy, like waves over me flow  
lu - jah o'er and o'er; For the way He takes me lead-eth out in - to the glow



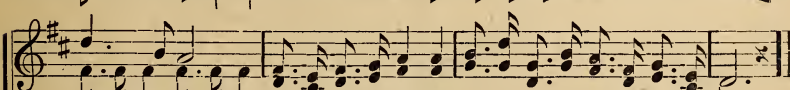
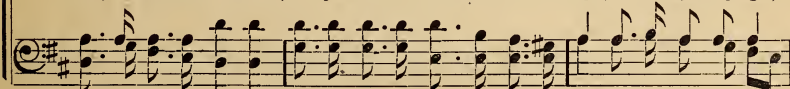
## CHORUS.



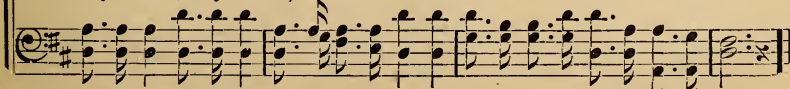
I can nev - er, nev - er go a - stray. An - - y where,  
From the boundless o - cean of His grace.  
Of e - ter - nal joys for - ev - er - more. An - y where, an - y where,



An-y where with Jesus, An-y where He leads me I will go; I will gladly go;

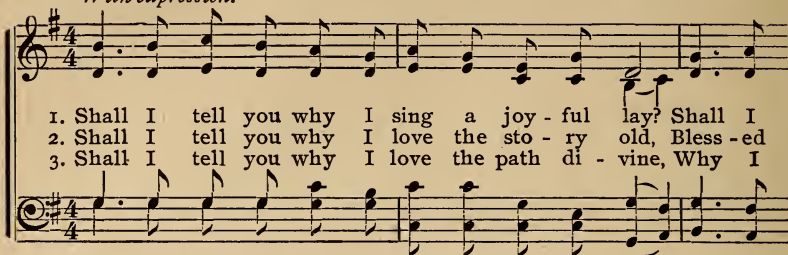


An - y where, An-y where with Jesus, Any where with Jesus I will go.  
An-y where, an-y where,

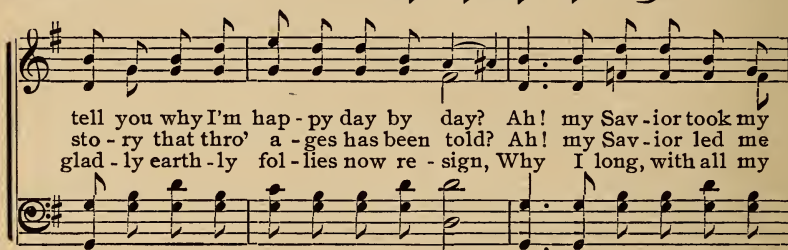


HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

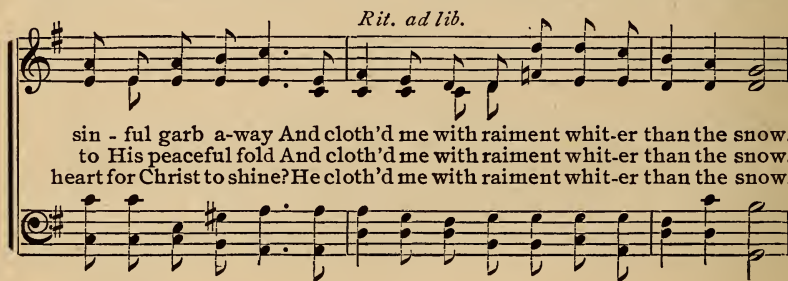
*With expression.*


1. Shall I tell you why I sing a joy - ful lay? Shall I  
 2. Shall I tell you why I love the sto - ry old, Bless - ed  
 3. Shall I tell you why I love the path di - vine, Why I



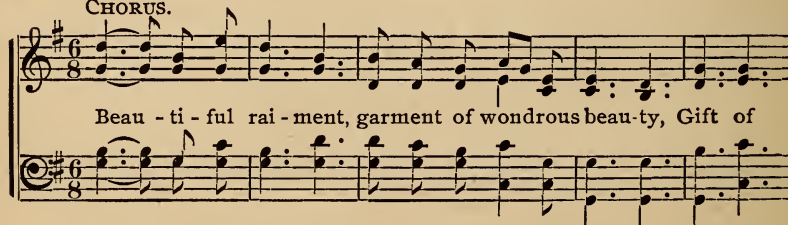
tell you why I'm hap - py day by day? Ah! my Sav - ior took my  
 sto - ry that thro' a - ges has been told? Ah! my Sav - ior led me  
 glad - ly earth - ly fol - lies now re - sign, Why I long, with all my

*Rit. ad lib.*

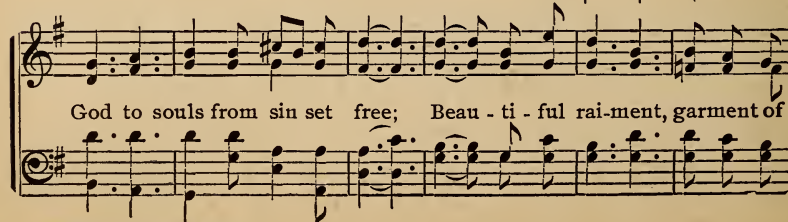


sin - ful garb a-way And cloth'd me with raiment whit - er than the snow.  
 to His peaceful fold And cloth'd me with raiment whit - er than the snow.  
 heart for Christ to shine? He cloth'd me with raiment whit - er than the snow.

## CHORUS.

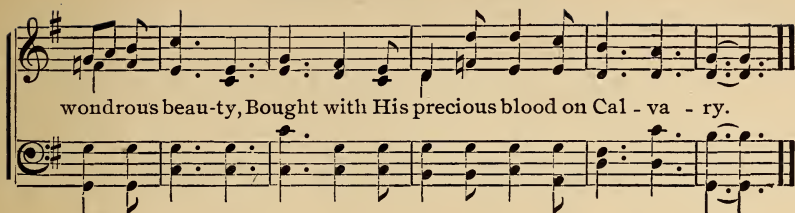


Beau - ti - ful rai - ment, garment of wondrous beau - ty, Gift of



God to souls from sin set free; Beau - ti - ful rai - ment, garment of

# Beautiful Raiment.

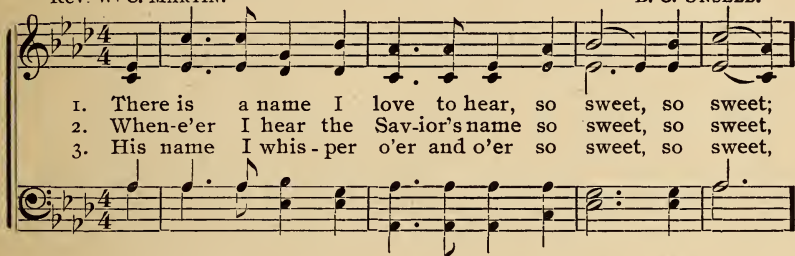


wondrous beau-ty, Bought with His precious blood on Cal - va - ry.

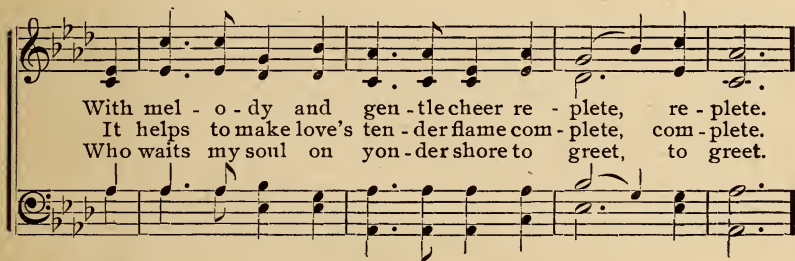
## No. 145. SWEET NAME OF JESUS.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

B. C. UNSELD.

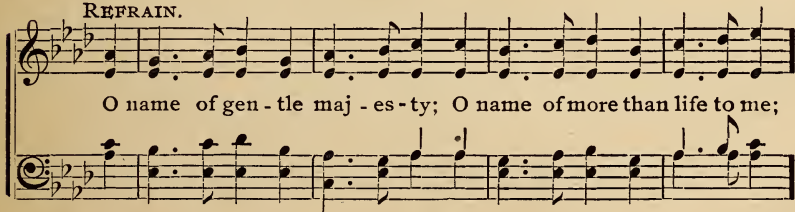


1. There is a name I love to hear, so sweet, so sweet;  
2. When-e'er I hear the Sav-ior's name so sweet, so sweet,  
3. His name I whis-per o'er and o'er so sweet, so sweet,

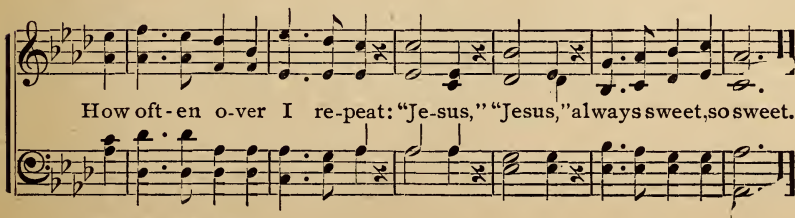


With mel - o - dy and gen - tle cheer re - plete, re - plete.  
It helps to make love's ten - der flame com - plete, com - plete.  
Who waits my soul on yon - der shore to greet, to greet.

REFRAIN.



O name of gen - tle maj - es - ty; O name of more than life to me;



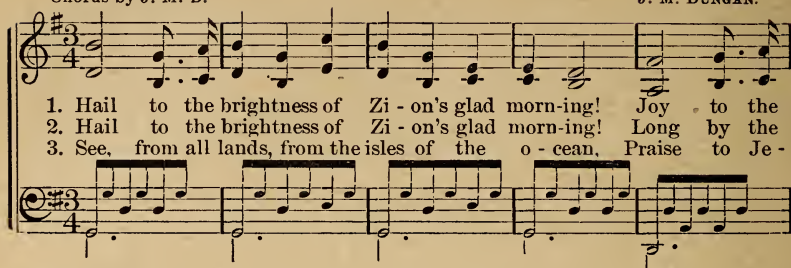
How oft - en o - ver I re - peat: "Je - sus," "Jesus," always sweet, so sweet.

## No. 146.

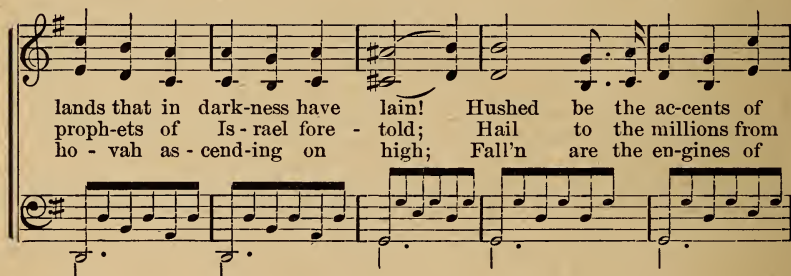
## ZION TRIUMPHANT.

THOS. HASTINGS.  
Chorus by J. M. D.

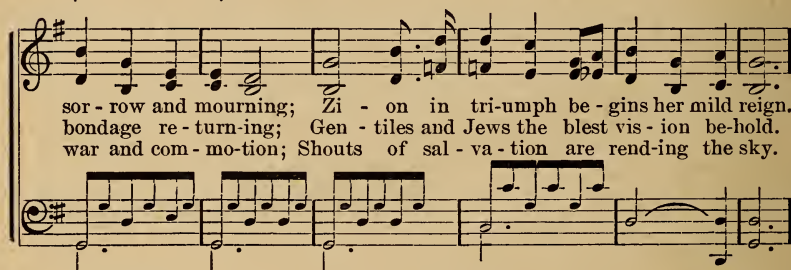
J. M. DUNGAN.



1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the  
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing! Long by the  
3. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o-cean, Praise to Je-

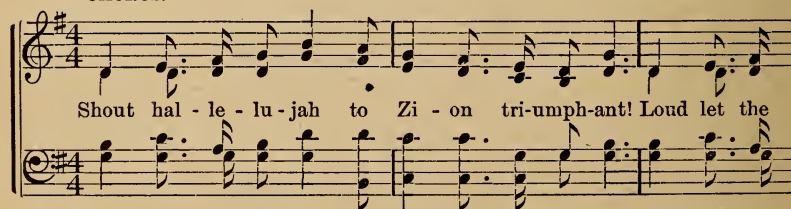


lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of  
proph-ets of Is-rael fore - told; Hail to the millions from  
ho - vah as - cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of

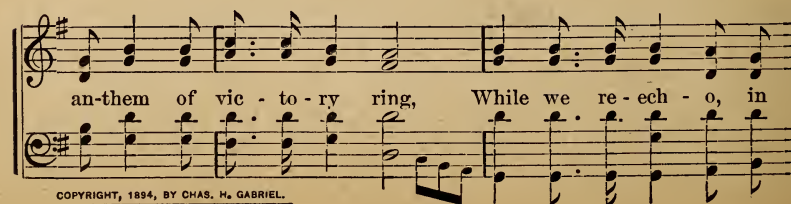


sor-row and mourning; Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign,  
bondage re-turn-ing; Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vis-ion be-hold.  
war and com-mo-tion; Shouts of sal-va-tion are rend-ing the sky.

## CHORUS.



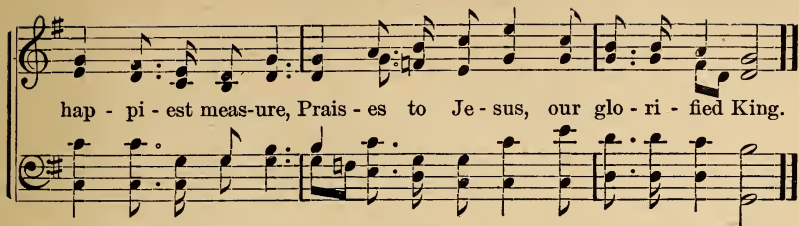
Shout hal-le-lu-jah to Zi-on tri-umph-ant! Loud let the



an-them of vic-to-ry ring, While we re-ech-o, in



# Zion Triumphant.

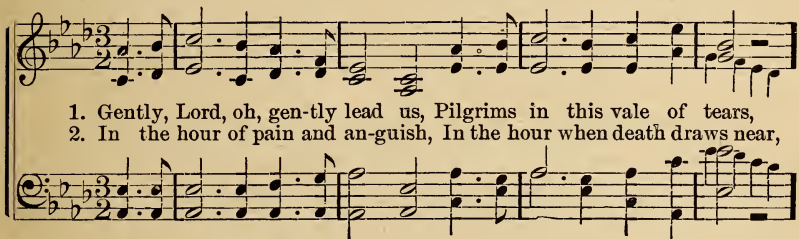


hap - pi - est meas - ure, Prais - es to Je - sus, our glo - ri - fied King.

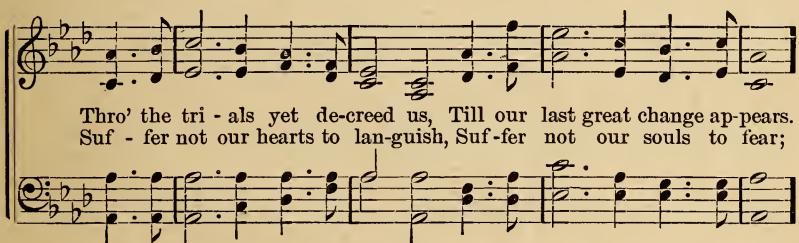
**No. 147.**

## GENTLY LEAD US.

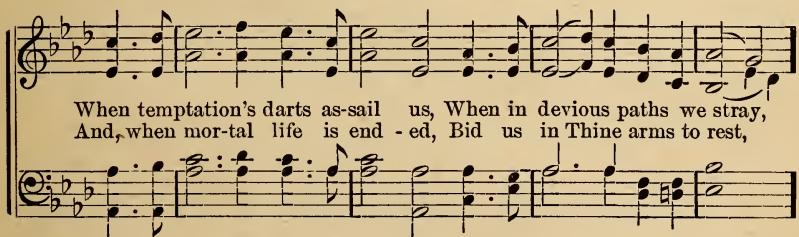
THOMAS HASTINGS.



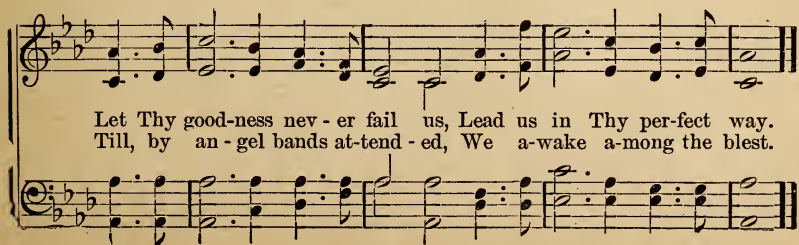
1. Gently, Lord, oh, gen - tly lead us, Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near,



Thro' the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.  
Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear;



When temptation's darts as - sail us, When in devious paths we stray,  
And, when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,



Let Thy good - ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per - fect way.  
Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.

# No. 148. REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

ADAM CRAIG.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Re-mem-ber, my boy, thy Cre - a - tor... Just now in the days of thy
2. Be kind-ly af-fec-tioned to oth - ers;... In hon-or-give way to a
3. God help you in all your en-deav-ors;... Be faith-ful, and honest, and

youth... He's promised to help and defend you- There's nothing so sure as God's friend;... Be humble and lowly, like Je-sus- His love will bring joy without true;... There's no one will love you like Jesus, - He gave up His life-blood for

truth... Beware of the phantom of pleas-ure! There's ru-in and death in its end;... Don't set your affections on riches; They often bring sorrow and you;... Then give Him your heart in life's morn-ing. God's friendship is better than

train; Seek first for the kingdom of heaven, Then all that's worth having you'll gain.  
pain; Seek first for the kingdom of heaven, Then all that's worth having you'll gain.  
fame; Seek first for the kingdom of heaven, Then all that's worth having you'll gain.

CHORUS.

# Remember Thy Creator.

Re-mem-ber, my boy, thy Cre-a-tor; The word of the Lord is made plain;

Seek first for the kingdom of heav-en, Then all that's worth having you'll gain.

## No. 149. MORNING, NOON AND EVENING.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

C. D. EMERSON.

1. Morn-ing, noon, and evening, Ev - er will I.. pray;  
 2. Morn-ing, noon and evening, This my pray'r shall be;  
 3. Morn-ing, noon and evening, This shall be my pray'r:—

**FINE.**

Guide me, great Je - ho - vah, In the heav - 'nly way;  
 Keep me, bless-ed Je - sus, Keep me close to Thee;  
 Help me, dear-est Sav - ior, Roll on Thee my care;

**D. S.** And from fear and doubt-ing, Give me sweet re - lease.  
 And when dawns the morning, Fill me with Thy light.  
 Now, O Lord, ac-cept me, Kneel-ing by Thy throne.

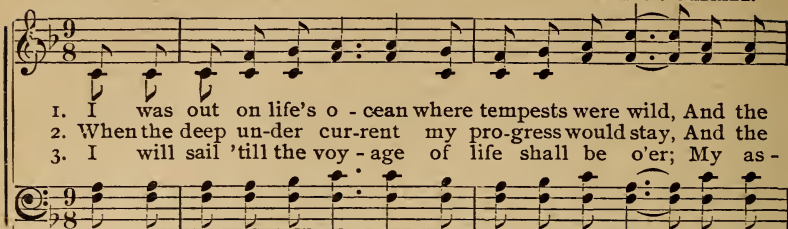
**D. S.**

Keep my feet from stray - ing From the paths of peace,  
 An - gels hov - er o'er me, Thro' the lone - ly night,  
 Hear me, gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my plead-ing tone;

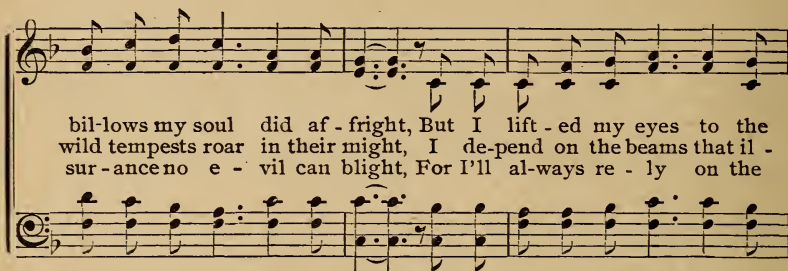
# No. 150. THE BEACON OF LIGHT.

REV. NEAL A. MCAULAY.

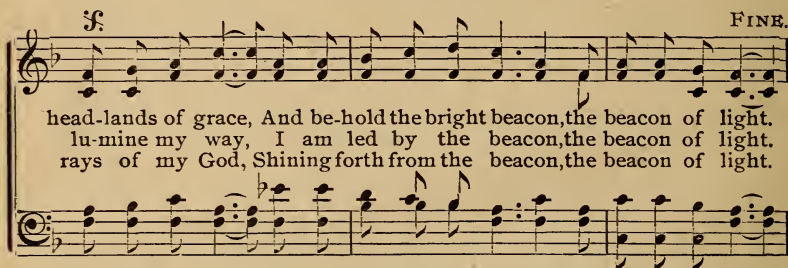
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I was out on life's o - cean where tempests were wild, And the  
 2. When the deep un - der cur - rent my pro - gress would stay, And the  
 3. I will sail 'till the voy - age of life shall be o'er; My as -



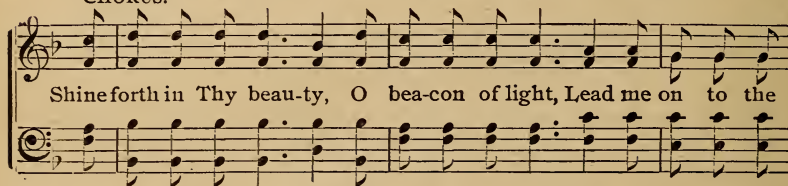
bil-lows my soul did af - fright, But I lift - ed my eyes to the  
 wild tempests roar in their might, I de - pend on the beams that il -  
 sur - ance no e - vil can blight, For I'll al - ways re - ly on the



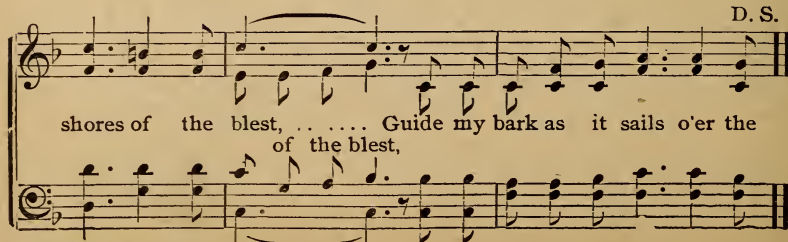
**FINE.**  
 head-lands of grace, And be-hold the bright beacon, the beacon of light.  
 lu-mine my way, I am led by the beacon, the beacon of light.  
 rays of my God, Shining forth from the beacon, the beacon of light.

*bil - low - y sea, Till I reach the safe har - bor, the har - bor of rest.*

**CHORUS.**



Shine forth in Thy beau - ty, O bea - con of light, Lead me on to the



**D. S.**  
 shores of the blest, . . . . . Guide my bark as it sails o'er the  
 of the blest,



IDA M. BUDD.

DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. We are lit - tle pil-grims, Walk-ing in the light, Bear-ing ti - ny  
 2. Keeping close to Je - sus, Trust-ing in His care, All our lit - tle  
 3. Keeping close to Je - sus, Some day by and by Weshall find a

cross - es, Wear-ing garments white. Keeping close to Je - sus,  
 cross - es, He will help us bear. He will keep our white robes  
 conn - try Far be-yond the sky. And in some bright mansion

*FINE.*

In the nar-row-way, Going home to heaven, And e-ter-nal day.  
 Spotless, pure and clean, He will make us ever Free from guilt and sin.  
 Of that land so fair, We shall dwell forever, Safe with Jesus there.

D. S.—Keeping close to Jesus, Walking in the light.

CHORUS.

We are lit - tle pilgrims, March, march, march! Keeping close to Jesus.

*Sva.*

*D. S.*

March, march, march, We are little pilgrims robed in garments white,



# Sunshine By and By.

There'll be sun - - - shine, blessed sun - - - shine When the  
 There'll be sunshine by and by, bless-ed sunshine by and by, When the

mists have roll'd a - way;..... There'll be sun - - - shine,  
 mists have roll'd, when the mists have roll'd away; There'll be sunshine by and by,

bless-ed sun - - - shine, When the mists have roll'd a - way.  
 bless-ed sunshine by and by,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. There are several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) in both staves.

No. 153.

## O FOR A HEART.

C. WESLEY.

S. WEBBE.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;—  
 2. A heart resigned, sub mis - sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;  
 3. O for a low - ly con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean;  
 4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine;

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me:—  
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak,—Where Je-sus reigns a - lone.  
 Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within:—  
 Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

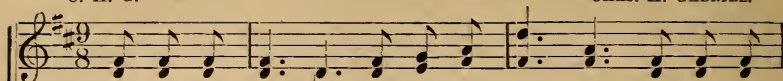
The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has three flats (Bb, Eb, and Ab), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score includes four verses of lyrics and a concluding line.

## No. 154.

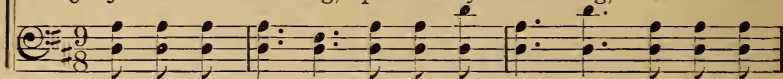
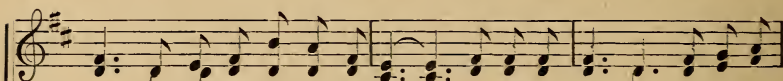
## JESUS IS CALLING.

C. H. G.


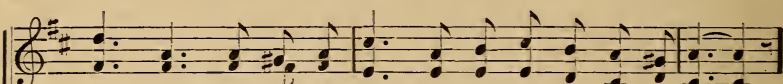
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



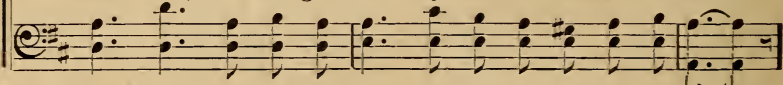
1. Je-sus is call-ing, lov-ing-ly call-ing, Mo-ments are  
 2. Je-sus is call-ing, lov-ing-ly call-ing, Gath-er the  
 3. Je-sus is call-ing, pa-tient-ly call-ing, En-ter the

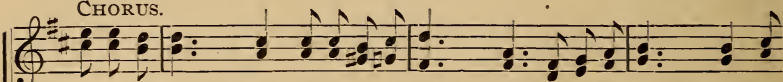
wast-ing and the harvest is wide; Ma-n-y are wait-ing, ma-n-y are  
 jew-els that in plen-ty are found; Tell the glad sto-ry, tell it with  
 field, joy-ful-ly sing-ing his love; Comfort the weak ones, res-cue the

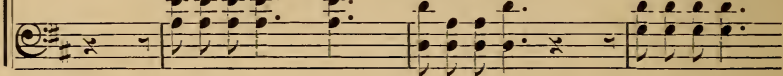
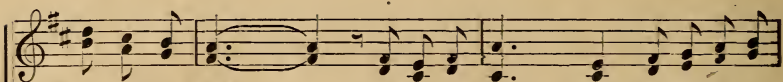
i-dle, Ma-n-y are halt-ing, and a-wait-ing the tide.  
 glad-ness, Un-til the world shall with His glo-ry re-sound.  
 wand-er-er, Tell the glad sto-ry of the mansions a-bove.



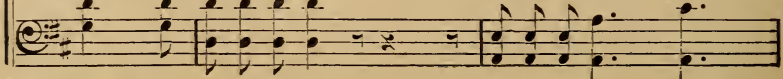
## CHORUS.



Jesus is call-ing, so lovingly call-ing, Enter the field, for there's  
 Je-sus is call-ing, hear Him to-day, Enter the field

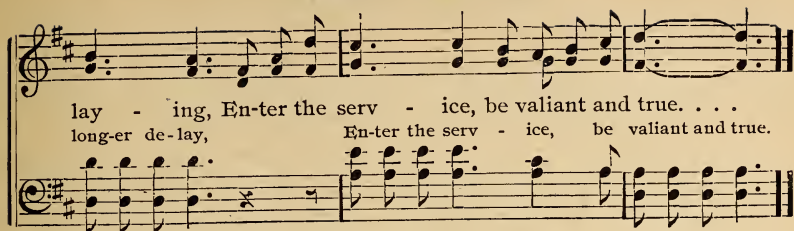



plen-ty to do, . . . . Take up the cross, and, no longer de-  
 for there's plen-ty to do, Take up the cross no





# Jesus is Calling.



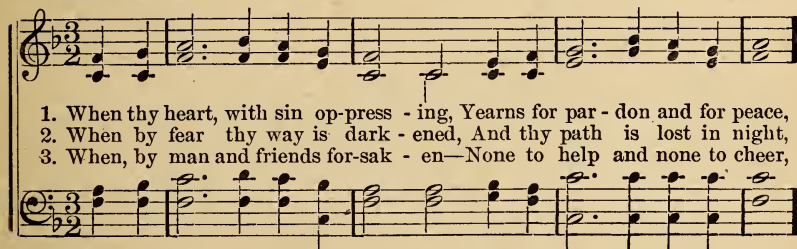
lay - ing, En-ter the serv - ice, be valiant and true. . . .  
long-er de-lay, En-ter the serv - ice, be valiant and true.

## No. 155.

## CAN YOU DOUBT HIM?

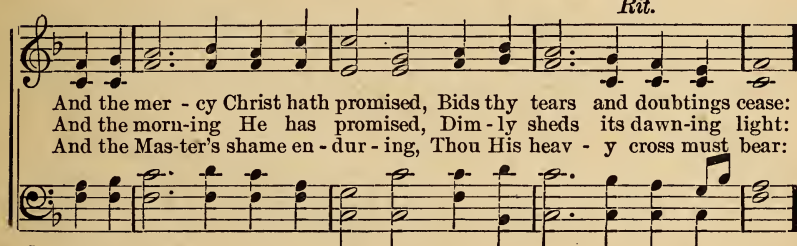
FRED WOODROW.

Dr. W. H. DOANE.



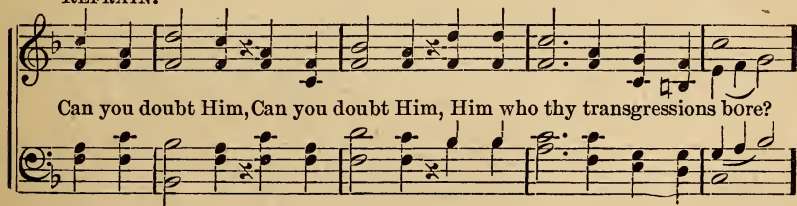
1. When thy heart, with sin op-press - ing, Yearns for par - don and for peace,  
2. When by fear thy way is dark - ened, And thy path is lost in night,  
3. When, by man and friends for-sak - en—None to help and none to cheer,

*Rit.*



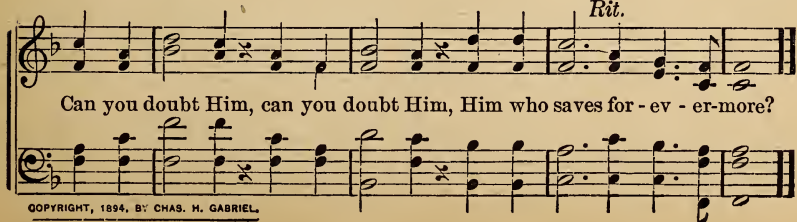
And the mer - cy Christ hath promised, Bids thy tears and doubtings cease:  
And the morn-ing He has promised, Dim-ly sheds its dawn-ing light:  
And the Mas-ter's shame en - dur - ing, Thou His heav - y cross must bear:

### REFRAIN.



Can you doubt Him, Can you doubt Him, Him who thy transgressions bore?

*Rit.*

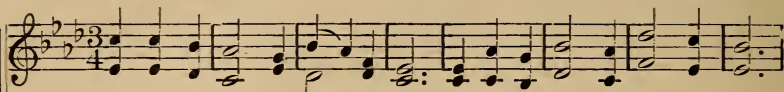


Can you doubt Him, can you doubt Him, Him who saves for - ev - er-more?

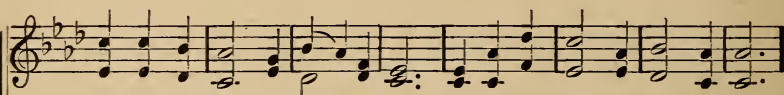
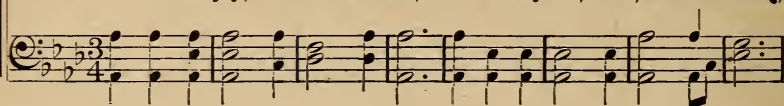
# No. 156. COME, POWER OF GOD.

Rev. Dr. E. H. STOKES.

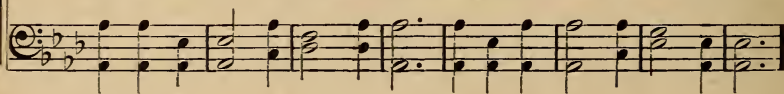
WM. G. FISCHER.



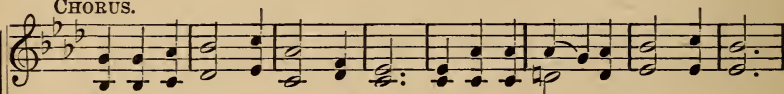
1. Come, pow'r of God, come pow'r divine; Come to this throbbing heart of mine;
2. Come, for I need Thee, need Thee now; Come soothe my heart, and bathe my brow;
3. Noth-ing I crave on earth but Thee, Nothing; O give Thyself to me;
4. It is not joy, so much I crave, But 'tis Thyself; Lord, come and save,



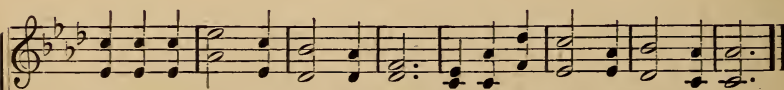
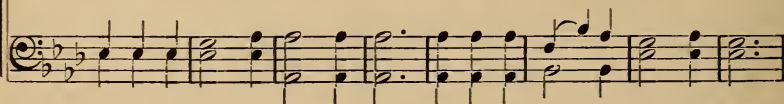
Come, still my spir - it, come to me; Come, pow'r of God, bring lib-er - ty.  
 Come, O Thou bless-ed Lord di-vine, And lift this sink-ing heart of mine.  
 I can-not live, I dare not die Without the fa - vor of Thine eye.  
 Oh, save me ful - ly, save me now; Come cleanse my heart, and seal my brow.



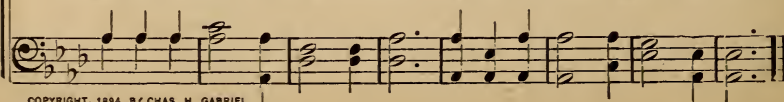
## CHORUS.



Come, pow'r of God, consume my sin; Oh, come and make me pure with-in;



Come, spirit, come, O come to me; Bring life, and pow'r, and vic-to - ry.



C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The sil-ver cord is loos-ened, And bro-ken is the gold-en bowl;  
 2. 'Tis but the old, old sto - ry Of "Earth to earth and dust to dust"  
 3. Why should we mourn the ab-sent, And why should bitter tears be shed?

*rit.*  
 The pain, the struggle o - ver, Now dwells in peace th' immortal soul.  
 The wea-ry hands are fold - ed, The hands that hold no bro-ken trust.  
 He is not lost for - ev - er, —'Tis but a sleep, — he is not dead!

(If sung by a Quartet, this strain should be used as a Duet.)

He's gone—but fragrant mem'ries hover near; He's gone—and yet his voice we almost hear;  
 He's gone—but just in-side the gates of gold; He's gone—but 'tis the same old tale re-told;  
 He's gone—but yon-der on the gold-en shore He's clasping hands with lov'd ones gone before;

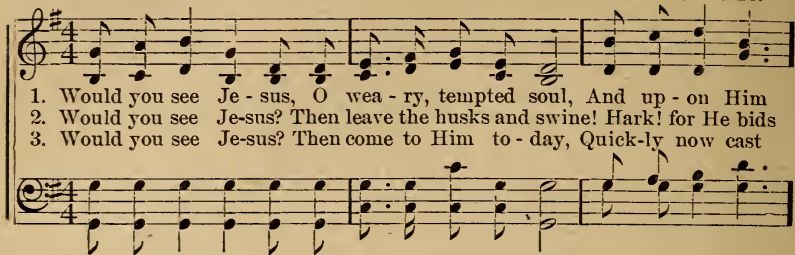
Pa-tience just a lit - tle long-er, my soul, Pa - tience just a lit - tle

*rit ad lib.*  
 long - er, And thou, too, shalt go, To be at home for - ev - er.

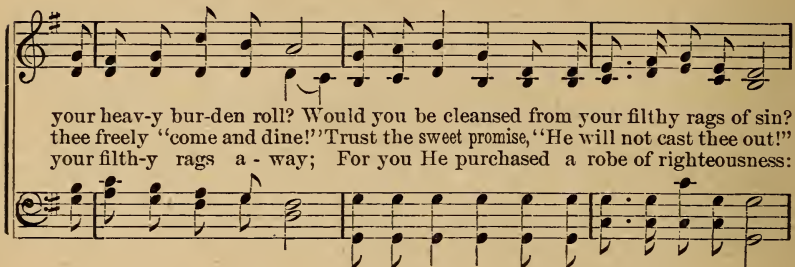
# No. 158. WOULD YOU SEE JESUS?

F. G. BUEBROUGHS.

GEO. H. CROSBY.

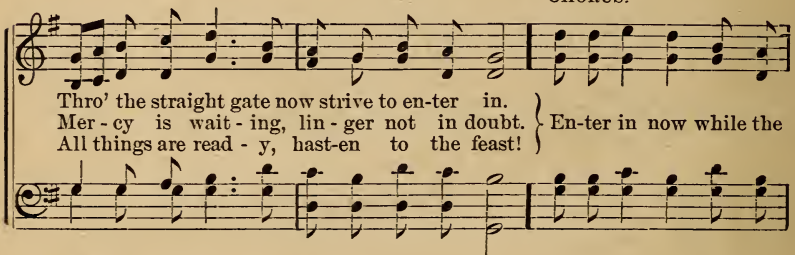


1. Would you see Je - sus, O wea - ry, tempted soul, And up - on Him  
 2. Would you see Je - sus? Then leave the husks and swine! Hark! for He bids  
 3. Would you see Je - sus? Then come to Him to - day, Quick - ly now cast

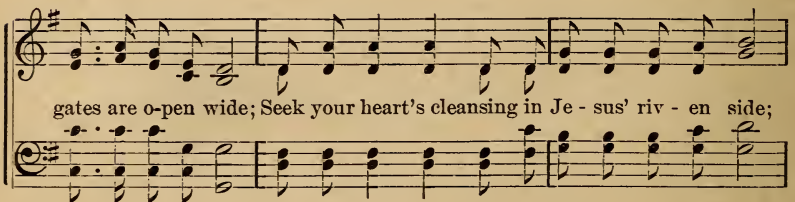


your heav - y bur - den roll? Would you be cleansed from your filthy rags of sin?  
 thee freely "come and dine!" Trust the sweet promise, "He will not cast thee out!"  
 your filth - y rags a - way; For you He purchased a robe of righteousness:

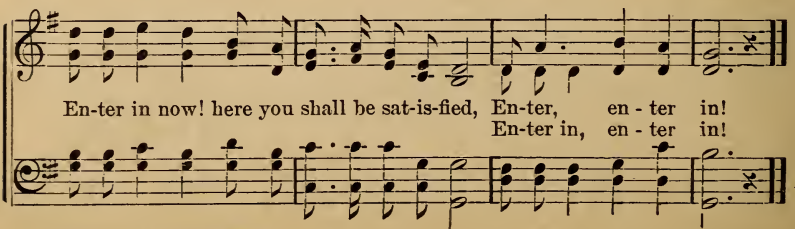
CHORUS.



Thro' the straight gate now strive to en - ter in.  
 Mer - cy is wait - ing, lin - ger not in doubt. } En - ter in now while the  
 All things are read - y, hast - en to the feast! }



gates are o - pen wide; Seek your heart's cleansing in Je - sus' riv - en side;



En - ter in now! here you shall be sat - is - fied, En - ter, en - ter in!  
 En - ter in, en - ter in!



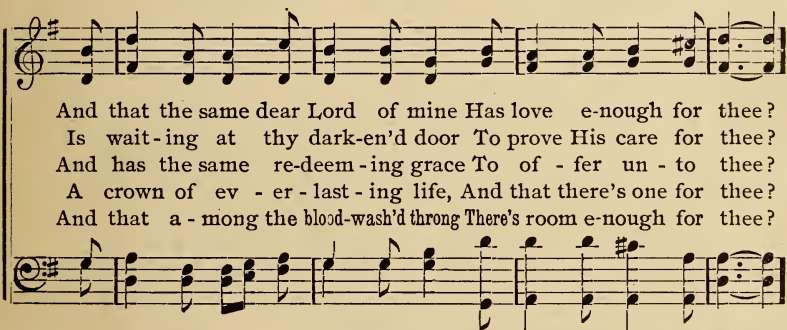
# No. 159. ENOUGH FOR THEE AND ME

FRED. WOODROW.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

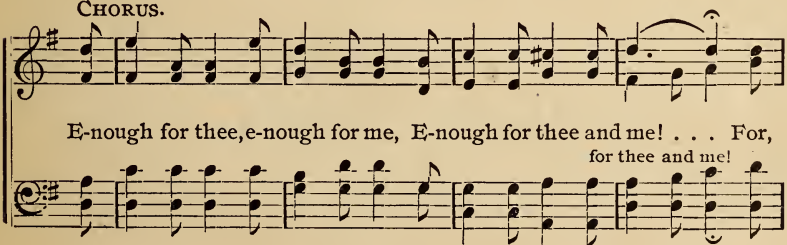


1. Can I be si - lent, when I know The love of Christ for me,  
 2. Can I be si - lent, when I know The Lord that cares for me  
 3. Can I be si - lent, when I know The Lord saves e - ven me,  
 4. Can I be si - lent, when I know He has pre - pared for me  
 5. Can I be si - lent, when I know There's room in heav'n for me,

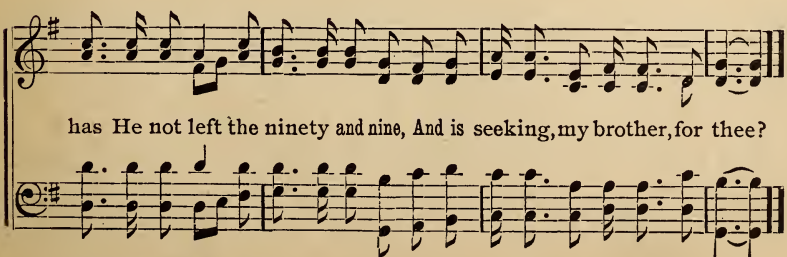


And that the same dear Lord of mine Has love e-nough for thee?  
 Is wait - ing at thy dark-en'd door To prove His care for thee?  
 And has the same re-deem - ing grace To of - fer un - to thee?  
 A crown of ev - er - last - ing life, And that there's one for thee?  
 And that a - mong the blood-wash'd throng There's room e-nough for thee?

## CHORUS.



E-nough for thee, e-nough for me, E-nough for thee and me! . . . For,  
 for thee and me!

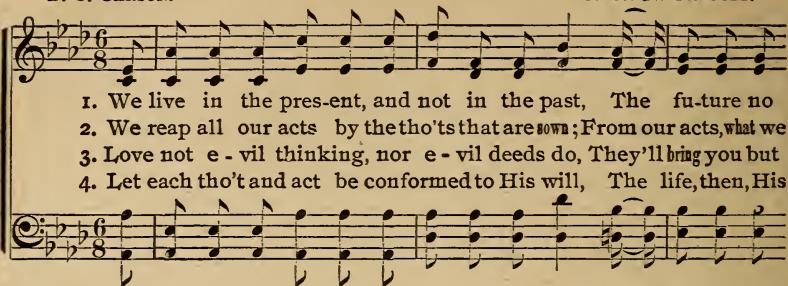


has He not left the ninety and nine, And is seeking, my brother, for thee?

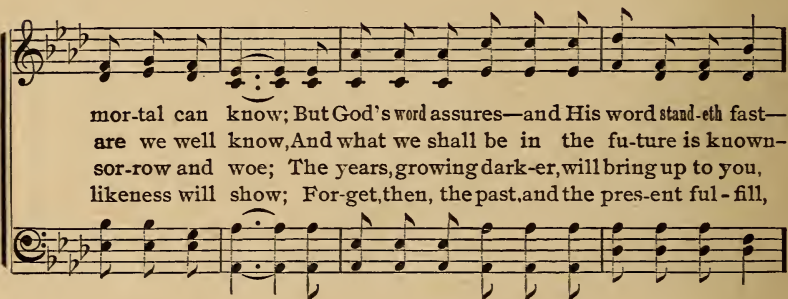
# No. 160. WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

D. C. CARSON.

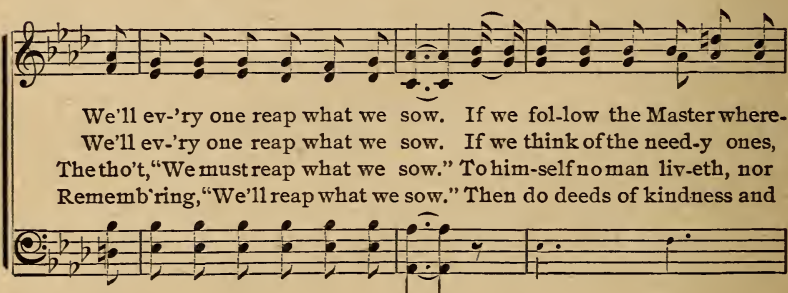
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



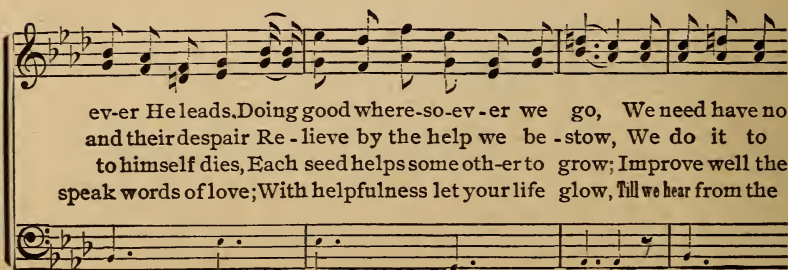
1. We live in the pres-ent, and not in the past, The fu-ture no
2. We reap all our acts by the tho'ts that are sown; From our acts, what we
3. Love not e - vil thinking, nor e - vil deeds do, They'll bring you but
4. Let each tho't and act be conformed to His will, The life, then, His



mor-tal can know; But God's word assures—and His word stand-eth fast—  
are we well know, And what we shall be in the fu-ture is known—  
sor-row and woe; The years, growing dark-er, will bring up to you,  
likeness will show; For-get, then, the past, and the pres-ent ful-fill,

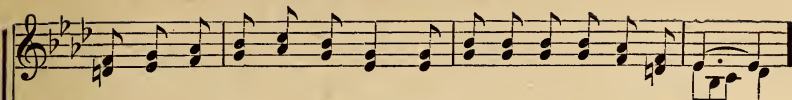


We'll ev-'ry one reap what we sow. If we fol-low the Master where—  
We'll ev-'ry one reap what we sow. If we think of the need-y ones,  
The tho't, "We must reap what we sow." To him-self no man liv-eth, nor  
Rememb'ring, "We'll reap what we sow." Then do deeds of kindness and

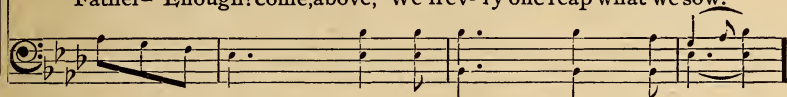


ev-er He leads. Doing good where-so-ev-er we go, We need have no  
and their despair Re-lieve by the help we be-stow, We do it to  
to himself dies, Each seed helps some oth-er to grow; Improve well the  
speak words of love; With helpfulness let your life glow, Till we hear from the

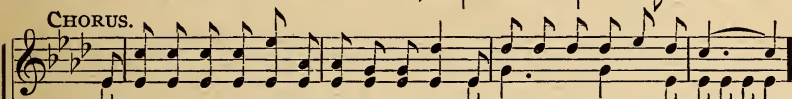
## We Reap What We Sow.



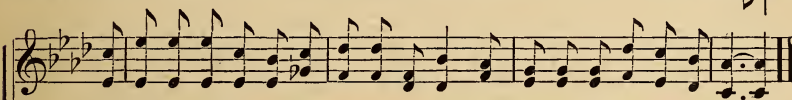
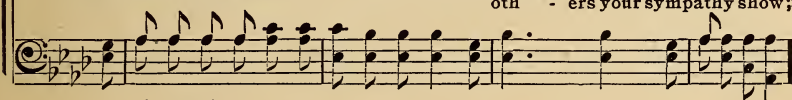
fear, For we're judged by our deeds, - We'll ev-'ry one reap what we sow.  
 Je - sus! Oh, yes, o-ver there We'll ev-'ry one reap what we sow.  
 pres - ent, For time quickly flies - We'll ev-'ry one reap what we sow.  
 Father - "Enough! come, above," We'll ev-'ry one reap what we sow.



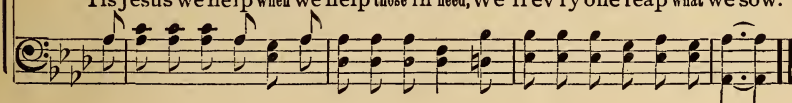
### CHORUS.



Then sow seeds of kindness, in tho't, word and deed, To others your sympathy show;  
 oth - ers your sympathy show;

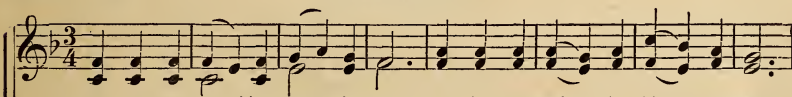


'Tis Jesus we help when we help those in need; We'll ev-'ry one reap what we sow.

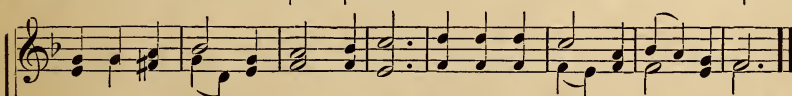
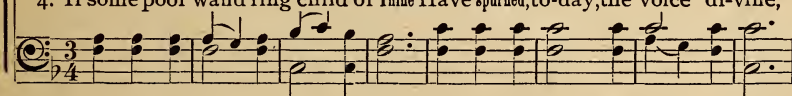


## No. 161.

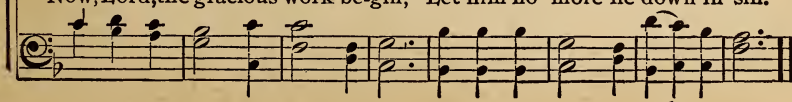
## HURSLEY.



1. Sun of my soul. Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gent-ly steep:
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurned, to-day, the voice di-vine,



O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!  
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Savior's breast.  
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.  
 Now, Lord, the gracious work be-gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

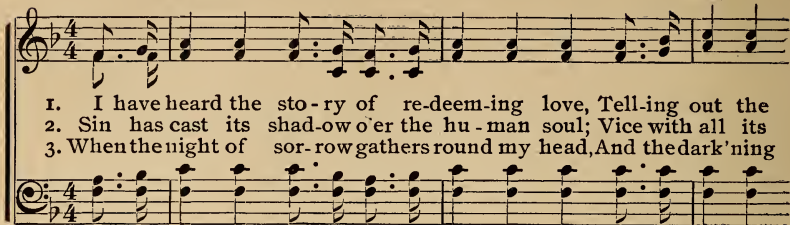


## No. 162.

## CONQUERING GRACE.

Rev. N. A. McAULAY.

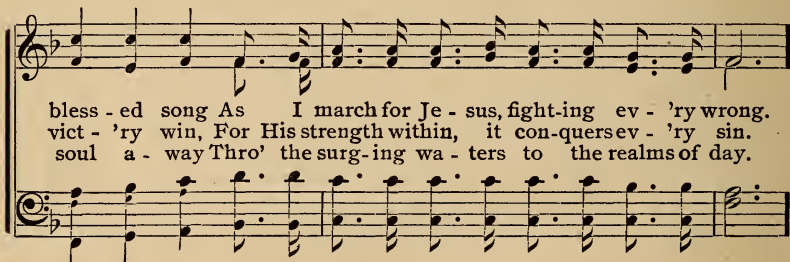
Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



1. I have heard the sto - ry of re - deem - ing love, Tell - ing out the  
 2. Sin has cast its shad - ow o'er the hu - man soul; Vice with all its  
 3. When the night of sor - row gathers round my head, And the dark 'ning

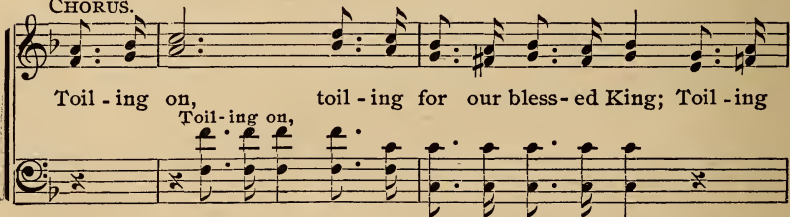


glo - ry of my Lord a - bove; Naught can cheer my spir - its like the  
 sadness seek to get con - trol, But the love of Je - sus will the  
 shad - ow shov - er o'er my bed, Then will Christ in mer - cy, lead my

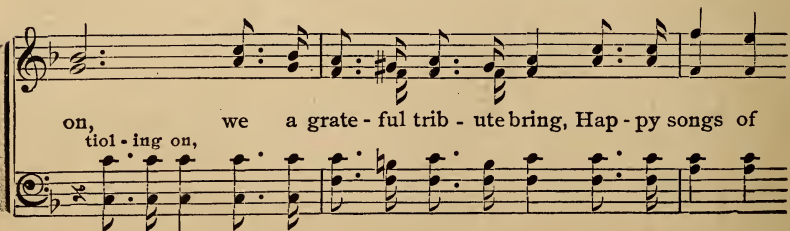


bles - ed song As I march for Je - sus, fight - ing ev - 'ry wrong.  
 vict - 'ry win, For His strength within, it con - querev - 'ry sin.  
 soul a - way Thro' the surg - ing wa - ters to the realms of day.

## CHORUS.



Toil - ing on, toil - ing on, toil - ing for our bless - ed King; Toil - ing  
 Toil - ing on,



on, we a grate - ful trib - ute bring, Hap - py songs of  
 toil - ing on,



# Conquering Grace.

love and joy we sing While toil-ing ev - er toil-ing on.....  
 toil.....ing on, toiling on.

## No. 163. I CAN ALWAYS TRUST HIM.

WM. H. GARDNER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I can al - ways trust Him, He is ev - er near;  
 2. I can al - ways trust Him, And I say each day—  
 3. I can al - ways trust Him, For His word is sure;

Pa - tient - ly He's wait - ing, All my pray'rs to hear.  
 With my lov - ing Sav - ior, Hap - py is the way."  
 And thro' count - less a - ges It will thus en - dure.

### CHORUS.

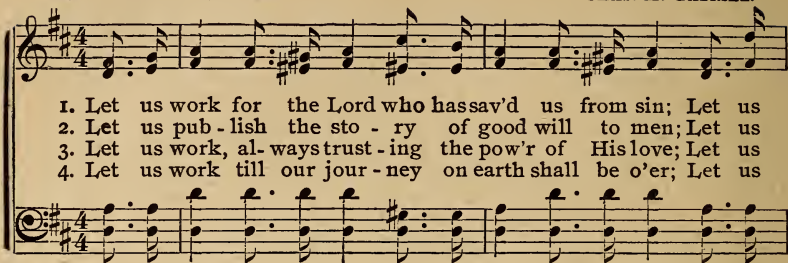
I can al - ways trust Him, Trust Him, come what may;.....  
 I can al - ways trust Him, Trust Him, come what may;

Bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus, Lead me day by day!  
 Bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus,

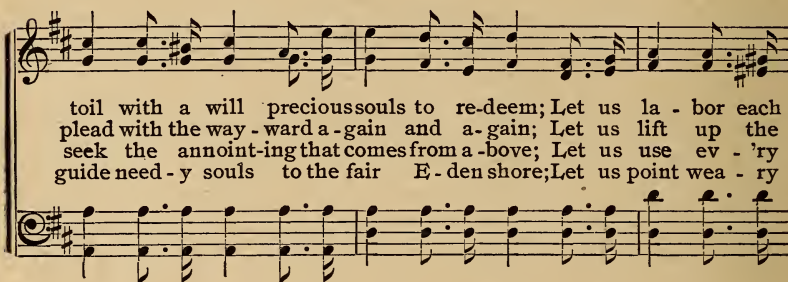
# No. 164. WORK FOR THE LORD.

Rev. NEAL A. MCAULAY.

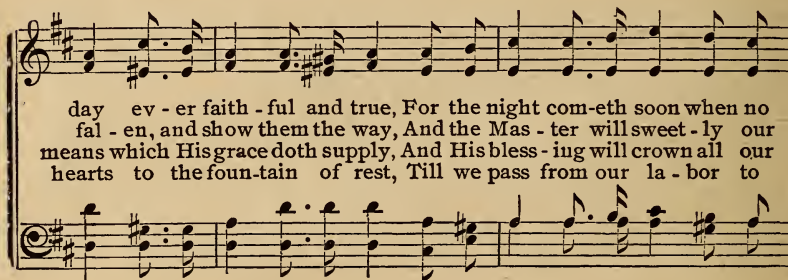
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Let us work for the Lord who has sav'd us from sin; Let us  
 2. Let us pub - lish the sto - ry of good will to men; Let us  
 3. Let us work, al - ways trust - ing the pow'r of His love; Let us  
 4. Let us work till our jour - ney on earth shall be o'er; Let us

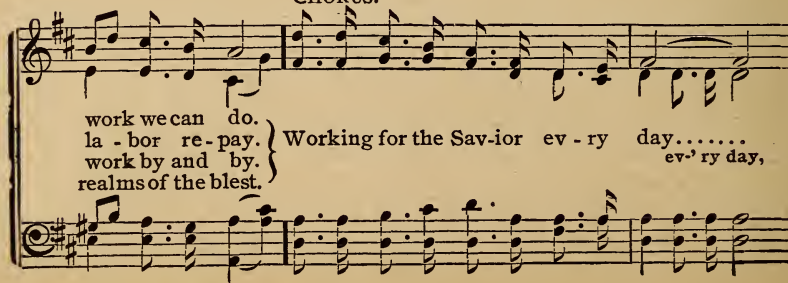


toil with a will pre - cious souls to re - deem; Let us la - bor each  
 plead with the way - ward a - gain and a - gain; Let us lift up the  
 seek the an - noint - ing that comes from a - bove; Let us use ev - 'ry  
 guide need - y souls to the fair E - den shore; Let us point wea - ry



day ev - er faith - ful and true, For the night com - eth soon when no  
 fal - en, and show them the way, And the Mas - ter will sweet - ly our  
 means which His grace doth supply, And His bless - ing will crown all our  
 hearts to the foun - tain of rest, Till we pass from our la - bor to

## CHORUS.



work we can do.  
 la - bor re - pay. } Working for the Sav - ior ev - ry day.....  
 work by and by. } ev - 'ry day,  
 realms of the blest.

## Work For Our Lord.

Point-ing guilt-y sin-ners to the way..... Work-ing till we  
 Point - ing guilt - y sinners to the way, Work - ing

lay our burdens down..... Working for a bright immor-tal crown.  
 till we lay our burdens down,

## No. 165. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King! Help us Thy name to sing,  
 2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word! Gird on Thy might-y sword;  
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear  
 3, To Thee, great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be,

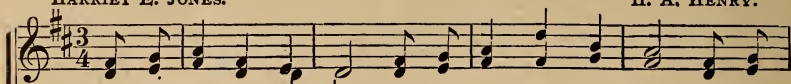
Help us to praise; Fa-ther, all glo-ri-ous! O'er all vic-  
 Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy  
 In this glad hour; Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in  
 Hence, ev'-er-more! His sov'-reign ma-jes-ty May we in

to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!  
 word suc-cess; Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend.  
 ev-ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!  
 glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

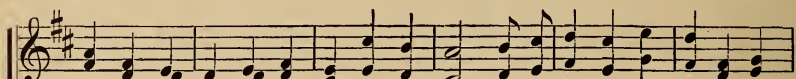
# No. 166. SINCE MY SOUL IS REDEEMED.

HARRIET E. JONES.


H. A. HENRY.



1. Since my soul is redeemed, since I walk in the light, There's a  
 2. Since my soul is redeemed, I've a Brother and Friend, Who has  
 3. Since my soul is redeemed, I can car - ry my cross, Praise my



song in my heart both by day and by night; 'Tis our anthem of praise to the  
 raised me to heights where there's naught can of-fend; I can smile and forgive when as-  
 Sav-ior and Lord 'mid the pain and the loss, And am never a-fraid, be the

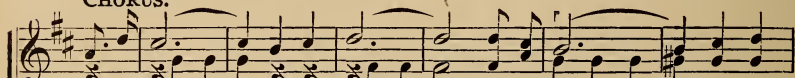


FINE.


Lamb who was slain, And His love, precious love, is the joy-ous re-frain.  
 sailed by my foes, Render good un - to those who un-just-ly op-pose.  
 path bright or dim, For I know I am safe when I cling close to Him.

*Bless the Lord, O my soul, bless the Lord, O my soul!*

## CHORUS.



I'm re - deemed, I'm re - deemed, I can dai - - - ly re -  
 I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed, I can dai-ly re-joyce that I



D. S.

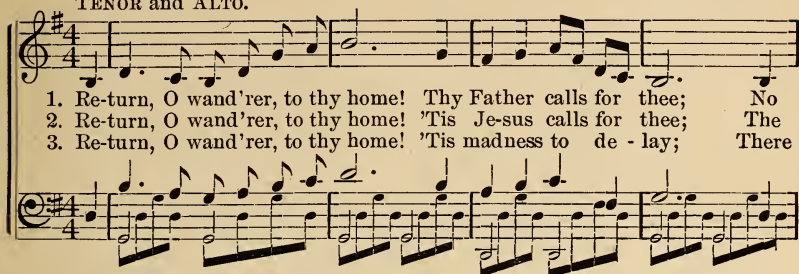
joyce, ..... There is rest, there is peace 'neath His loving control,  
 made Him my choice.



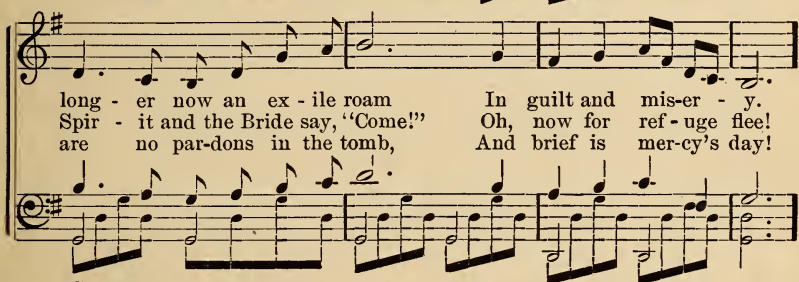
# No. 167. RETURN, O WANDERER.

Dr. HASTINGS.  
TENOR and ALTO.

A. S. DEYOE.

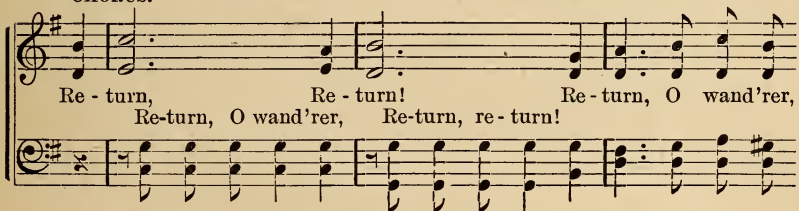


1. Re-turn, O wand'rer, to thy home! Thy Father calls for thee; No  
 2. Re-turn, O wand'rer, to thy home! 'Tis Je-sus calls for thee; The  
 3. Re-turn, O wand'rer, to thy home! 'Tis madness to de-lay; There

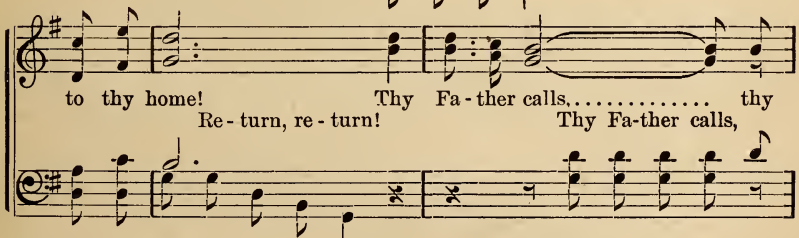


long - er now an ex - ile roam In guilt and mis-er - y.  
 Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come!" Oh, now for ref - uge flee!  
 are no par-dons in the tomb, And brief is mer-cy's day!

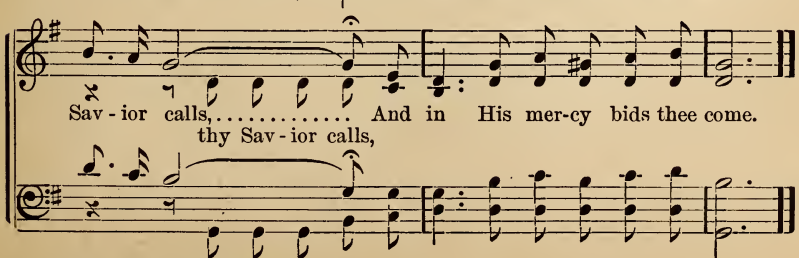
CHORUS.



Re - turn, Re - turn! Re - turn, O wand'rer,  
 Re-turn, O wand'rer, Re-turn, re - turn!



to thy home! Thy Fa-ther calls,..... thy  
 Re - turn, re - turn! Thy Fa-ther calls,



Sav-ior calls,..... And in His mer-cy bids thee come.  
 thy Sav-ior calls,

# No. 168.

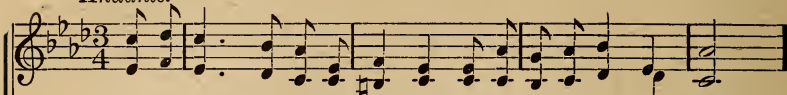
# GLAD TIDINGS.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

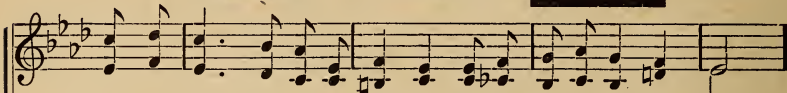
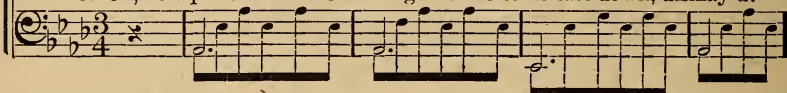
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET. SOPRANO or TENOR and ALTO.

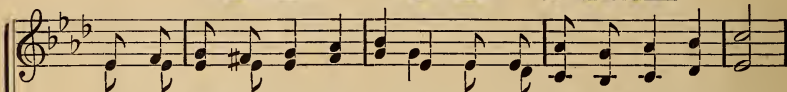
*Andante.*



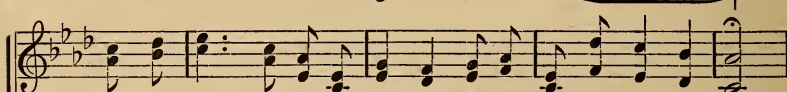
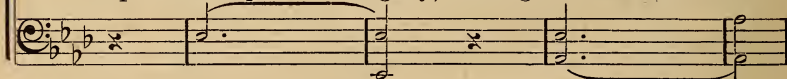
1. Oh, how faith - ful is the say - ing, Ev'ry word with hope a - glow:—
2. Oh, how bless - ed is the prom - ise To the bur - den'd and oppress'd:
3. Oh, how pre - cious is the mes - sage To the souls cast down, dismay'd:



"Though your sins may be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow."  
 "Come, come un - to me, ye wea - ry, Come, and I will give you rest.  
 Hark! "Let not your heart be troubled, Neither let it be a - fraid."



To the guilt - y heart these ti - dings Are of peace and par - don full:  
 Come and take my yoke up - on you; Of the meek and low - ly learn;  
 Help is laid up - on the Might - y; Noth - ing is too hard for God:



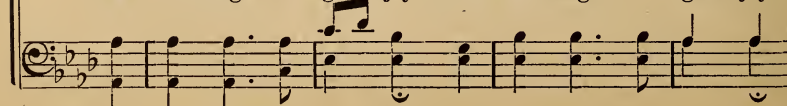
"Though your sins are red like crimson, They shall e - ven be as wool."  
 Ye shall find my bur - den eas - y,—Find the rest for which you yearn."  
 Fear not, for He that redeemed thee Comforts both with staff and rod.



CHORUS. *Faster.*



Glad ti - dings of great joy! Glad ti - dings of great joy!



## Glad Tidings.

Oh, tell to ev-'ry creat-ure, The ti-dings of great joy,

Yes, tell to ev-'ry creat-ure The ti-dings of great joy.

## No. 169.

## JESUS, HIDE ME.

FRED. WOODROW.

C. H. G.

1. O Thou shel-ter from the tem-pest, Hide me till the storm goes by;  
 2. Thou, O Christ, canst still the tem-pest, Thou canst rule the stormy sea;  
 3. Life and death and tears and trouble, All are in Thy mighty pow'r;

*8:* FINE.  
 D. S.—From the gloomy depths of dark-ness, Sav-ior, hear Thy servant's cry!  
 And the sad and troubled spir-it Cries a-loud, O Lord, to Thee.  
 O Thou shelter from the tem-pest, Hide me in the try-ing hour.

### REFRAIN.

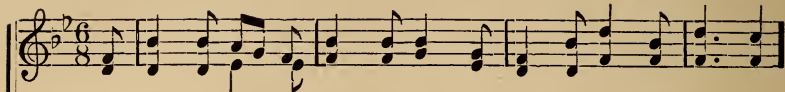
*D. S.*

Je-sus, hide me, Je-sus, hide me, Hide me till the storm goes by;

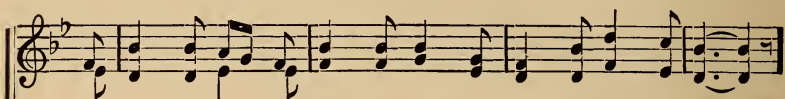
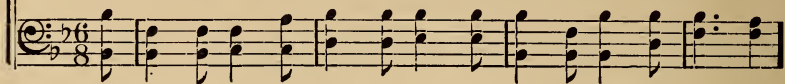
# No. 170. BY FAITH I FOLLOW ON.

W. P. M.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. I sought the Sav - ior in my grief, While by the way - side sit - ting,
2. 'Twas there my eyes re - ceived their sight, In beau - ty I be - held Him,
3. He filled my spir - it with His smile, When first by faith I knew Him,



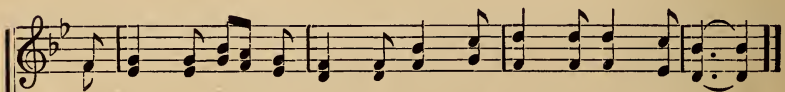
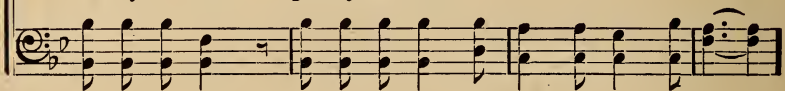
I cried to Him and found relief, On that e - vent - ful day.  
And from my soul then fled the night, On that e - vent - ful day.  
And He has kept it bright the while, Since that e - vent - ful day.



## CHORUS.



Glo - - ry to God! . . . . By faith I fol - low on;  
Glo - ry to God! glo - ry to God!



For well I know the bless - ed way my dear Re - deem - er's gone.





1. Ye vir - gin souls, a - rise, With all the dead a - wake! Un - to sal -  
 2. He comes, He comes to call The na - tions to His bar, And take to  
 3. Go meet Him in the sky, Your ev - er - last - ing Friend; Your Head to  
 4. The ev - er - last - ing doors Shall soon the saints receive, With seraphs,

va - tion wise, Oil in your vessels take; Up - start - ing at the midnight cry,  
 glo - ry all, Who meet for glo - ry are; Made read - y for your full re - ward,  
 glo - ri - fy, With all His saints ascend; Ye pure in heart, ob - tain the grace  
 thrones and powers, In glorious joy to live; Far from a world of grief and sin,

## CHORUS.

"Be - hold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh!" He's coming, He's coming once a -  
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.  
 To see, with - out a veil, His face.  
 With God e - ter - nal - ly shut in. He's coming, He's com - ing,

gain, ..... He's coming, He's coming once a - gain, .....  
 coming once again, He's coming, He's com - ing, coming once again;

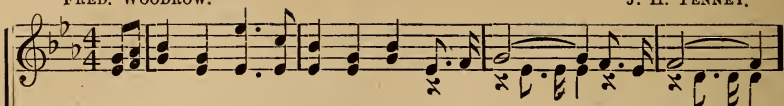
Be read - y to hear the midnight cry, "Behold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh!"

**No. 172.**

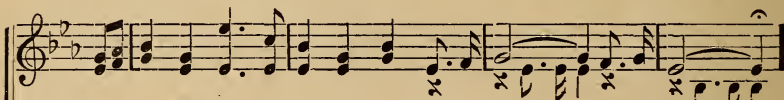
## WILL YOU GO?

FRED. WOODROW.

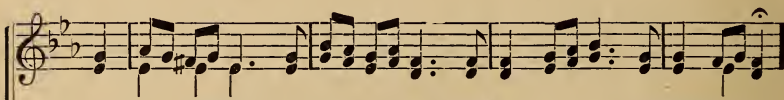
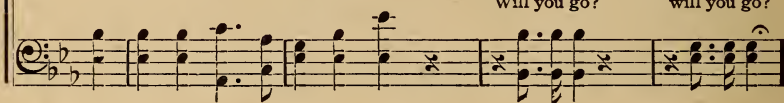
J. H. TENNEY.



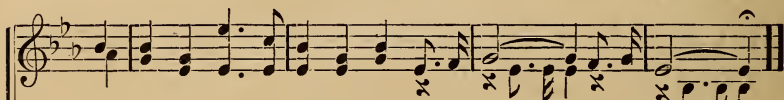
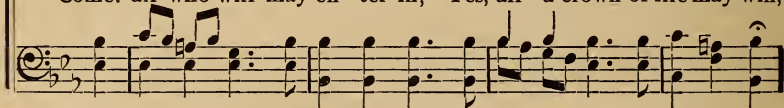
1. There is a land beyond the sea, Will you go? will you go?  
2. No seasons come and pass away, Will you go? will you go?  
3. Oh, still a-jar the pearly gate, Will you go? will you go?



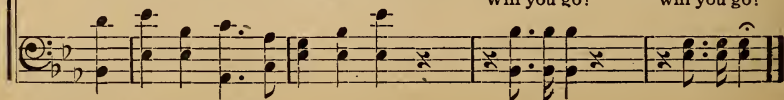
Where sin or pain can nev-er be, Will you go? will you go?  
No night, but one e-ter-nal day, Will you go? will you go?  
For you and me the angels wait, Will you go? will you go?  
Will you go? will you go?



Where those who weep, shall weep no more; Where storms of life and death are o'er,  
There hun-ger, cold, distress and pain, Are seen no more, nor known a-gain;  
Come! all who will may en-ter in; Yes, all a crown of life may win,



For-got-ten on that shining shore, Will you go? will you go?  
 There angels walk the shining plain, Will you go? will you go?  
 The soul be saved from death and sin, Will you go? will you go?  
 Will you go? will you go?



# No. 173. MY HOME IS NOT HERE.

REV. ISAAC NAYLOR.

I. NEWSOME.

1. When I think of my home in yon coun-try of light, Of the
2. When I think of my rest in yon clime, bright and fair, Where no
3. When I think of my friends in yon re-gion of light, Who have
4. When I think of my change from earth's sorrows and fears, Then the

robes, crowns, and mansions re-splen-dent and bright, Of the fam-'ly of  
storm-blast, nor fog-cloud sweep thro' the pure air, Where the din, strife and  
finished their course, and have fought the good fight, Who strike their gold  
darkness dis-pels, and the mist dis-ap-pears; Faith bright-ens my

God, who in tri-umph do sing Their loud-swell-ing an-thems to  
clam-or of earth all are o'er, Where sin, pain and death shall af-  
harp-chords, while music so sweet Re-ech-o-es and rings thro' the  
vis-ion, in rap-ture, to see My home, rest, and friends that are

## CHORUS.

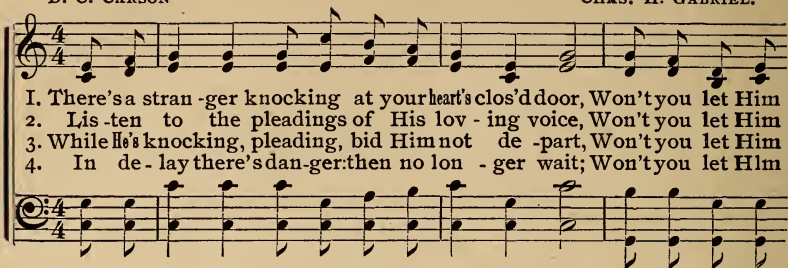
Je-sus, their King, }  
flict us no more, } I fan-cy the por-tals of heav-en are near,  
land of re-treat, }  
wait-ing for me. }

And I feel at this mo-ment my home is not here.

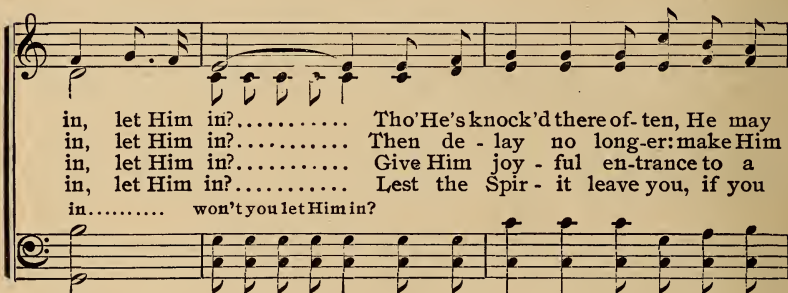
# No. 174. WON'T YOU LET HIM IN?

D. C. CARSON

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



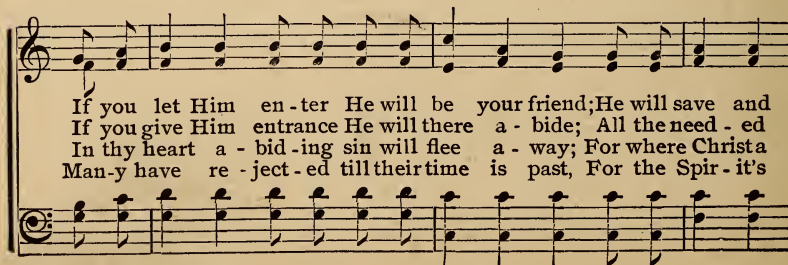
1. There's a stran-ger knocking at your heart's clos'd door, Won't you let Him  
 2. Lis-ten to the pleadings of His lov-ing voice, Won't you let Him  
 3. While He's knocking, pleading, bid Him not de-part, Won't you let Him  
 4. In de-lay there's dan-ger: then no lon-ger wait; Won't you let Him



in, let Him in?..... Tho' He's knock'd there of-ten, He may  
 in, let Him in?..... Then de-lay no long-er: make Him  
 in, let Him in?..... Give Him joy-ful en-trance to a  
 in, let Him in?..... Lest the Spir-it leave you, if you  
 in..... won't you let Him in?



knock no more, Won't you let Him in, let Him in?.....  
 now your choice, Won't you let Him in, let Him in?.....  
 con-trite heart, Won't you let Him in, let Him in?.....  
 hes-i-tate- Won't you let Him in, let Him in?.....  
 in..... won't you let Him in?



If you let Him en-ter He will be your friend; He will save and  
 If you give Him entrance He will there a-bide; All the need-ed  
 In thy heart a-bid-ing sin will flee a-way; For where Christ a  
 Man-y have re-ject-ed till their time is past, For the Spir-it's



# Won't You Let Him In?

keep you till life's tri - als end; He in sweet communion will your  
 bless-ings will to you di - vide; Oh, what joy in walking by the  
 bi-deth Sa - tan can - not stay; Oh, then bid Him en - ter, welcome  
 striv - ing will not al - ways last; Lis - ten! still He's calling—but the

spir - it blend; Won't you let Him in, let Him in?.....  
 dear friend's side! Won't you let Him in, let Him in?.....  
 Him to - day, Won't you let Him in, let Him in?.....  
 door's clos'd fast, Won't you let Him in, let Him in?.....  
 in?..... won't you let Him in?

*D.S. spir - it blend, Won't you let Him in?*

*Won't you let Him in?*

CHORUS.

Won't ..... you let Him in?..... Won't..... you  
 Won't you let Him in? Won't you let Him in? Won't you let Him in?

let Him in?..... He in sweet com - mu - nion will your  
 Won't you let Him in?

No. 175.

DENNIS.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in christian love;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,  
 We pour our ardent prayers; 12

- Our hopes, our fears, our aims are  
 Our comforts and our cares. [one.]
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.
  - 4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain;  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

# No. 176.

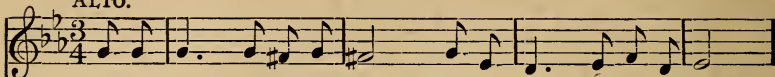
# HE CARES FOR ME.

Rev. J. M. ORROCK.

(DUET FOR TENOR AND ALTO.)

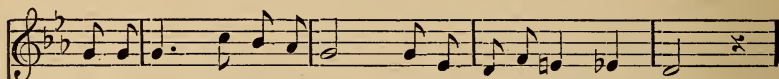
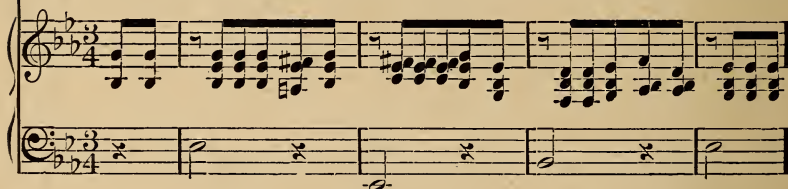
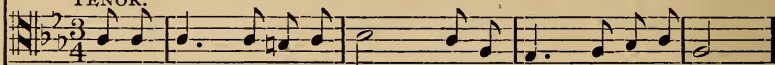
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

ALTO.

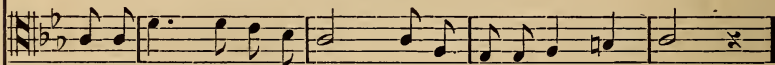


1. He's my SHEPHERD, why should I Wor-ry lest I starve and die,—
2. He's my FA-THER, and His smile Is a - bove me all the while;
3. He's my SAVIOR; 'twas His love Brought Him from the courts a-bove
4. He's my FRIEND, He helps me bear Ev-'ry bur - den, ev-'ry care;

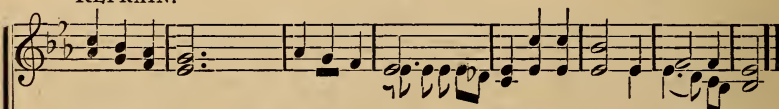
TENOR.



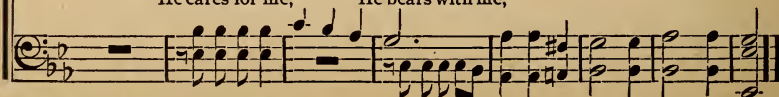
Lest green pastures fail to grow, And the water brooks to flow?  
On His word I rest se-cure, For His promises are sure.  
Down to earth to die in shame, Me, a sin-ner, to re - claim.  
All my se - cret faults He knows, Yet His love to me o'er - flows.



REFRAIN.



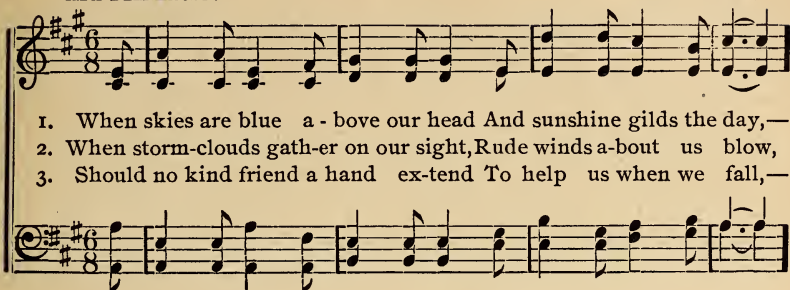
He cares for me, He bears with me, My Shepherd, Father, Savior, Friend.  
He cares for me, He bears with me,



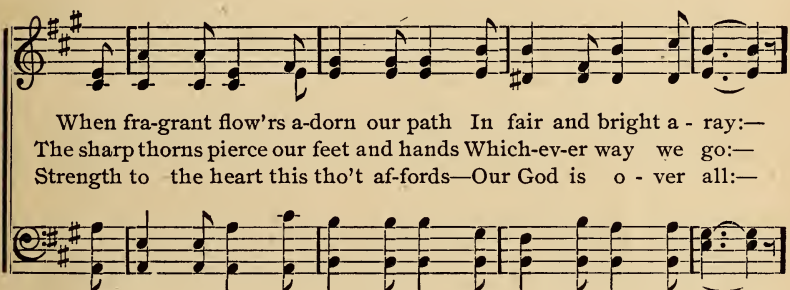
# No. 177. SING JOYFULLY, SING CHEERILY.

ADA BLENKHORN.

H. A. HENRY.

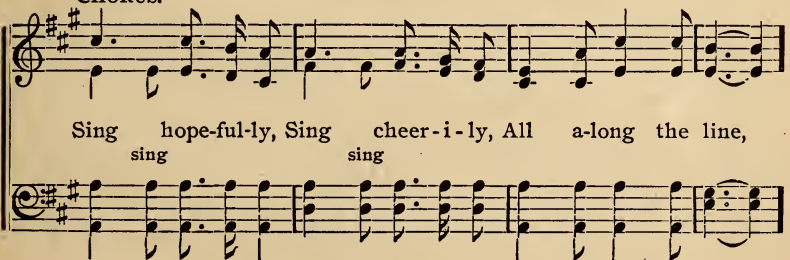


1. When skies are blue a - bove our head And sunshine gilds the day,—  
 2. When storm-clouds gath-er on our sight, Rude winds a-bout us blow,  
 3. Should no kind friend a hand ex-tend To help us when we fall,—

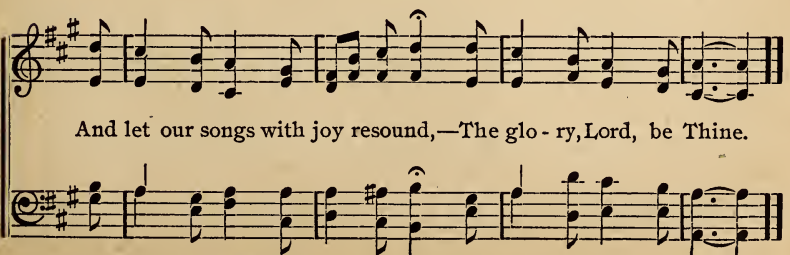


When fra-grant flow'rs a-dorn our path In fair and bright a - ray:—  
 The sharp thorns pierce our feet and hands Which-ev-er way we go:—  
 Strength to the heart this tho't af-fords—Our God is o - ver all:—

## CHORUS.



Sing hope-ful-ly, Sing cheer-i-ly, All a-long the line,  
 sing sing



And let our songs with joy resound,—The glo-ry, Lord, be Thine.

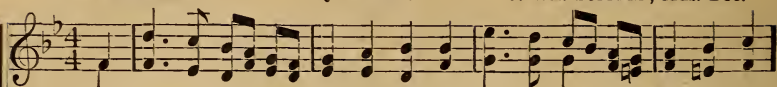
## No. 178.

## LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

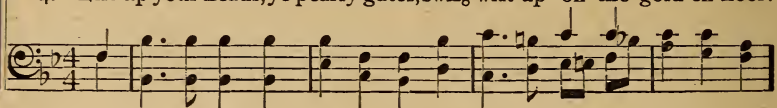
ADA BLENKHORN.

QUARTET.

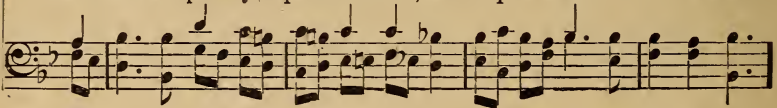
J. WM. SUFFERN, Mus. Doc.



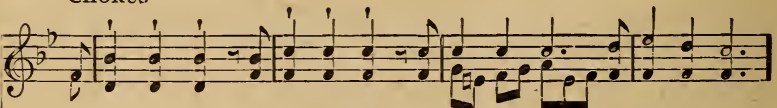
1. Lift up your heads, ye pearly gates, Swing wide up - on your golden pave!
2. Lift up your heads, O lift them high! For thro' your portals white doth come
3. Swing wid-er still, ye gates of pearl! For He who died and 'rose a-gain,
4. Lift up your heads, ye pearly gates, Swing wide up - on the gold-en floor!



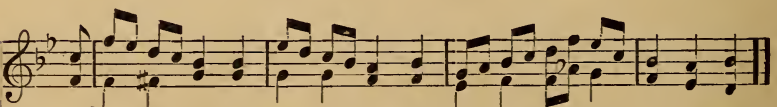
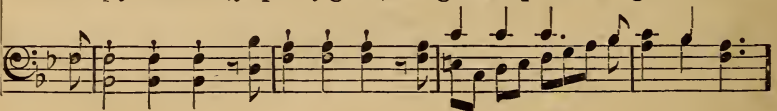
For God, who loves the sin-ful world, Would keep the promise that He gave.  
 A lit - tle child, God's on-ly Son, To find up - on the earth a home.  
 Your gleaming por-tals en-ters now A King, e - ter - nal-ly to reign!  
 Since Christ hath passed your portals white, Be o - pen wide for - ev - er-more.



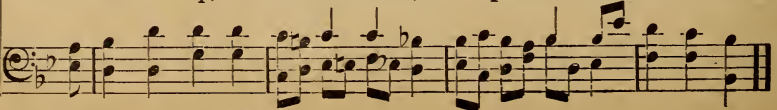
## CHORUS



Lift up your heads, ye pearly gates, Swing wide up-on the gold-en floor!



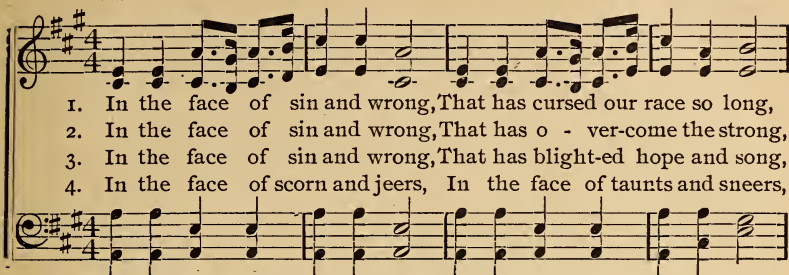
Be lift-ed up, E - ter - nal doors, Be o - pen wide for - ev - er-more!



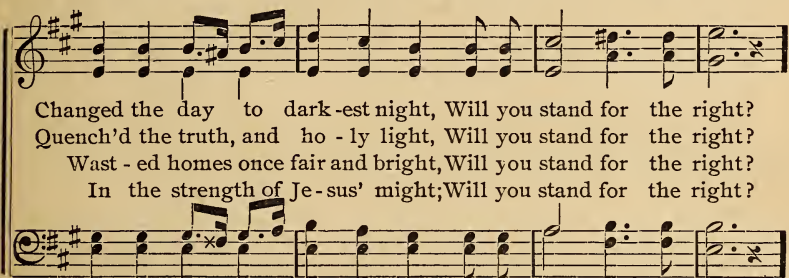


Rev. WM. APPEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. In the face of sin and wrong, That has cursed our race so long,  
 2. In the face of sin and wrong, That has o - ver-come the strong,  
 3. In the face of sin and wrong, That has blight-ed hope and song,  
 4. In the face of scorn and jeers, In the face of taunts and sneers,

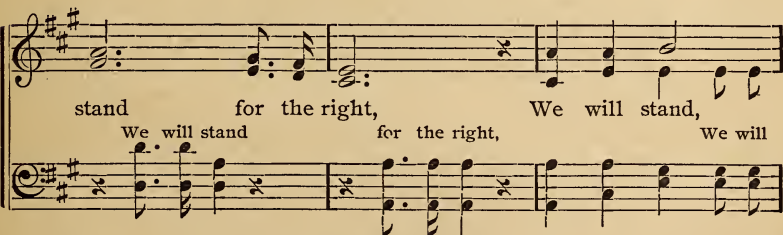


Changed the day to dark-est night, Will you stand for the right?  
 Quench'd the truth, and ho - ly light, Will you stand for the right?  
 Wast - ed homes once fair and bright, Will you stand for the right?  
 In the strength of Je - sus' might; Will you stand for the right?

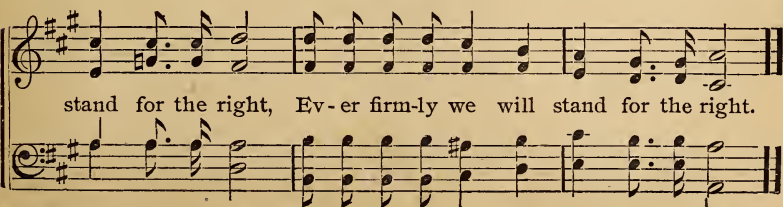
## CHORUS.



Yes, we'll stand for the right, . . . . . We will  
 We'll stand for the right,



stand for the right, We will stand,  
 We will stand for the right, We will

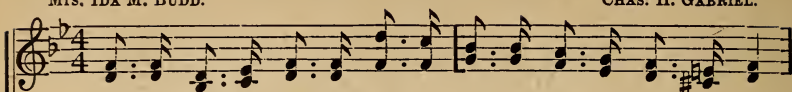


stand for the right, Ev - er firm-ly we will stand for the right.

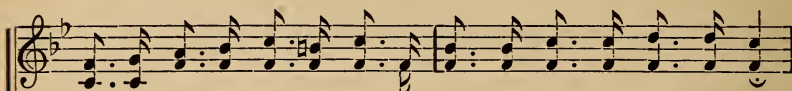
# No. 180. THE HARBOR LIGHTS OF HOME.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

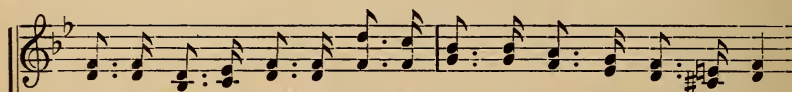
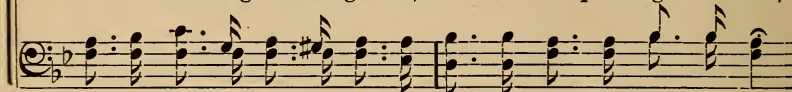
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



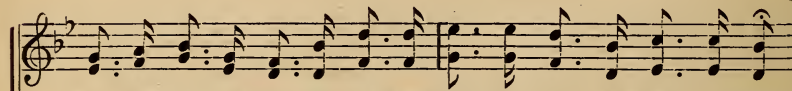
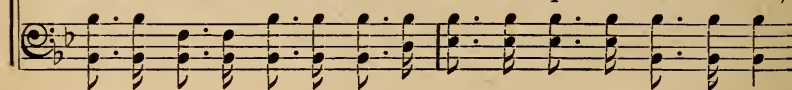
1. O'er the trackless deep the sail - or sails for many a wea - ry day,
2. O'er life's sea the Christian sail - or steers his bark with stead - y hand,
3. So when fair skies bend a - bove us, as we glide the bil - lows o'er,



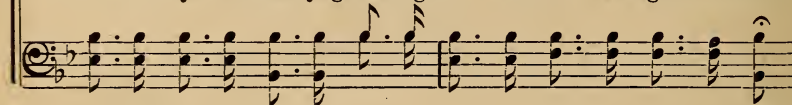
Long-ing for the peace-ful hav-en and the dear ones far a - way;  
Knowing that his chart and compass will di - rect him safe to land;  
Or when dark'ning shadows gath-er, and the tem-pests rage and roar,



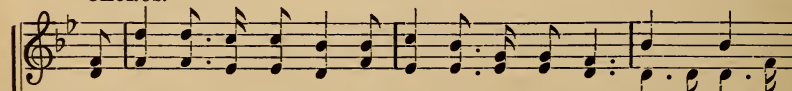
But he keeps his heart with courage as his good ship parts the foam,  
And he finds a calm in tu-mult, and a bright-ness in the gloom,  
We will trust that to the ha - ven of our hopes we soon shall come,



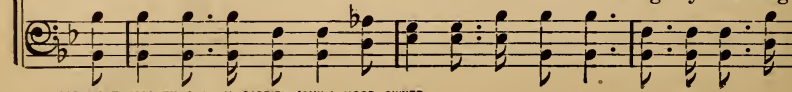
For he knows that in the dis-tance shine the har - bor lights of home.  
As his faith be-holds the shin-ing of the har - bor lights of home.  
Guid-ed by the stead-y gleam-ing of the har - bor lights of home.



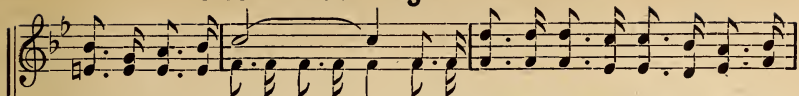
## CHORUS.



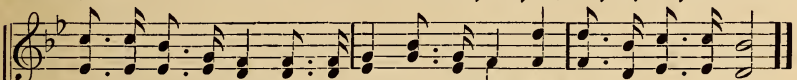
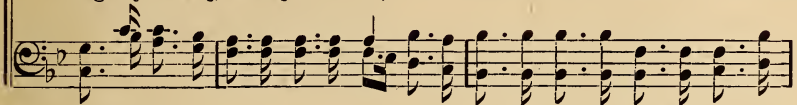
The home lights are shining! The home lights are shining! Bright - ly  
Brightly beaming



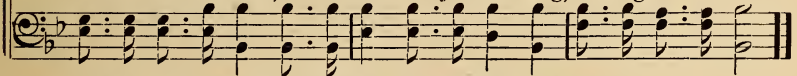
## The Harbor Lights of Home.



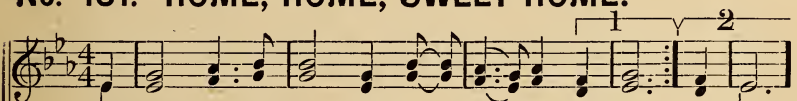
beaming ev - er - more;..... Tho' they sometimes gleam but faint-ly thro' the brightly beaming, beaming evermore,



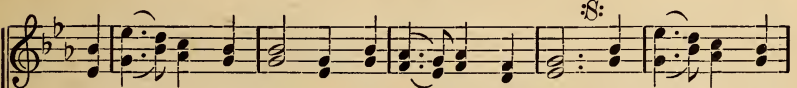
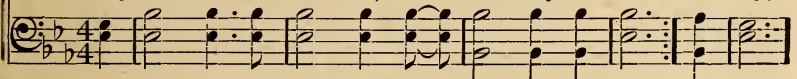
mist that veils the shore, Yet we know they are shining, shining ev - er-more.



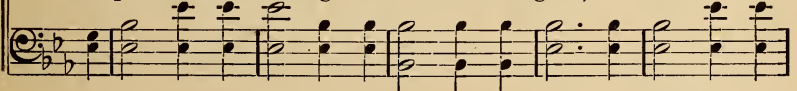
## No. 181. HOME, HOME, SWEET HOME.



1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea-ture complaints, with saints!
2. { How sweet to my soul is com - mun-ion
3. { An a - lien from God, and a stran-ger to grace, to trace;
1. { I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures
2. { The pleas-ures of earth I have seen fade a - way;
3. { They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they de - cay;



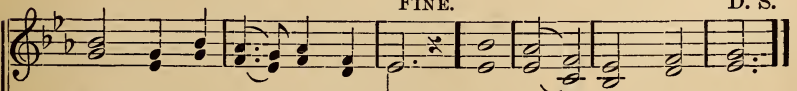
To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the In pathways of sin I con-tin - ued to roam, Un - mind-ful, a - But pleasures more last-ing in Je - sus are giv'n, Sal - va - tion on



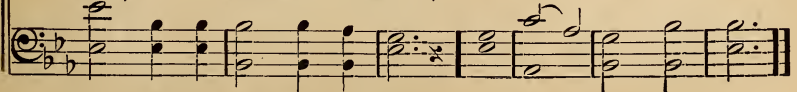
*D.S.*—Pre - pare me, dear

FINE.

*D. S.*



pres - ence of Je - sus at home. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
las! that it led me from home. }  
earth, and a man-sion in heav'n. }



Sav - ior, for glo - ry, my home.

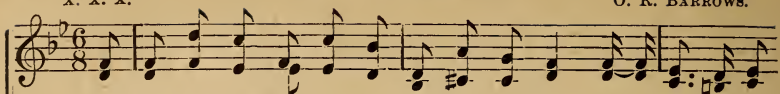


## No. 182.

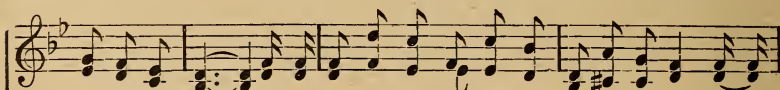
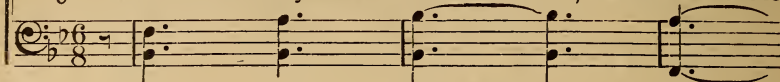
## HE KNOWETH.

X. X. X.

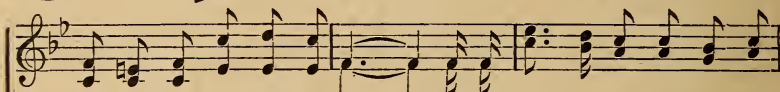
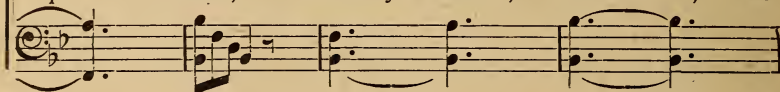
O. R. BARROWS.



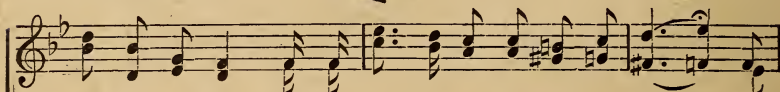
1. I know not, the way is so mist-y and dark, The joys or the
2. I stand where are meeting the cross-roads of time, And know not the
3. I know that the way leadeth homeward a - bove, To the land of the



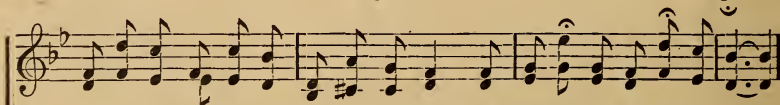
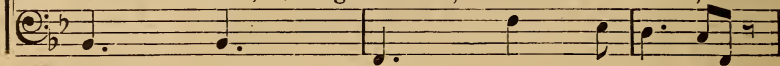
grief it will bring; What clouds are o'er hanging the onward before, What  
right from the wrong; No beck-on-ing fin-ger to point me the way, No  
pure and the blest; To the coun-try of summer, for - ev - er so fair, To the



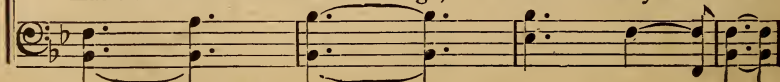
flow'rs by the way-side will spring, But there's One who will journey be-  
wel-come comes to me in song, But my Guide will soon give me a  
cit - y of peace and of rest; O-ver there shall be heal-ing for



side me, I know, Nor in weal nor in woe will for - sake, And  
to - ken, I know, By the wil-der-ness, mountain, or lake; What  
sick-ness I know, Liv-ing fount-ains, life's fev-ers to slake; What



this is my solace, my comfort and trust, He knoweth the way that I take.  
ev-er this darkness that shrouds me a - bout, He knoweth the way that I take.  
matters be-side if on homeward I go, He knoweth the way that I take.





# He Knoweth.

## CHORUS.

He knoweth the way, He know-eth the way, He know-eth the way that I take; . . . know-eth the way that I take.

## No. 183.

## SHALL WE MEET?

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELIHU S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?  
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?  
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the towers of crystal shine?  
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Sav-ior, When He comes to claim His own?

FINE.

Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce-les - tial shore?  
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di - vine.  
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?

D. S.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

## CHORUS.

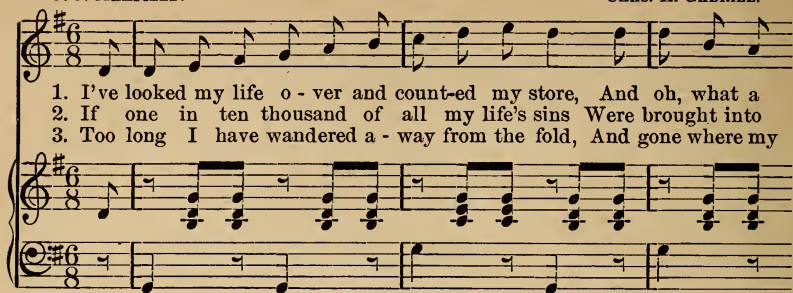
D. S.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

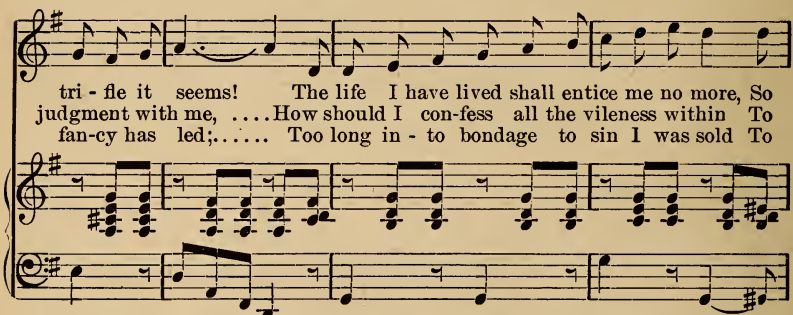
# No. 184. JESUS, THE LIFE-BOAT.

J. J. MAXFIELD.

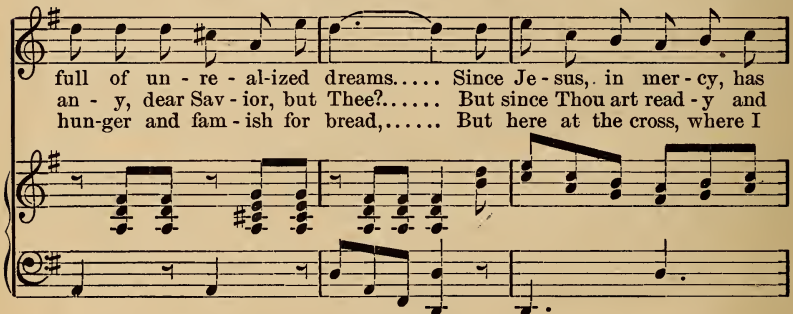
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



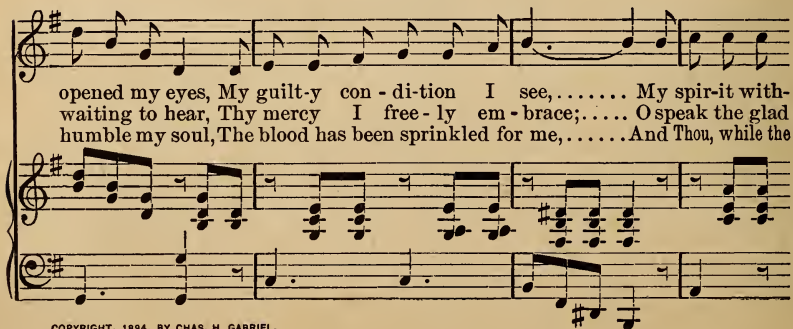
1. I've looked my life o-ver and count-ed my store, And oh, what a  
 2. If one in ten thousand of all my life's sins Were brought into  
 3. Too long I have wandered a-way from the fold, And gone where my



tri - fle it seems! The life I have lived shall entice me no more, So  
 judgment with me, .... How should I con-fess all the vileness within To  
 fan-cy has led;..... Too long in - to bondage to sin I was sold To

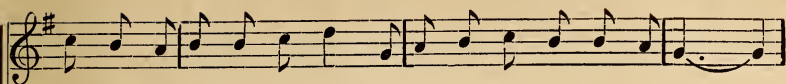


full of un - re - alized dreams.... Since Je - sus, in mer - cy, has  
 an - y, dear Sav - ior, but Thee?..... But since Thou art read - y and  
 hun-ger and fam-ish for bread,..... But here at the cross, where I



opened my eyes, My guilt-y con - dition I see,..... My spir-it with-  
 waiting to hear, Thy mercy I free-ly em - brace;.... O speak the glad  
 humble my soul, The blood has been sprinkled for me,..... And Thou, while the

# Jesus, the Life-Boat.



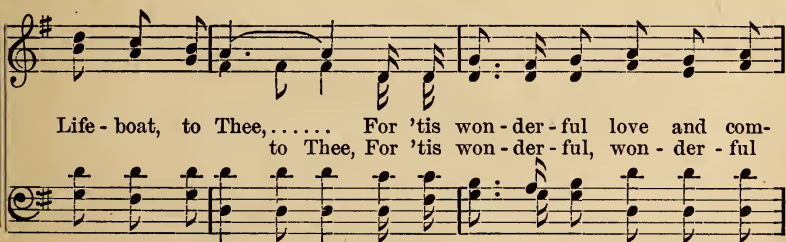
in me in bit-ter-ness cries—Lord Je-sus, have mer-cy on me!.....  
 ti-dings and ban-ish my fear, And make me a child of Thy grace.  
 years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, For-ev-er my por-tion shall be.....



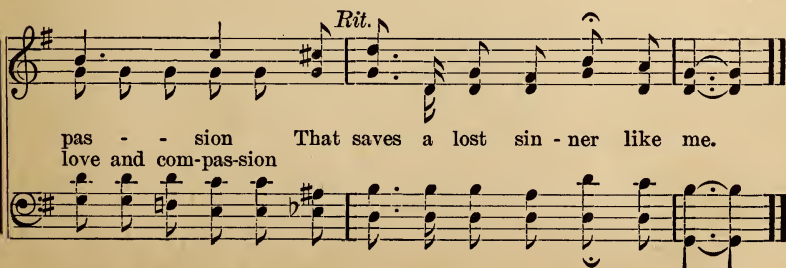
## CHORUS.



I will leave the old ship that is strand-ed, And cling, bless-ed



Life-boat, to Thee,..... For 'tis won-der-ful love and com-  
 to Thee, For 'tis won-der-ful, won-der-ful



pas-sion That saves a lost sin-ner like me.  
 love and com-pas-sion

J. MONTGOMERY.

J. H. HALL.

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be! Life  
 2. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis Thy will, The  
 3. So when my lat - est breath Shall rend the veil in twain, By

from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 prom - ise of that faith - ful word, E'en here to me ful - fill.  
 death I shall es - cape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain.

## CHORUS.

We'll rest..... at home in heav'n.....  
 We'll rest at home in heav'n, We'll rest at home in heav'n

For - ev - - - er with the Lord..... We'll  
 For - ev - er with the Lord, For - ev - er with the Lord, We'll

rest..... at home in heav'n,..... For - ev - er with the Lord.  
 rest at home in heav'n, We'll rest at home in heav'n,

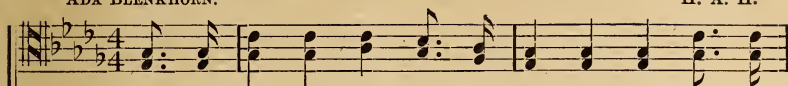


## No. 186.

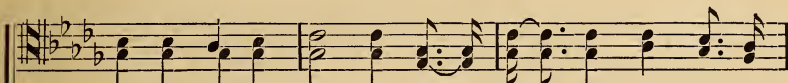
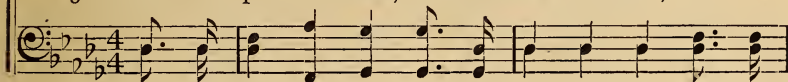
## SEVEN TIMES 'ROUND.

ADA BLENKHORN.

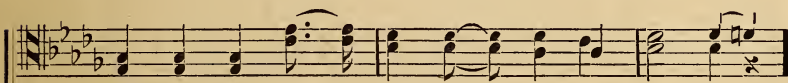
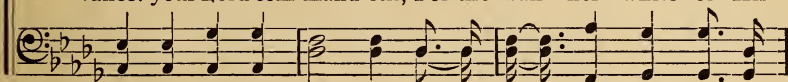
H. A. H.



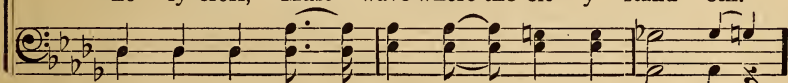
1. While you on - ward fare, in the nar - row way To the
2. There are foes to fight, there are wrongs to right, Ere the
3. With the Spir - it's sword, and the shield of faith, Ad -



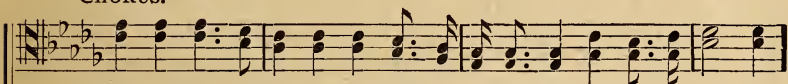
heav'n that lies be - fore you; The cit-y of doubt on your  
cit - y fade be - fore you; 'Gainst the hosts of sin you will  
vance! your Lord com-mand-eth; For the ban - ner white of His



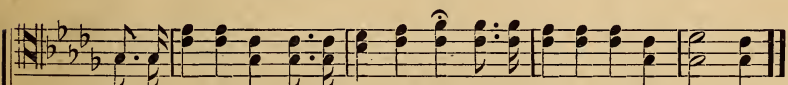
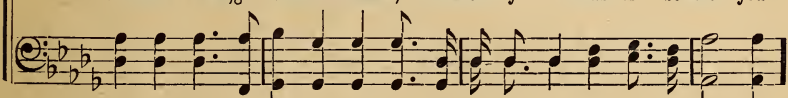
path may rise, With its shad - ows rest-ing o'er you.  
sure - ly win, For your Cap - tain fight-eth for you.  
ho - ly cross, Must wave where the cit - y stand - eth.



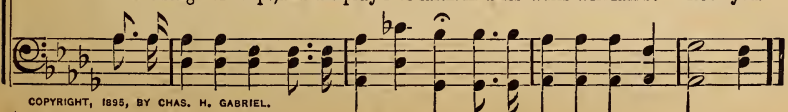
## CHORUS.



Seven times 'round, go seven times 'round, When the cit-y of Doubt is be-fore you!



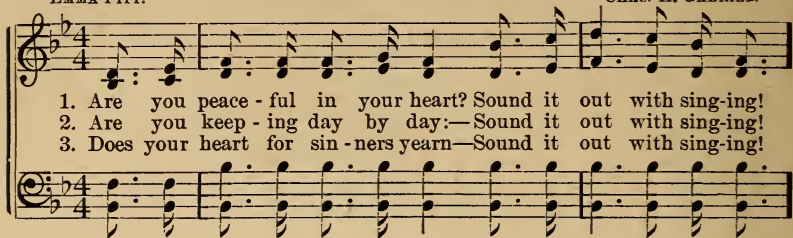
With the song of hope, and the pray'r of faith! And its walls will fall be - fore you.



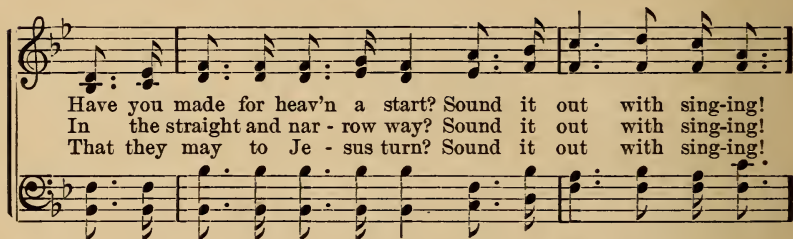
# No. 187. SOUND IT OUT WITH SINGING.

EMMA PITT.

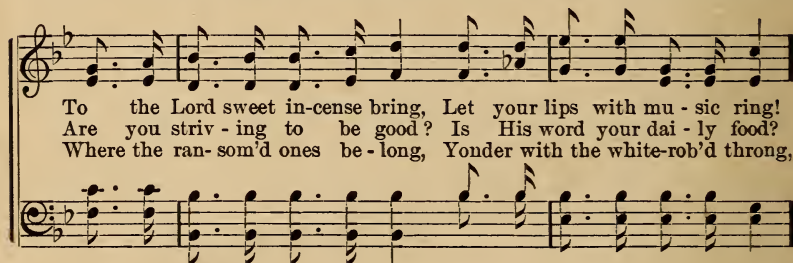
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



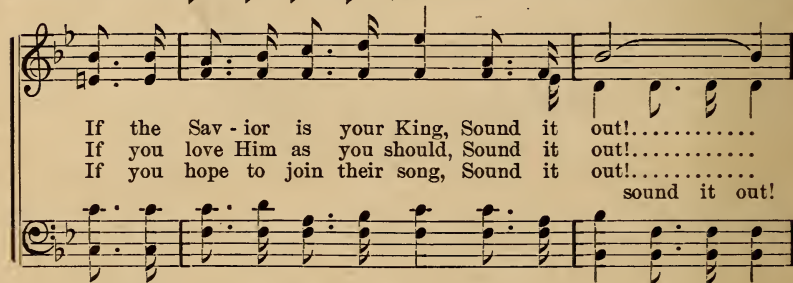
1. Are you peace - ful in your heart? Sound it out with sing-ing!  
 2. Are you keep - ing day by day:—Sound it out with sing-ing!  
 3. Does your heart for sin - ners yearn—Sound it out with sing-ing!



Have you made for heav'n a start? Sound it out with sing-ing!  
 In the straight and nar - row way? Sound it out with sing-ing!  
 That they may to Je - sus turn? Sound it out with sing-ing!

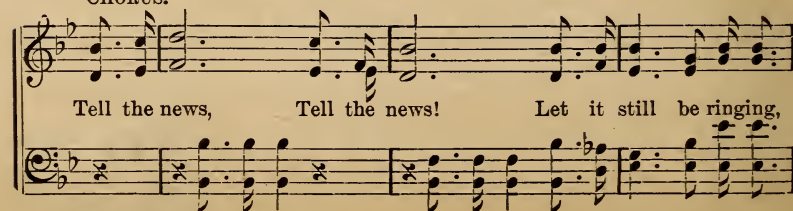


To the Lord sweet in-cense bring, Let your lips with mu - sic ring!  
 Are you striv - ing to be good? Is His word your dai - ly food?  
 Where the ran-som'd ones be - long, Yonder with the white-rob'd throng,



If the Sav - ior is your King, Sound it out!.....  
 If you love Him as you should, Sound it out!.....  
 If you hope to join their song, Sound it out!.....  
 sound it out!

CHORUS.



Tell the news, Tell the news! Let it still be ringing,

## Sound It Out With Singing.

Joy and glad - ness bring - ing, If you know..... a Sav - ior's  
If you know

love, A Sav - ior's love, Sound it out with sing - ing.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a focus on the lyrics.

## No. 188. I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I'm poor and weak and blind;  
CHO. — I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;  
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a focus on the lyrics.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;  
Long has evil dwelt within;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,—  
Friends and time and earthly store,  
Soul and body Thine to be—  
Wholly Thine—forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust;  
In the cleansing blood confide;

I am prostrate in the dust;  
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!  
Perfect in love I am;  
I am every whit made whole;  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

(Chorus to 5th verse.)  
Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow—  
Jesus saves me! saves me now.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There will be sing-ing and great re-joic-ing Yon-der in glo-ry,  
 2. There will be wail-ing, sad lam-en-ta-tions, Bit-ter-est weep-ing.  
 3. In heav-en's mor-row shall we be chanting Praise and thanksgiving,  
 4. Grant us, O Fa-ther, that not with sad-ness Our souls shall meet Thee,

by and by; Sweet anthems singing, in gladness voicing Salvation's sweet  
 by and by; Grief un-a-vail-ing, vain sup-pli-ca-tion, And sorrowful  
 by and by? Or, in our sor-row, be there la-ment-ing Our prod-i-gal  
 by and by, But let us, rath-er, with joy and gladness Haste onward to

## REFRAIN.

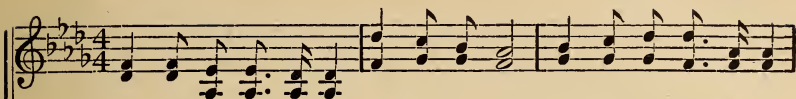
sto-ry, by and by. By and by,..... By and by,..... Singing and  
 reaping, by and by. Weeping and  
 liv-ing, by and by? Gladness and  
 greet Thee by and by. By and by, by and by, Our souls shall

praising by and by;..... Sing-ing and praising by and by;.....  
 wail-ing by and by;..... Weep-ing and wail-ing by and by;.....  
 sor-row by and by;..... Gladness and sor-row by and by;.....  
 meet Thee, by and by, by and by; Our souls shall meet Thee, by and by, by and by.

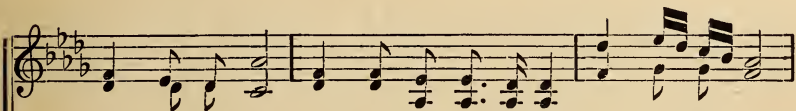
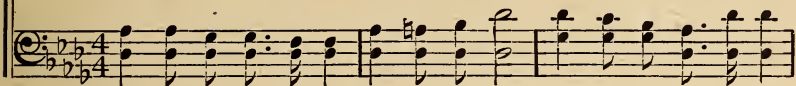


J. T. K.

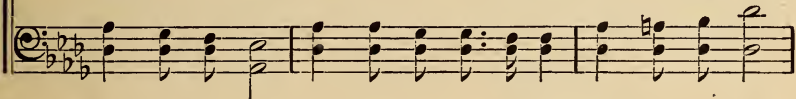
Rev. JNO. T. KERR.



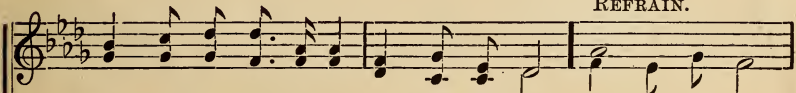
1. Sleep, Sol-dier, take thy rest—the battle's o'er, Ne'er shalt thou hear a-gain
2. When thou didst hear the call for men to fight, Thou didst at once o-bey,-
3. As we the flow-ers strew up-on thy grave, We think of what was done
4. Thou hast the riv-er crossed—march'd on be-fore, In - to the bet-ter land-



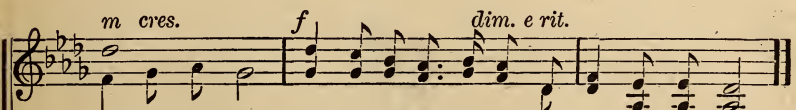
the cannon's roar; Faith - ful wast thou till death, 'mid toil and strife,  
bat - tled for right; Home, friends and lux - u - ries thou didst de - ny;  
our land to save; There - fore the mem - o - ry of thee is dear,  
camped on its shore; There thou for us wilt wait, - we're com - ing, too,



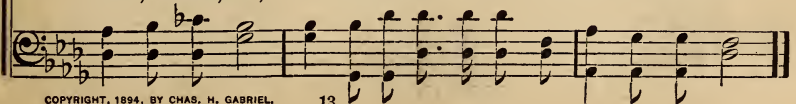
## REFRAIN.



Now there a - waits for thee a crown of life. Rest, - - -  
Thou, for a no - ble cause, left all - to die!  
And to our hearts thou shalt ev - er be near. Rest, sol - dier, rest,  
That we may share with thee the grand review.

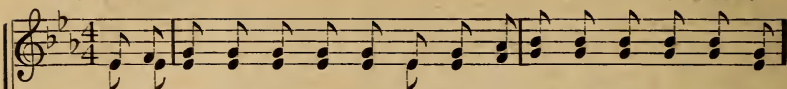


Rest, - - - Rest till the last re-veil - le, rest, sol-dier, rest.  
Rest, sol-dier, rest,

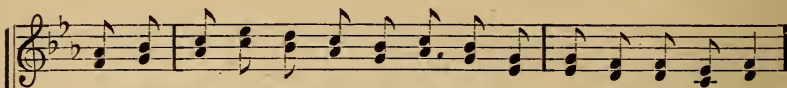
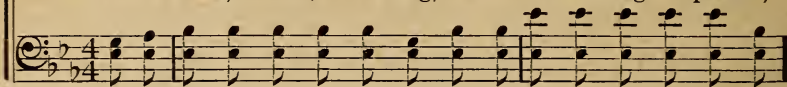


Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

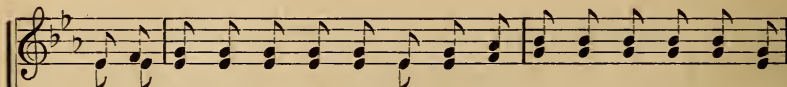
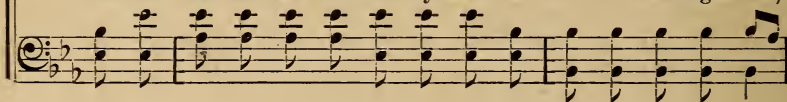
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



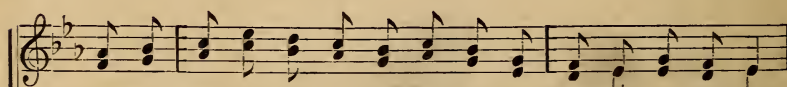
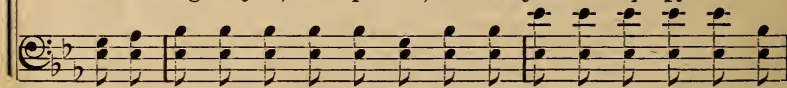
1. In the dawn-ing of the morning, when the crystal dew is shin-ing,
2. In the sul-try hour of noon day, when the hearts and hands are weary
3. In the qui-et hush of ev-'ning, when we're free from care and la-bor,
4. Then at dawn, or noon, or ev-'ning, we will ev-er sing His prais-es,



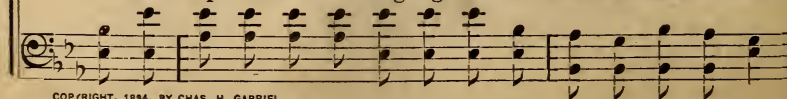
And the birds their joy-ous mat-ins pour up - on the fra-grant air,  
 With the toil-ing, and the bur-den, and the fer-vent sum-mer heat,  
 When the gold-en sun is sink-ing in his pur-ple cloud-y sea,  
 And His love shall be our sto-ry and our ev-er-last-ing theme,



We will praise our lov-ing Fa-ther who has shown a - new His mer-cy,  
 We will praise Him for His promise of a rest in heav'n re-main-ing,  
 We will of - fer our thanksgiving to the Giv-er of all bless-ings,  
 Till a-mong the just, made per-fect, we shall join the hap-py cho-rus

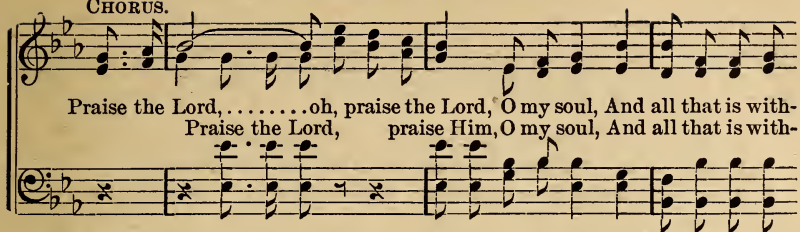


And thro' all the hours of darkness still has kept us in His care.  
 And of past-ures where a Shepherd kind shall lead our will-ing feet.  
 Praising Him for bless-ed free-dom wherein Christ has made us free.  
 The tri-umph-ant hosts are sing-ing on the banks of Jordan's stream.

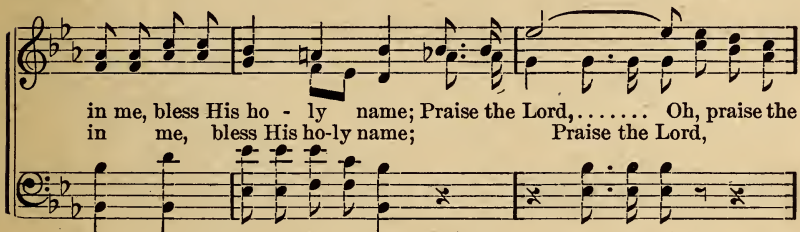


# Praise the Lord.

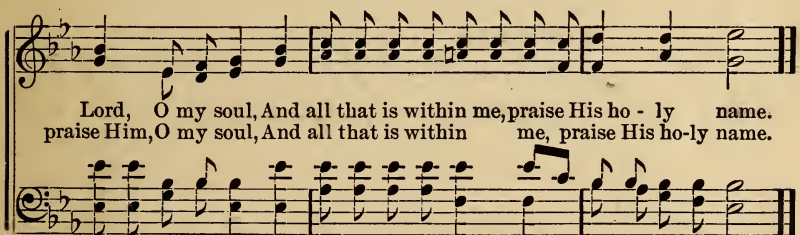
CHORUS.



Praise the Lord, . . . . . oh, praise the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with-  
Praise the Lord, praise Him, O my soul, And all that is with-



in me, bless His ho - ly name; Praise the Lord, . . . . . Oh, praise the  
in me, bless His ho - ly name; Praise the Lord,



Lord, O my soul, And all that is within me, praise His ho - ly name.  
praise Him, O my soul, And all that is within me, praise His ho - ly name.

## No. 192. WORK FOR THE NIGHT.

Key of F.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling;  
Work, 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work, in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon  
Fill brightest hours with labor;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work, while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

## No. 193. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Tune:-WEBB.

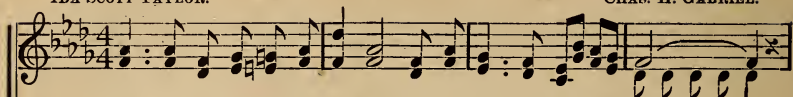
- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto victory  
His army He shall lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own;  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song;  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.



# No. 194. CHRIST AND CHRIST ALONE.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

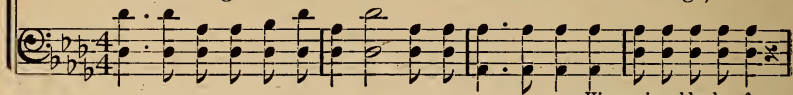
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



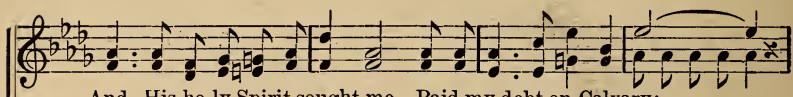
1. Long a-go the Savior bought me With His precious blood so free,....

2. Day by day His Spirit leads me, And I fol-low with de-light;.....

3. In His refuge He will hide me 'Neath the shadow of His wings;.....



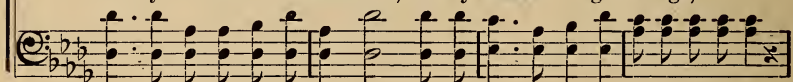
His precious blood so free,  
fol-low, follow with delight;  
'Neath the shadow of His wings;



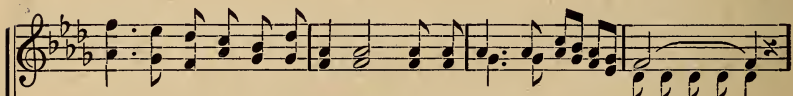
And His ho-ly Spirit sought me—Paid my debt on Calvary;.....

With ce-les-tial food He feeds me—Guides my erring feet aright:.....

Dai-ly He will walk beside me, As my blessed King of kings;.....



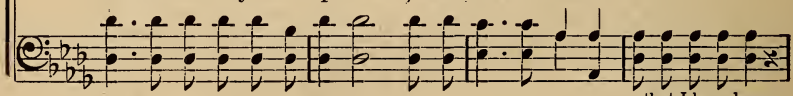
on Cal-va-ry;  
my er-ring feet aright;  
my blessed King of kings;



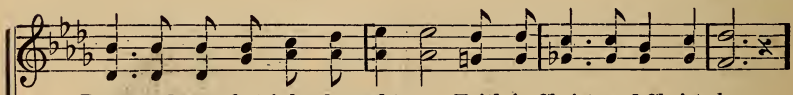
Now I lean up-on His promise, 'Tis the sur-est I have known;.....

Safe with Him I cannot fal-ter, He will guard with care His own;.....

Thro' His love my soul is pardon'd, I am heir to crown and throne—....



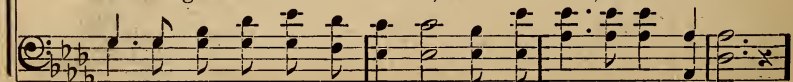
that I have known;  
will guard His own;  
to crown and throne,



Peace and com-fort it has brought me, Faith in Christ, and Christ alone.

I am trusting Him complete-ly, Trusting Christ, and Christ alone.

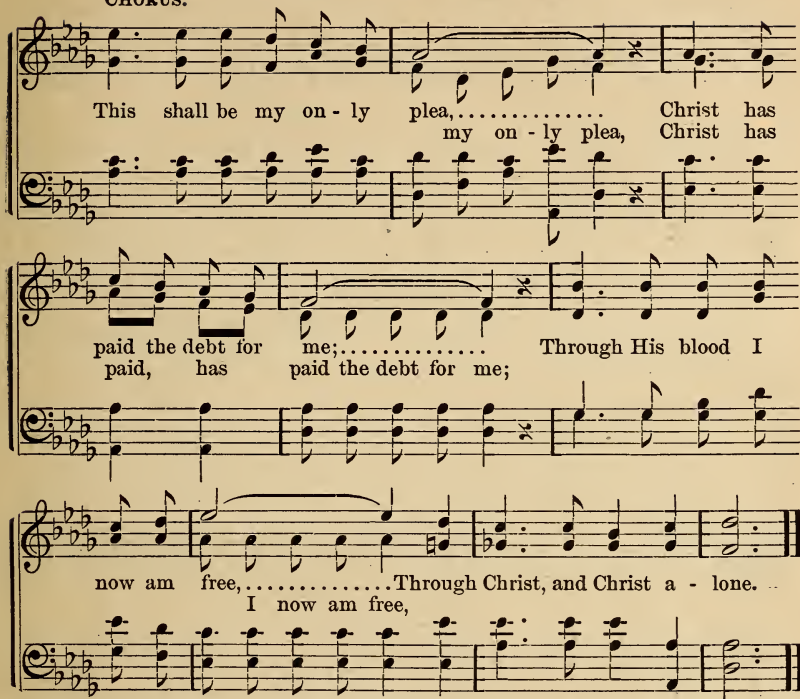
I've a glo-rious home in heav-en, All thro' Christ, and Christ alone.





# Christ, and Christ Alone.

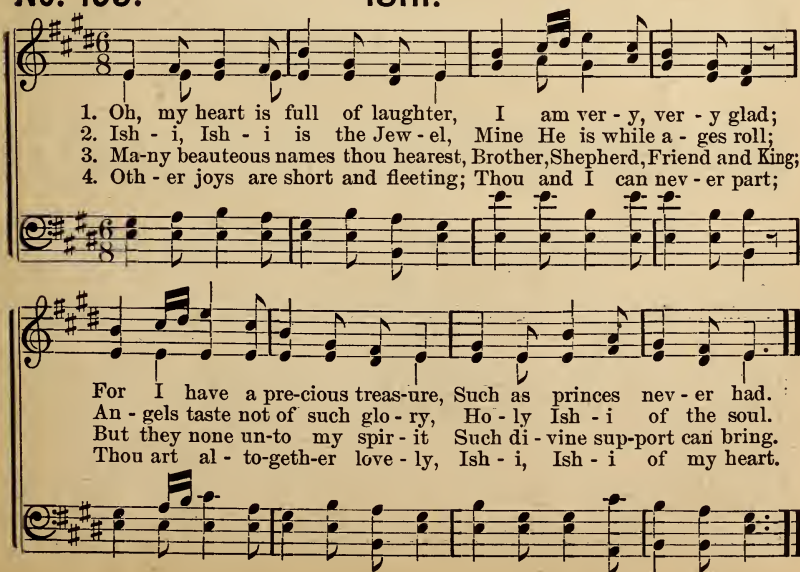
CHORUS.



This shall be my on - ly plea,..... Christ has  
my on - ly plea, Christ has  
paid the debt for me;..... Through His blood I  
paid, has paid the debt for me;  
now am free,.....Through Christ, and Christ a - lone.  
I now am free,

No. 195.

ISHI.

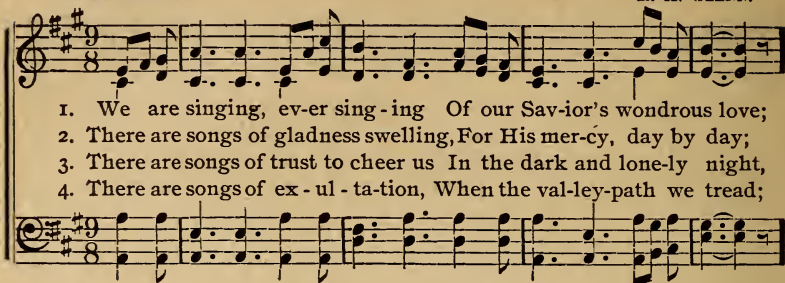


1. Oh, my heart is full of laughter, I am ver - y, ver - y glad;  
2. Ish - i, Ish - i is the Jew - el, Mine He is while a - ges roll;  
3. Ma - ny beauteous names thou hearest, Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King;  
4. Oth - er joys are short and fleeting; Thou and I can nev - er part;  
For I have a pre - cious treas - ure, Such as princes nev - er had.  
An - gels taste not of such glo - ry, Ho - ly Ish - i of the soul.  
But they none un - to my spir - it Such di - vine sup - port can bring.  
Thou art al - to - geth - er love - ly, Ish - i, Ish - i of my heart.

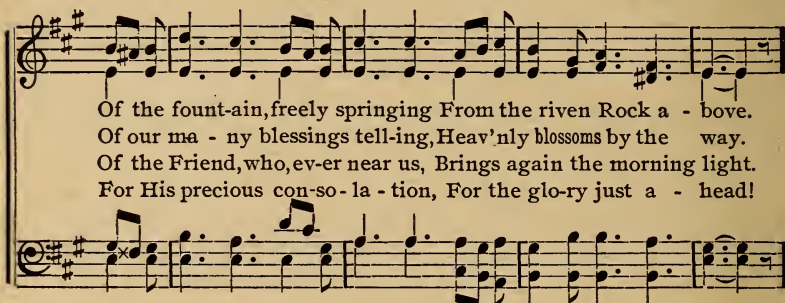
# No. 196. THE MUSIC OF THE KINGDOM.

E. E. HEWITT.

R. A. GLENN.

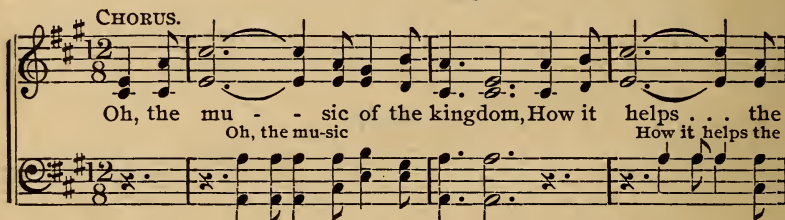


1. We are singing, ev-er sing-ing Of our Sav-ior's wondrous love;
2. There are songs of gladness swelling, For His mer-cy, day by day;
3. There are songs of trust to cheer us In the dark and lone-ly night,
4. There are songs of ex-ul-tation, When the val-ley-path we tread;




Of the fount-ain, freely springing From the riven Rock a - bove.  
 Of our ma - ny blessings tell-ing, Heav'nly blossoms by the way.  
 Of the Friend, who, ev-er near us, Brings again the morning light.  
 For His precious con-so-la-tion, For the glo-ry just a - head!

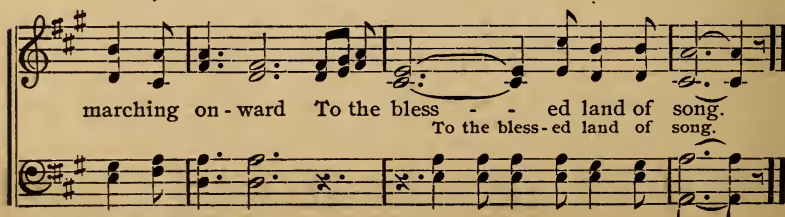
CHORUS.



Oh, the mu - - sic of the kingdom, How it helps . . . the  
 Oh, the mu-sic How it helps the



soul a - long, . . . . . As we're march - - - ing,  
 soul, It helps the soul a - long, As we're marching,

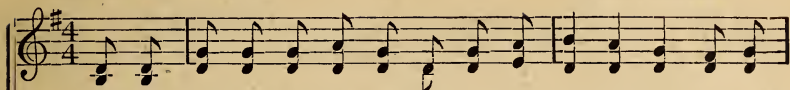


marching on - ward To the bless - - - ed land of song.  
 To the bless-ed land of song.

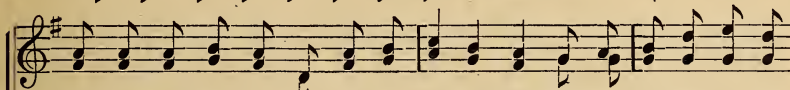
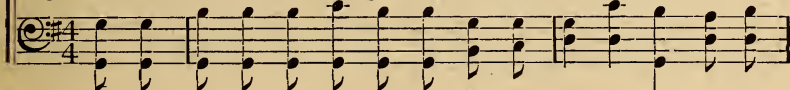
# No. 197. SAVIOR, GO WITH ME.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN JR.

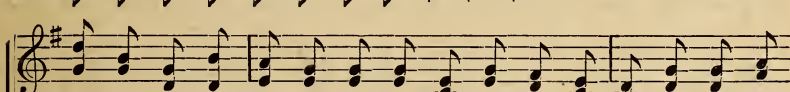
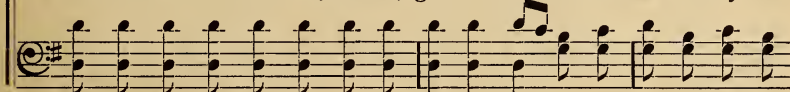
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. As Thou once the host pre - ced-ed, Sav - ior, go with me! Guid-ing,
2. In this world I'm but a stranger, Sav - ior, go with me! Thro' its
3. Thou who art of life the giv - er, Sav - ior, go with me! When I'm



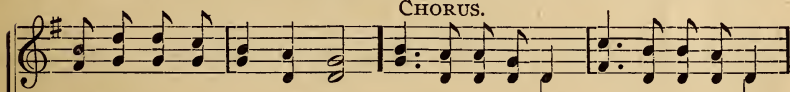
when a guide they needed, Sav - ior, go with me! As with pillar Thou didst  
dark-ness and its dan - ger, Sav - ior, go with me! Guide me, O my Sav - ior,  
called to cross death's riv - er, Sav - ior, go with me! When these earth - ly ties



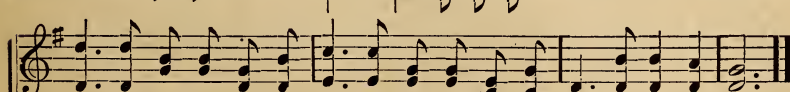
lead them, Thro' the rag - ing bil - lows led them, Dai - ly on Thy man - na  
guide me! And when e - vil doth be - tide me, In Thine own pa - vil - ion  
are riv - en, Thou best friend to mortals giv'n, Thro' the shining gates of



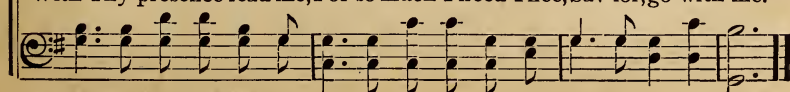
## CHORUS.



fed them, Sav - ior, go with me. Sav - ior go with me, All the way with me!  
hide me, Sav - ior, go with me.  
heav - en, Sav - ior, go with me,



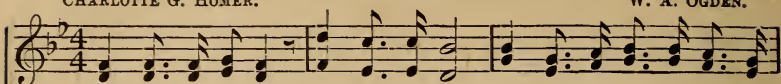
With Thy presence lead me, For so much I need Thee, Sav - ior, go with me.



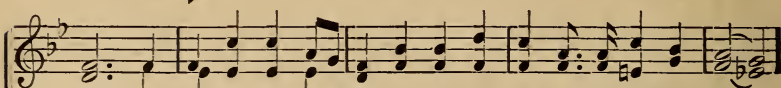


CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

W. A. OGDEN.

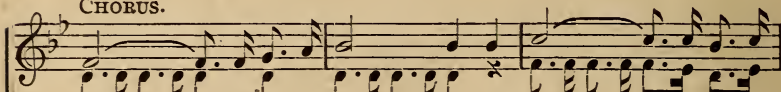


1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and worldly



spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye weary, come, And thou shalt be richly fed.  
 wide; A place of hon - or is reserv'd For you at the Master's side.  
 thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev - er be.  
 strife; Come, feast upon the love of God, And drink ev - er - last - ing life.

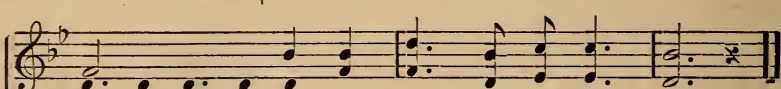
## CHORUS.



Hear . . . the in - vi - ta - tion, Come, "who - - so - ev - er  
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,



will," . . . . . Praise God . . . . . for full sal -  
 "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - - tion For




va - - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er - will."  
 "who - so - ev - er will."

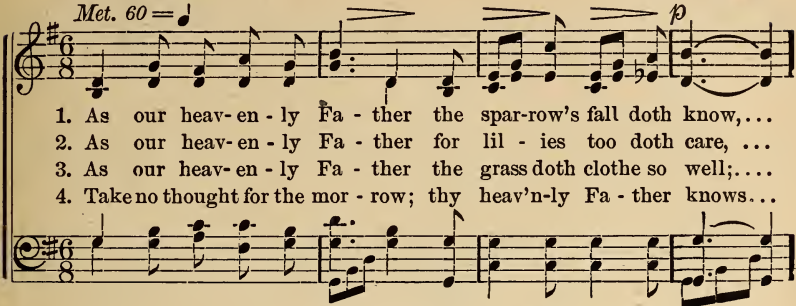


# No. 199. HE CARETH FOR ME!

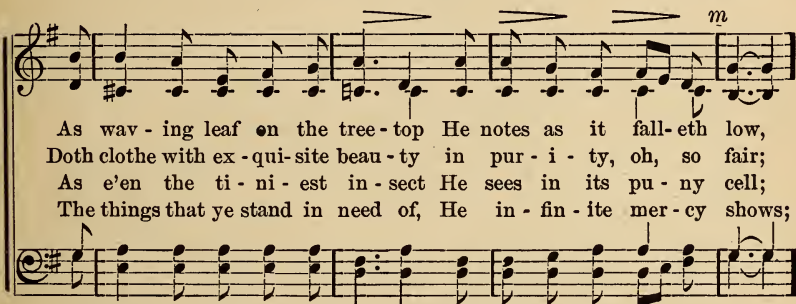
Mrs. GRACE WIESER DAVIS.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.

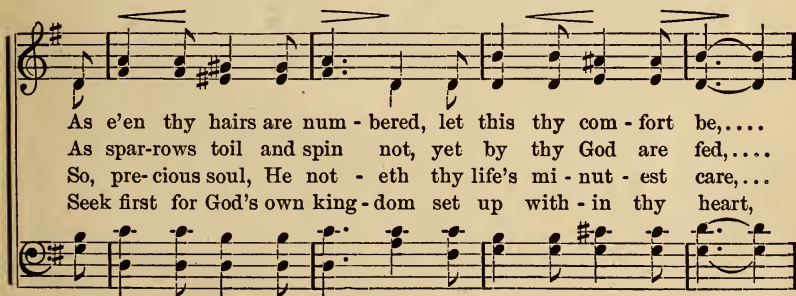
*Met.* 60 = 



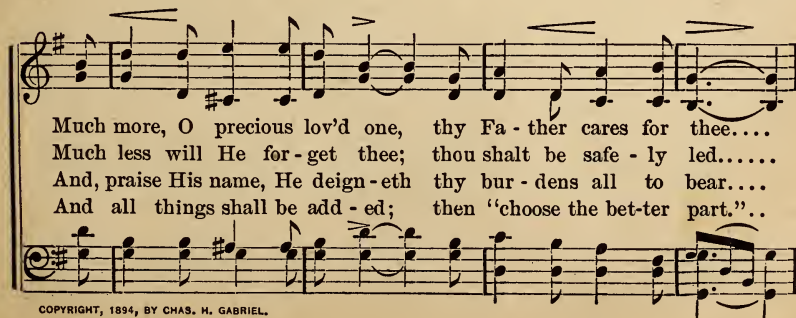
1. As our heav-en - ly Fa - ther the spar-row's fall doth know,...
2. As our heav-en - ly Fa - ther for lil - ies too doth care, ...
3. As our heav-en - ly Fa - ther the grass doth clothe so well;...
4. Takeno thought for the mor - row; thy heav'n-ly Fa - ther knows...



As wav - ing leaf on the tree-top He notes as it fall-eth low,  
 Doth clothe with ex - qui - site beau - ty in pur - i - ty, oh, so fair;  
 As e'en the ti - ni - est in - sect He sees in its pu - ny cell;  
 The things that ye stand in need of, He in - fin - ite mer - cy shows;



As e'en thy hairs are num - bered, let this thy com - fort be,....  
 As spar-rows toil and spin not, yet by thy God are fed,....  
 So, pre - cious soul, He not - eth thy life's mi - nut - est care,....  
 Seek first for God's own king - dom set up with - in thy heart,



Much more, O precious lov'd one, thy Fa - ther cares for thee....  
 Much less will He for - get thee; thou shalt be safe - ly led.....  
 And, praise His name, He deign-eth thy bur - dens all to bear....  
 And all things shall be add - ed; then "choose the bet - ter part."..

# He Careth for Me!

**CHORUS.**

*f* *Cres.* *ff*

He cares for me! He cares for me! Sing to thy-self each day!

*f* *p* *Cres.* *Dim.* *p*

He cares for me! He cares for me! In all things, and all-way.

## No. 200. THY WILL BE DONE.

*A special contribution by the author of "My Country, 'tis of thee."*

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thy way, O God, is best, Thy way,—not mine; Pa-tient be-  
 2. I know Thy wise de-sign,—Thy will is mine; From earth-ly  
 3. Clay in the pot-ter's hand,—Thy will is mine; 'Tis Thine the  
 4. Sor-row, or joy be sent,—Thy will is mine; In all Thy

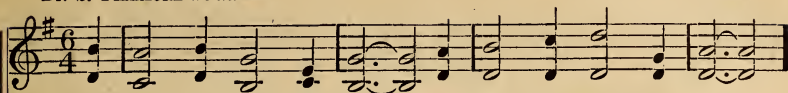
neath Thy rod, Quick to o-bey Thy nod, Because Thou art my God,—  
 dross re-fine, Shape to the Mould divine, My soul shall ne'er re-pine,—  
 vass to make, Or Thine, dear Lord, to break, Thine, or to give,—or, take,—  
 woe I see,—What-e'er my lot may be, I trust my all to Thee,—

Thy will,—not mine; Because Thou art my God,—Thy will,—not mine.  
 Thy will,—not mine; My soul shall not re-pine,—Thy will,—not mine.  
 Thy will,—not mine; Thine, or to give,—or, take,—Thy will,—not mine.  
 Thy will is mine; I trust my all to Thee,—Thy will is mine.

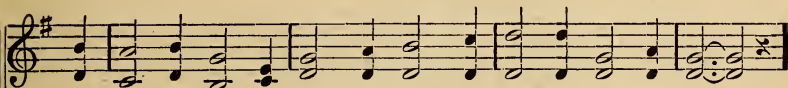
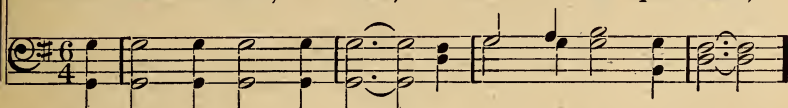
# No. 201. DRAW NEAR, O COMFORTER.

Dr. S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

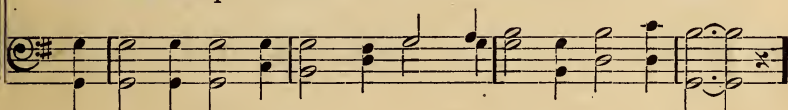
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



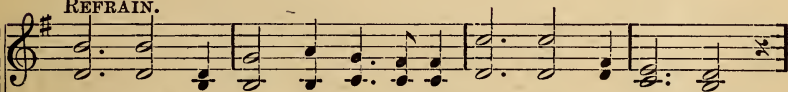
1. Draw near, O Com - fort - er, This err - ing heart of mine,
2. Draw near, O Pow'r Di - vine! Let me not ask in vain!
3. This ver - y hour I need The guid - ance of Thy hand;
4. Thee on - ly would I know, My Com - fort - er and Friend;
5. Pos - sess'd of Thee, O Lord, I am of all pos - sess'd,



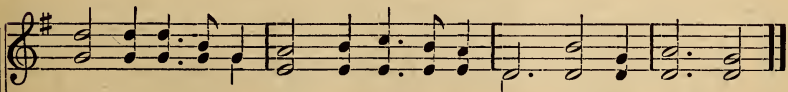
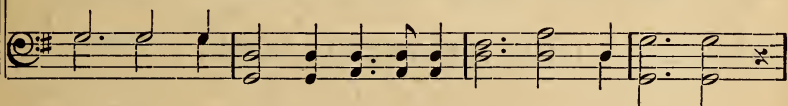
And let it feel the heal - ing pow'r Of love and grace di - vine.  
 My heart is thirst-ing for Thy love, As des - erts thirst for rain.  
 I give my all, and yield my life To Thy di - vine com-mand.  
 I fear the dan-gers by the way, Un-less Thy grace de-fend.  
 And work with pa-tience till at last I en - ter in - to rest.



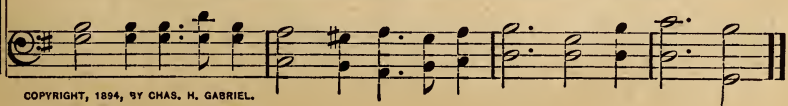
## REFRAIN.



Near - er, O bless - ed Com-fort-er, Near - er, still near - er;



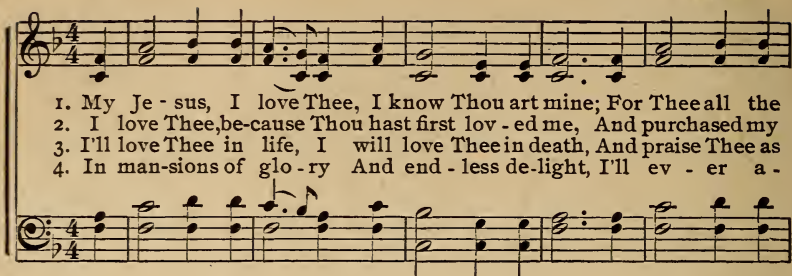
By Thy love di-vine, Make and keep me Thine, Near-er, still near - er.



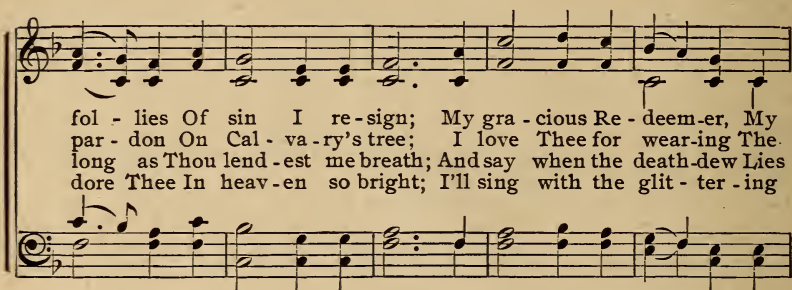


## No. 202. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry And end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies Of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, My  
 par - don On Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing The  
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew Lies  
 dore Thee In heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

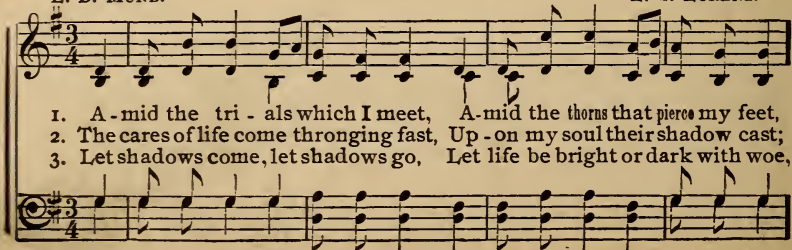


Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorn on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 Crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

## No. 203. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,  
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;  
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,



# Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

**FINE.**

One thought remains su-premely sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
 I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D. S.—What need I fear since Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

**CHORUS.** **D.S.**

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me;)

## No. 204. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

1. { From Greenland's i-cy mountains, From In-dia's cor-al strand; } Roll  
 2. { Where Af-ric's sun-ny foun-tains, (Omit.....) }  
 3. { Shall we, whose souls are light-ed, With wis-dom free on high, } The  
 4. { Shall we, to men be-night-ed, (Omit.....) }  
 5. { Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto-ry, And you, ye wat-ers, roll, } It  
 6. { Till, like a sea of glo-ry, (Omit.....) }

down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv-er, From many a palm-y  
 lamp of life de-ny? Sal-va-tion! oh, sal-va-tion! The joy-ful sound pro-  
 spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran-somed na-ture, The Lamb for sinners

plain, They call us to de-liv-er, Their land from er-ror's chain.  
 claim, Till earth's re-mot-est na-tion Has learned Mes-si-ah's name.  
 slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-tur-nus to reign.

# No. 205.

# COME, LET US JOIN.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne;  
 2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex- alt - ed thus!"  
 3. Je - sus is wor - thy to receive Hon - or and pow'r di-vine;  
 4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,  
 5. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.  
 "Wor-thy the Lamb!" our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."  
 And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ev - er Thine!  
 Con-spire to lift Thy glo-ries high, And speak Thine end - less praise.  
 Of Him who sits up - on the throne And to a - dore the Lamb!

# No. 206.

# HARK! TEN THOUSAND.

FINE.

1. { Hark! ten - thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise a - bove; }  
     { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, }  
 2. { Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry brightens, All a - bove, and gives it worth; }  
     { Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth. }

D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

D.C.

See, He sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone;  
 See, He sits on yon - der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone;  
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine;  
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord we own it love di - vine;

3 King of glory reign forever;  
 Thine an everlasting crown;  
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever  
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;  
 Happy objects of Thy grace,  
 Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;  
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,  
 When, the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;  
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,  
 "Glory, glory to our King."

# No. 207. THE SINNER INVITED.

I. { Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high - lands of heav - en? }  
 { Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum - mer's giv - en: }

*D.C.—And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting.*

Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ing,

2 Where the saints rob'd in white,  
 Cleans'd in life's flowing fountain,  
 Shining beauteous and bright,  
 They inhabit the mountain.  
 Where no sin nor dismay,  
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,  
 Will be felt for a day,  
 Nor be fear'd for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—  
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?  
 And invites thee to come,  
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?  
 O come, sinner, come,  
 For the tide is receding,  
 And the Savior will soon  
 And forever cease pleading.

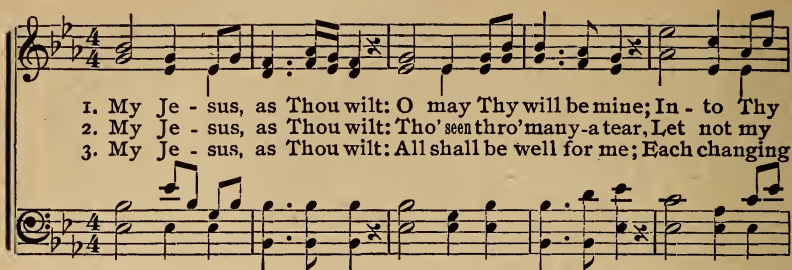
# No. 208. LEIGHTON. S. M.

1. Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die;  
 2. To breathe, and wake, and sleep, To smile, to sigh, to grieve,  
 3. Make haste, O man, to do What - ev - er must be done;  
 4. Up, then, with speed, and work; Fling ease and self a - way—

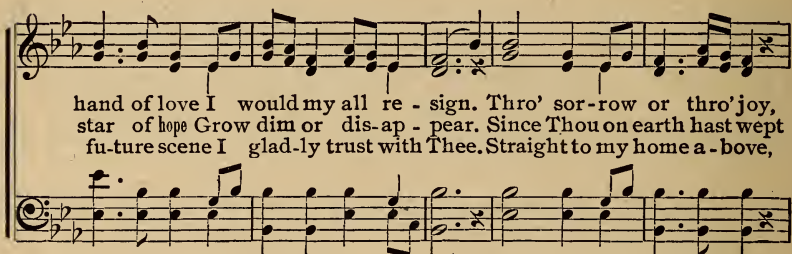
Time hur - ries past thee like a breeze, How swift its moments fly!  
 To move in i - dle - ness thro' earth—This, this is not to live.  
 Thou hast no time to lose in sloth, Thy day will soon be gone.  
 This is no time for thee to sleep—Up, watch, and work, and pray!



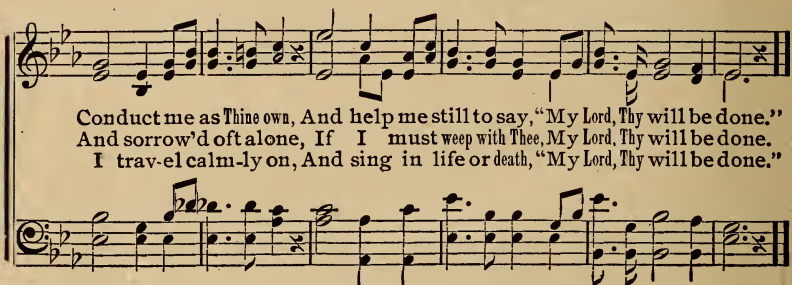
# No. 209. MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.



1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy  
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many-a tear, Let not my  
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing



hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,  
 star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept  
 fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove,

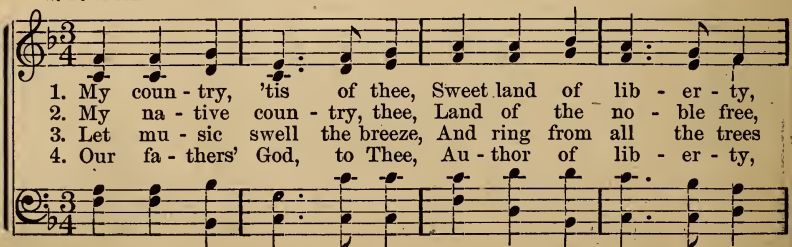


Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 And sorrow'd oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
 I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

# No. 210.

# AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



# America.

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's

*Cres.*

Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side Let free - dom ring.  
tem - pled hills, My heart with rapt - ure thrills, Like that a - bove.  
breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.  
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

## No. 211.

## ROCK OF AGES.

*FINE.*

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

*D. C.*—Be of sin the dou-ble cure,—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

*D. C.*

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed

2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfil the law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,—  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

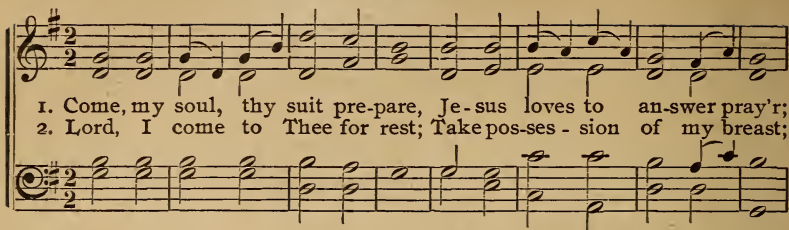
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress, 14

Helpless, look to Thee for grace,—  
Vile, I to the Fountain fly,  
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

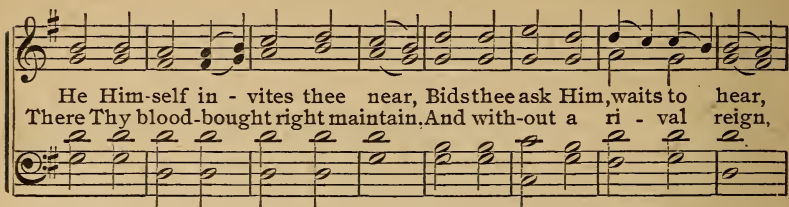
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my heart-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

# No. 212.

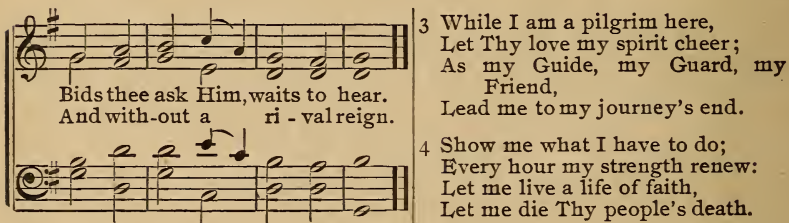
# COME, MY SOUL.



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je-sus loves to an-swer pray'r;  
2. Lord, I come to Thee for rest; Take pos-ses-sion of my breast;



He Him-self in - vites thee near, Bidsthee ask Him, waits to hear,  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain. And with-out a ri - val reign,



Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.  
And with-out a ri - val reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my  
Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;  
Every hour my strength renew:  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die Thy people's death.

# No. 213.

## Children of the Heavenly King.

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,  
As we journey we will sing,—  
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye mourning souls, be glad,  
Christ our advocate is made;  
Us to save our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
Soon we'll enter into rest;  
There our seat is now prepared,  
There our Kingdom and reward.
- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

# No. 214. Hark, My Soul.

- 1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Savior, hear His word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore,  
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

**No. 215.**

## ROOM FOR ALL.

L. B. BATES.

C. H. G.

L. B. DATES. C. H. G.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It features two staves: a treble staff at the top and a bass staff at the bottom. Both staves are in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 3/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with two verses. The first verse is enclosed in large curly braces. The second verse is also enclosed in large curly braces. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

I. { There's room in God's e - ter - nal love, To save thy pre-cious soul; }  
Room in the Spir - it's grace a-bove, To heal and make thee whole. }

2. { There's room within the church, redeem'd With blood of Christ di-vine; }  
Room in the white-rob'd throng, conven'd For that dear soul of thine. }

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's room, There's room for thee, and there's room for all; for all.  
Yes, there's room, there's room for thee,

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- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3 There's room in heav'n among the<br/>             choir,<br/>         And harps and crowns of gold,<br/>         And glorious palms of vict'ry there,<br/>         And joys that ne'er were told.</p> | <p>4 There's room around thy Father's<br/>             board<br/>         For thee and millions more;<br/>         Oh, come and welcome to the Lord,<br/>         Yea, come this very hour.</p> |
|--|---|

## AZMON.

[illegible]

**No. 216.**

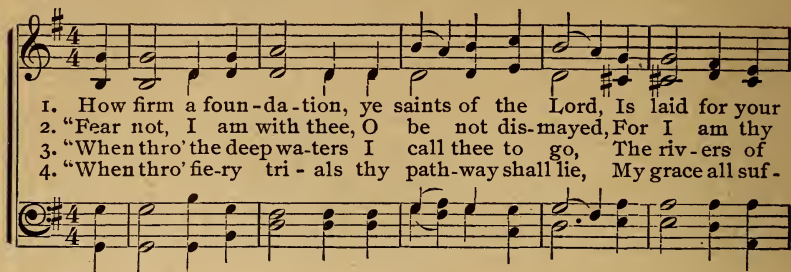
- 1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels Thy blood  
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

**No. 217.**

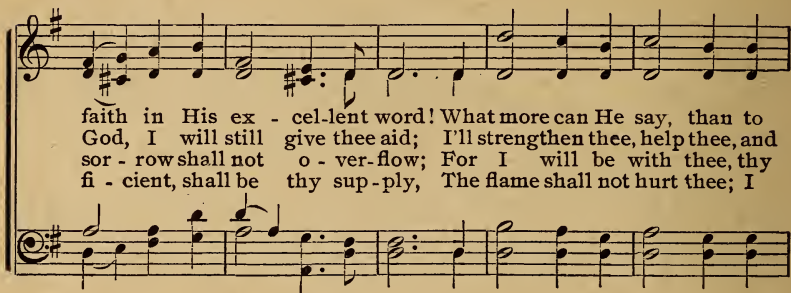
- 1 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!  
What pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!  
To Thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.



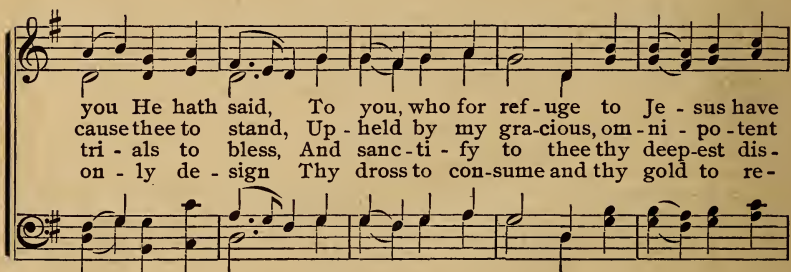
# No. 218. THE FIRM FOUNDATION.



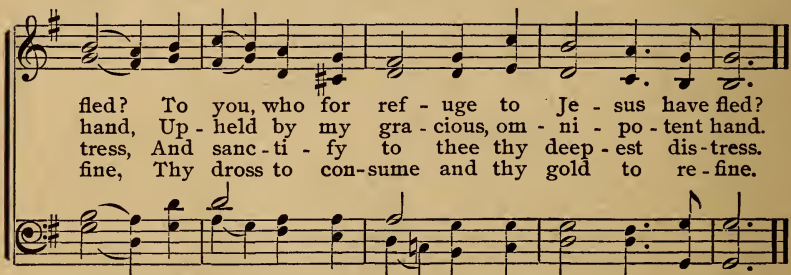
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy  
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of  
 4. "When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-



faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to  
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy  
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I



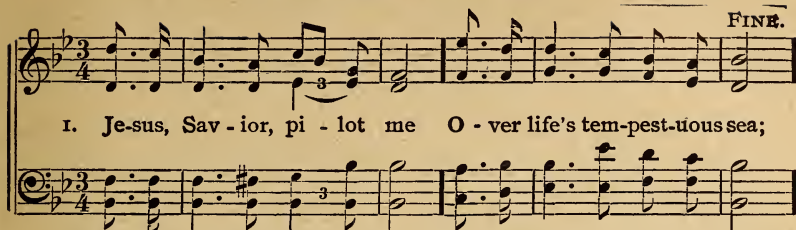
you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have  
 causeth thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent  
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-  
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume and thy gold to re-



fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?  
 hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent hand.  
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.  
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume and thy gold to re-fine.

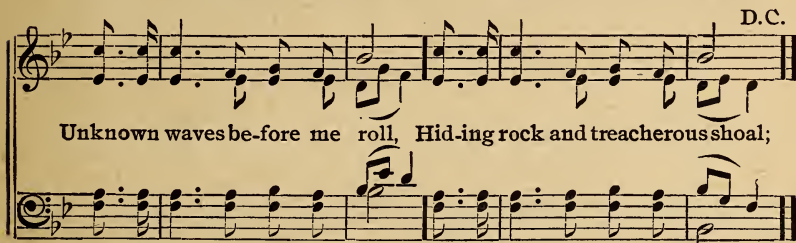
<p>5 "E'en down to old age all my people          shall prove [love;          My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable          And when hoary hairs shall their tem-          ples adorn, [be borne.          Like lambs they shall still in my bosom</p>	<p>6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned          for repose,          I will not, I will not desert to his foes;          That soul, though all hell should en-          deavor to shake,          I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"</p>
---	--





I. Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;

Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.



Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;

- 2 When the apostle's fragile bark  
Struggled with the billow's dark,  
On the stormy Galilee,  
Thou didst walk upon the sea;  
And when they beheld Thy form,  
Safe they glided through the storm.
- 3 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will

When Thou sayest to them, "Be still!"  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

- 4 When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

## No. 220. I Gave My Life.

- 1 I gave my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
||: I gave, I gave my life for thee, :||  
What hast thou given for me?
- 2 My Father's house of light,  
My glory-circled throne  
I left, for earthly night,  
For wand'rings sad and lone.  
||: I left, I left it all for thee, :||  
Hast thou left aught for me?
- 3 I suffered much for thee,  
More than my tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell;  
||: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, :||  
What hast thou borne for me?
- 4 And I have brought to thee,  
Down from my home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and my love;  
||: I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, :||  
What hast thou brought to me?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

## No. 221.

### Take The Name Of Jesus.

Key, A $\flat$

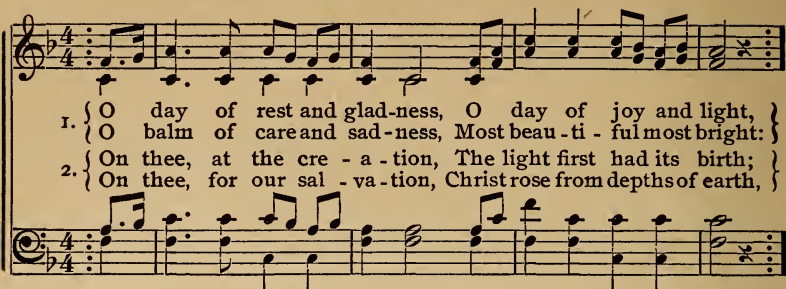
- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe;  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;  
Precious name, O how sweet,  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare;  
If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
- 3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ.
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,  
When our journey is complete.

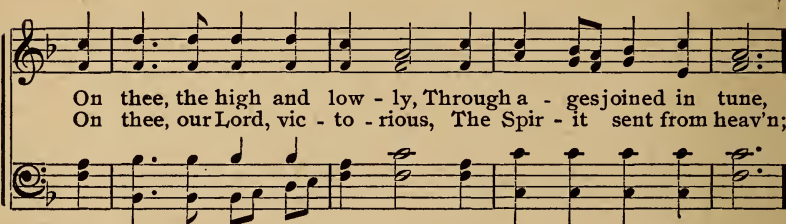
Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

## No. 222. O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

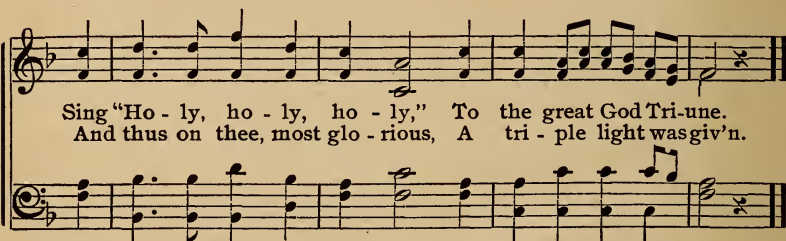


1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, }  
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful most bright: }

2. { On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth; }  
 { On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth, }



On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,  
 On thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heav'n;

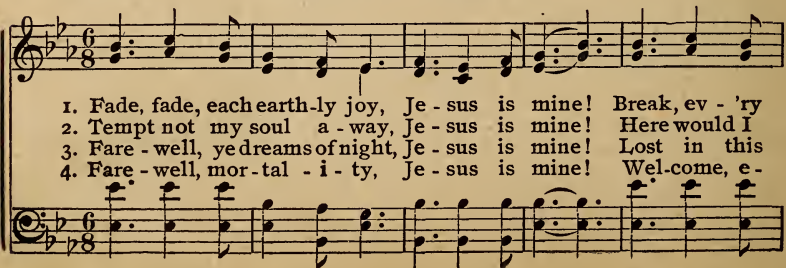


Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.  
 And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A tri-ple light was giv'n.

3 To-day on weary nations  
 The heavenly manna falls,  
 To holy convocations  
 The silver trumpet calls,  
 Where gospel light is glowing  
 With pure and radiant beams,  
 And living water flowing  
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining  
 From this our day of rest,  
 We reach the rest remaining  
 To spirits of the blest;  
 To Holy Ghost be praises,  
 To Father, and to Son;  
 The Church her voice upraises  
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

## No. 223. JESUS IS MINE!



1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break, ev-'ry  
 2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I  
 3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this  
 4. Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, e-

## Jesus Is Mine.

ten-der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,  
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per-ish-ing things of clay,  
 dawning light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried  
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, oh, loved and blest.

Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!  
 Left but a dis-mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

## No. 224. I STRETCH MY HANDS TO THEE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune: I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;  
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;  
 CHO. — I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me,

If Thou with - draw Thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?  
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure, My soul from end - less death!  
 And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

3 O, Jesus, could I this believe,  
 I now should feel Thy power;  
 And all my wants Thou wouldst re -  
 In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift  
 My weary, longing eyes;  
 O let me now receive that gift!  
 My soul without it dies.

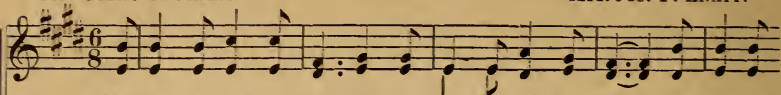


# No. 225.

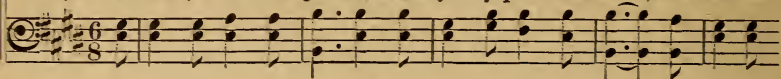
# CONSECRATION.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

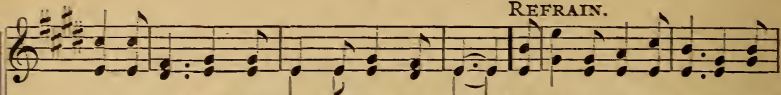
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



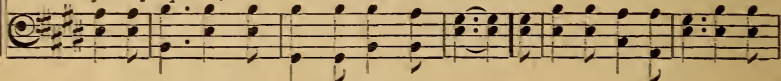
1. My bo-dy, soul and spi-rit, Je - sus, I give to Thee, A con-se-
2. O Je - sus, mighty Sav-i-er, I trust in Thy great name, I look for
3. Oh, let the fire, descend-ing Just now up-on my soul, Consume my
4. I'm Thine, O blessed Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy precious blood, Now seal me



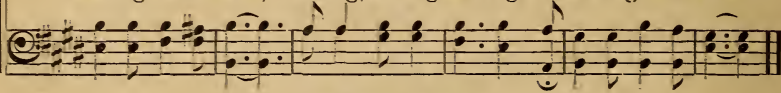
## REFRAIN.



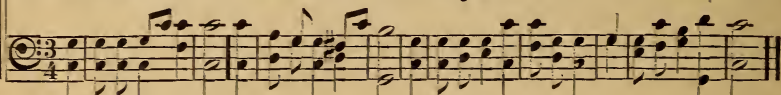
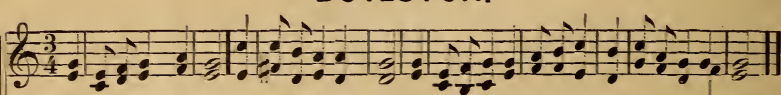
crat-ed offering, Thine evermore to be. My all is on the al-tar, I'm  
Thy sal-va-tion, Thy promise now I claim.  
humble offering, And cleanse and make me whole.  
by Thy Spir-it, A sac - ri - fice to God.



*Rit.*  
waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.



## BOYLSTON.



# No. 226.

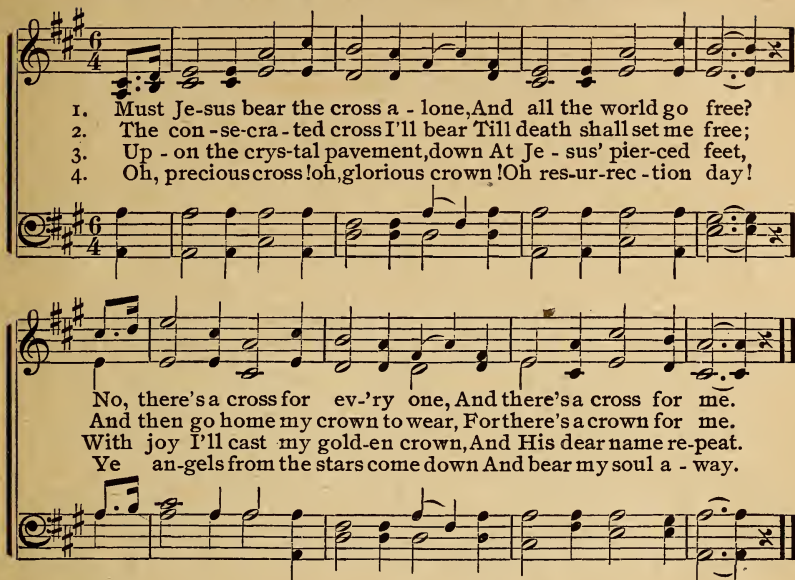
- 1 A charge to keep I have;  
A God to glorify:  
A never-dying soul to save.  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill,  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely;  
Assured if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

# No. 227.

- 1 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
I can hold out no more:  
I sink by dying love compell'd,  
And own the Conqueror!
- 3 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all Thy weight of love.



## No. 228. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS.



1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. The con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;  
 3. Up - on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pier-ced feet,  
 4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh res-ur-rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re-pe-at.  
 Ye an-gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

## No. 229.

### I Love to Tell the Story.

Key of A $\flat$ .

- 1 I love to tell the story  
 Of unseen things above,  
 Of Jesus and His glory,  
 Of Jesus and His love.  
 I love to tell the story,  
 Because I know 'tis true;  
 It satisfies my longings  
 As nothing else can do.
- CHO.—I love to tell the story,  
 'Twill be my theme in glory,  
 To tell the old, old story  
 Of Jesus and His love.
- 2 I love to tell the story:  
 More wonderful it seems  
 Than all the golden fancies  
 Of all our golden dreams.  
 I love to tell the story,  
 It did so much for me;  
 And that is just the reason,  
 I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the story,  
 For those who know it best  
 Seem hungering and thirsting  
 To hear it like the rest.  
 And when, in scenes of glory,  
 I sing the new, new song,  
 'Twill be the old, old story  
 That I have loved so long.

CATHERINE HANKEY.

## No. 230.

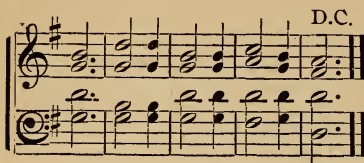
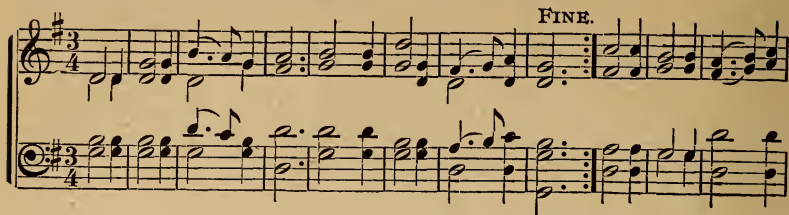
### Marching to Zion.

Key of G.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known,  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne,  
 And thus surround the throne.
- CHO.—We're marching to Zion,  
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion,  
 We're marching upward to Zion,  
 The beautiful city of God.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
 Who never knew our God;  
 But children of the heav'nly King,  
 But children of the heav'nly King,  
 May speak their joys abroad.  
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields,  
 A thousand sacred sweets,  
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets,  
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry, [ground,  
 We're marching through Immanuel's  
 We're marching through Immanuel's  
 To fairer worlds on high, [ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS.

## No. 231. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

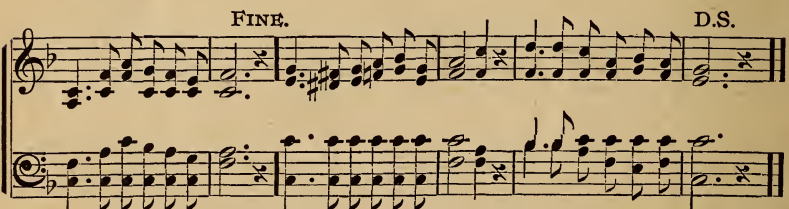
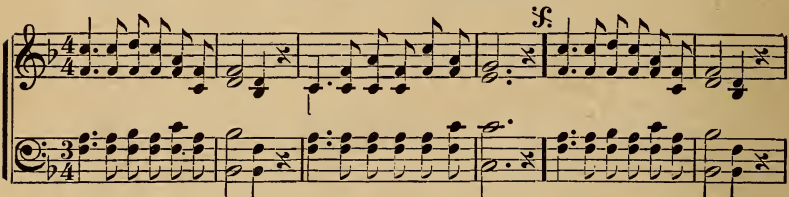


1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,  
Ever near the Christian's side,  
Gently lead us by the hand,  
Pilgrims in a desert land.  
Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,  
While they hear that sweetest voice  
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come,  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear.  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
Waiting still for sweet release,  
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
Wondering if our names are there;  
Wading deep the dismal flood,  
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;  
Wisper softly, "Wanderer, come,  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

## No. 232. WHAT A FRIEND.



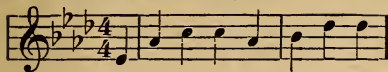
1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

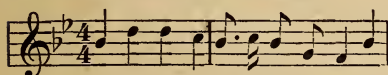
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care,  
Precious Savior, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer:  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

## No. 233. Jesus, my All.



- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till Him I view,  
The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The Kings highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned, because I found it not;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.  
The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more;  
'Till late I heard my Savior say  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 3 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest lamb,  
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;  
Nothing but sin have I to give;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.  
Then will I tell to sinners 'round,  
What a dear Savior I have found,  
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God."

## No 234. Tell it to Jesus.

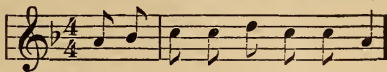


- 1 Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted,  
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;  
Are you grieving over joys departed?  
Tell it to Jesus alone.

CHO.—Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,  
He is a friend that's well known;  
You have no other such a friend or brother,  
Tell it to Jesus alone.

- 2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks  
unbidden?  
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus; [den?  
Have you sinned that to man's eye are hid—  
Tell it to Jesus alone.
- 3 Do you fear the gathering clouds of  
sorrow?  
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus; [row?  
Are you anxious what shall be to-mor—  
Tell it to Jesus alone.
- 4 Are you troubled at the tho't of dying?  
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;  
For Christ's coming kingdom are you  
sighing?  
Tell it to Jesus alone.

## No. 235. The Lily of the Valley.



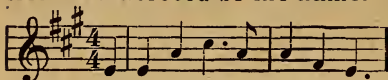
- 1 I have found a friend in Jesus, He's  
every thing to me,  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to  
my soul;  
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone  
I see,  
All I need to cleanse and make me  
fully whole;  
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble  
He's my stay,  
He tells me every care on Him to roll,  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright  
and Morning Star,  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my  
soul.

CHO.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in  
trouble He's my stay,  
He tells me every care on Him to roll.  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright  
and Morning Star,  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my  
soul.

- 2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my  
sorrows borne;  
In temptation He's my strong and  
mighty tower;  
I have all for Him forsaken, and all  
idols torn  
From my heart, and now He keeps  
me by His power.  
Though all the world forsake me and  
Satan tempts me sore, [goal.  
Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright  
and Morning Star,  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my  
soul.
- 3 He will never, never leave me, nor yet  
forsake me here,  
While I live by faith and do His bless-  
ed will;  
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing  
now to fear;  
With His manna He my hungry soul  
shall fill;  
Then sweeping up to glory we see His  
blessed face,  
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll,  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright  
and Morning Star,  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my  
soul.



## No. 236. Blessed be the name.



- 1 All praise to Him who reigns above,  
In majesty supreme;  
Who gave His Son for man to die,  
That He might man redeem.

CHO.—Blessed be the name, blessed be the  
Blessed be the name of the Lord; [name,  
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,  
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

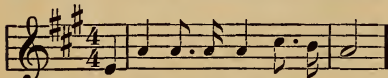
- 2 His name above all names shall stand,  
Exalted more and more,  
At God the Father's own right hand,  
Where angel hosts adore.

- 3 Redeemer, Savior, Friend of man,  
Once ruined by the fall,  
Thou hast devised salvation's plan,  
For Thou hast died for all.

- 4 His name shall be the Counselor,  
The mighty Prince of Peace,  
Of all earth's kingdom's Conqueror,  
Whose reign shall never cease.

- 5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring  
Their praise and homage meet;  
With rapturous awe adore their King,  
And worship at His feet.

## No. 237. The Home Over There.



- 1 Oh, think of the home over there,  
By the side of the river of light,  
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,  
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the home over there.

- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have trod,  
Of the songsthat they breathe on the air,  
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the friends over there.

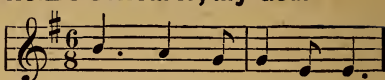
- 3 My Savior is now over there, [rest;  
There my kindred and friends are at  
Then away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—Over there, over there,  
My Savior is now over there.

- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart, over there,  
Are watching and waiting for me

REF.—Over there, over there,  
I'll soon be at home over there.

## No. 238. Nearer, my God.



- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee,

E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

- 2 Though like a wanderer  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

- 3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto Heaven;

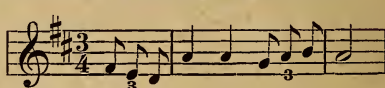
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

- 5 Or if, on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

## No. 239. Blessed Assurance.



- 1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.—||: This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising the Savior all the day long: ||

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture burst forth on my sight,  
Angels descending, bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Savior am happy and blest,  
Watching and waiting and looking above,  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



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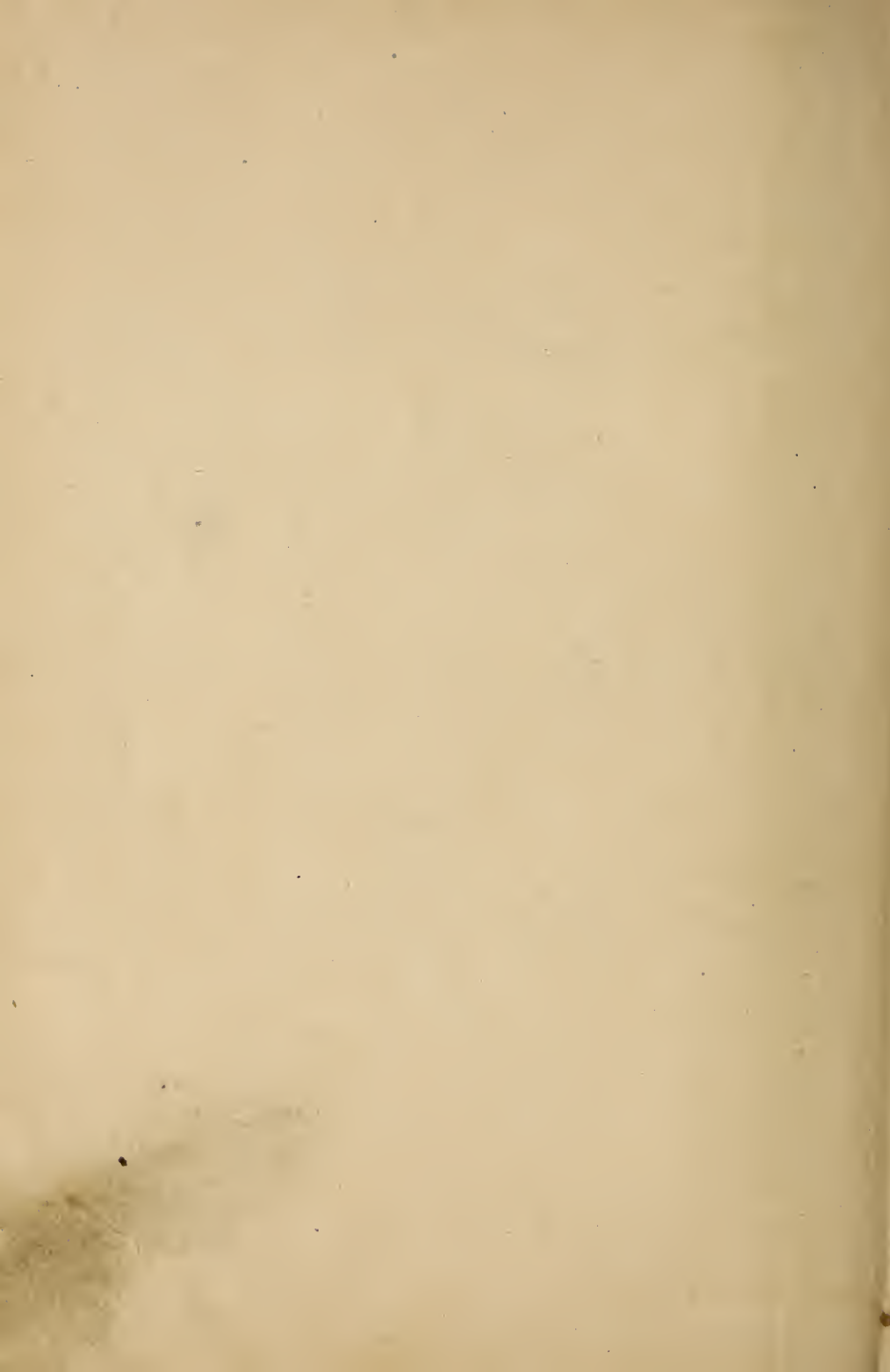


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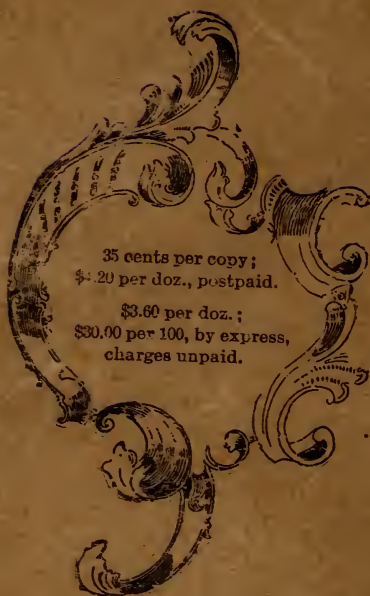








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